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EDITED BY HERBERT KAUFMAN

JUNE 1920

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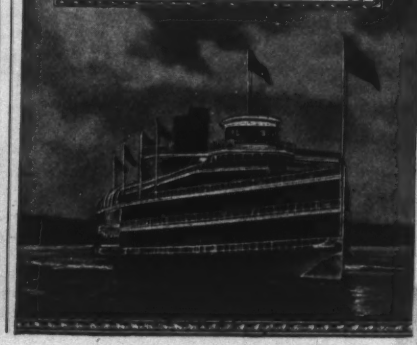

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Do not confuse

This Subtle Principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art or science of talking or salesmanship, or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

I had no education

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

Nothing appealed to me

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I relied on luck

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success if I were to have any. I consciously or unconsciously believed that if I ever were to have health and success, the result would have to come through some element of ease or assistance or through some mysterious or magical source. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

Intense misery gave me power

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

A fight for life

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

My life changed immediately

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through

health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

All successes use it

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You also may use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Open your eyes

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

Requires no education

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by

Moses,	Marshall Field,	Liszt,
Caesar,	Sarah Bernhardt,	Mendelssohn,
Napoleon,	Galli-Curci,	Beethoven,
Theodore Roosevelt,	Nordica,	Verdi,
Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy,	Melba,	Copernicus,
John D. Rockefeller,	Cleopatra,	Confucius,
Herbert Spencer,	Alexander the Great	Mohammed,
Emerson,	Edison,	Cicero,
Darwin,	Newton,	Demosthenes,
J. P. Morgan,	Wanamaker,	Aristotle,
Harriman,	Phil Armour,	Plutarch,
Woodrow Wilson,	Andrew Carnegie,	Christopher Columbus,
Charles Schwab,	Frick,	Vanderbilt,
Lloyd-George,	Elbert Hubbard,	Marcus Aurelius,
Clemenceau,	Hiram Johnson,	Pericles,
Charles E. Hughes,	Richard Mansfield,	Lycurgus,
Abraham Lincoln,	Shakespeare,	Benjamin Franklin,
George Washington,	Mozart,	
	Richard Wagner,	

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

We owe each other

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping some one else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

Human nature to doubt

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great—very great.

It would be a sin

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

In your own hands

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle, in your hands, will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle in your hands for twenty-four hours at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

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You would do as I am doing

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. *You would never forgive me* if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

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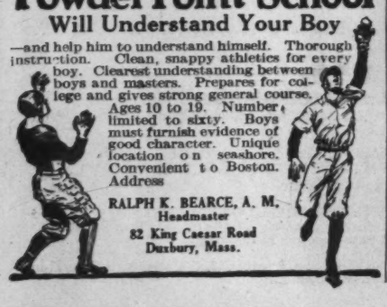

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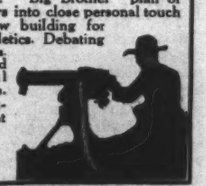

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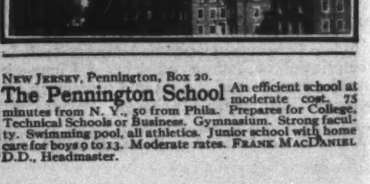

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An Outdoor Business Girl

SPRING had come. I was tired of working indoors. A hard winter had left me in a run-down condition and a young doctor friend of mine had told me jokingly that office work was taking the roses out of my cheeks. He said it more in fun than in earnest, but the memory of his words lingered.

"Why couldn't I be an outdoor business woman," I asked myself. I thought of Mary Barnett, who was a field representative for a prominent magazine.

"How do I like my work?" she said when I questioned her. "It's glorious! I meet scores of prominent people every day; I have extended by acquaintance among representative men and women. I find the magazine carries with it a magic that makes friends and customers wherever I go. I have made my place as an outdoor business woman, I am well paid, and I get a still larger revenue of good health through spending most of my time in the open. Best of all, I am not tied down to any one place by my occupation. I can go to Atlantic City or Niagara Falls or to San Francisco and pay my way by selling magazines. Of course I meet obstacles, but every obstacle I conquer makes it easier for me the next time."

Mary had become such a convincing talker that I took her advice. I wrote to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. Father had subscribed to it for years. I knew that among my friends it stood for all that is worth while in a magazine. I felt that I could represent it with confidence. The helpful sales-helps McCLURE'S sent me started me on my work at once. I did not give up my office position for a month or so, but I used my spare time in calling on my friends and neighbors and when I counted the results of my first month's work, I had made more than my regular salary. John Putnam, a young business man I knew, helped me to analyze my future and advised me to stick to outdoor work. "It pays you double wages in money and health," he said. Today I am in Mary Barnett's class as an outdoor business woman. Next winter I expect to go to Palm Beach and I will pay my way by the subscriptions I take.

Whether you are man or woman, boy or girl, if you are awake and industrious and stand well in your community you can be commissioned a sales representative for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and shown how to add from $5 to $50 weekly to your income.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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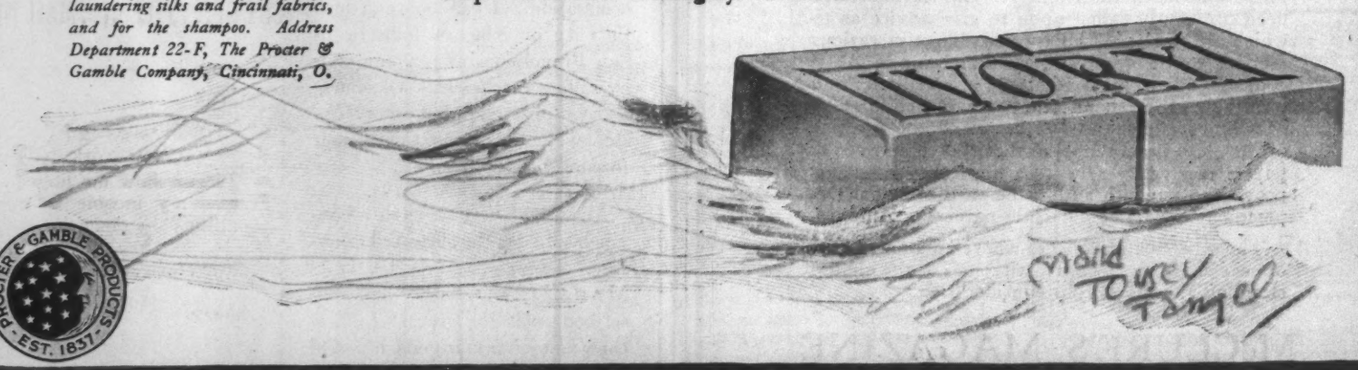

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The Secret of Atlas

by Herbert Kaufman

PREVAILING rates of international exchange, current labor troubles, profiteering, food shortage and political insanities are simply after-war rashes, symptoms of deranged systems—hard work and sane thinking will gradually cure them.

The djinns and giants of imagination still serve progress. They'll soon handle the messes and muddles.

We are never optimistic enough. Fiction can't guess as far as fact regularly reaches. The successors of Hans Christian Andersen and Jules Verne aren't wasting their precious time on tales and yarns. Instead, they build their fairy stories, fifty at a crack—write them of steel and stone, with talking sticks atop, whose voices sweep the earth.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" can hardly thrill a generation with airships to do the stunt in eight. That tu'penny submarine on which we once vicariously cruised "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was but a crude and feeble anticipation of the twelve-inch diving gun scowling upon Bremen and Kiel.

Solomon's Mines remain lost, but Mesopotamia has found golden rivers under her beggar sands; oil barges crowd the bewildered Euphrates; Persia, no longer a pauper and a crumb of history, is doffing her rags and shames.

Brazilian jungles, African wilds and Australian deserts, our own immeasurable wastes, the empty acres to the North of us, the sullen hills to the South of us, the mismanaged hordes and holdings of the East, shall in due course yield and labor and be fertile for all.

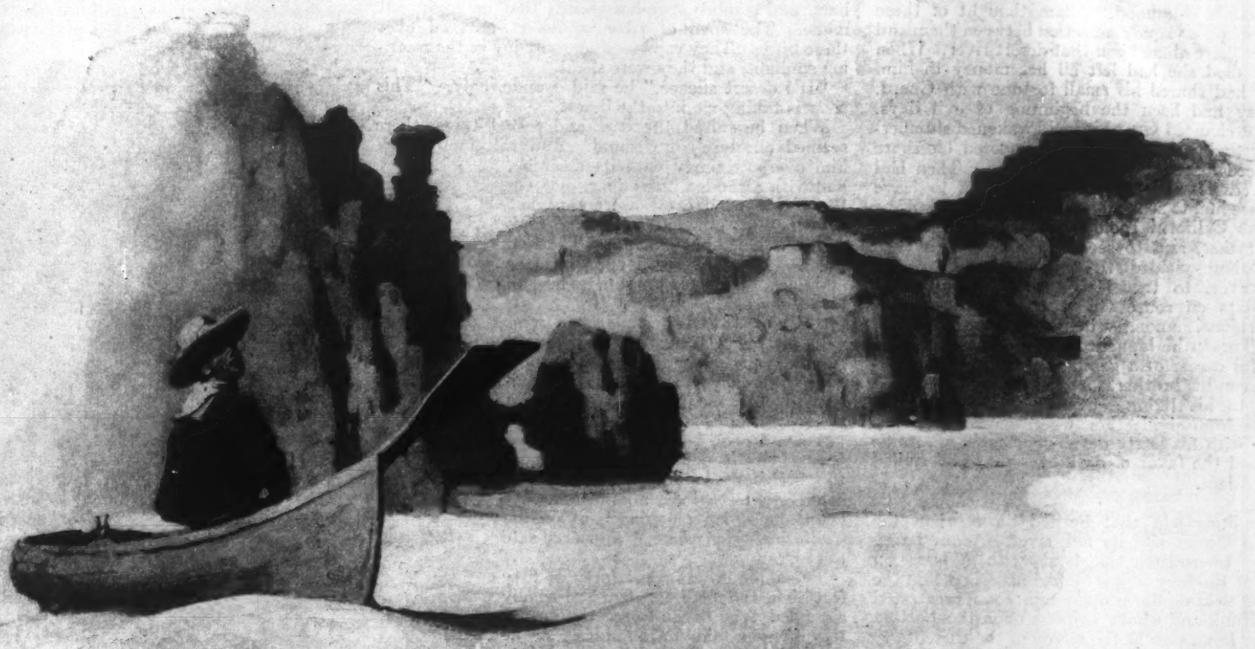
The wealths we spend to hold the earth for justice and humanity were ticked from slow, deliberate clocks—tokens of so many hours of toiling hands and moiling minds.

Modern methods and motors and wheels and wires will mint more money than ten thousand toolless, ruleless years could ever hope to produce.

Atlas is a symbol—the thing upon his shoulders is not a globe but a head. This universe is safe while we use our brains. Take your worries off your back, make room for your burdens, and carry on!

Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, June, 1920

"I—I shall be pleased," stammered Adam, as he backed away. The girl's red lips curled in pouting scorn and with a wonderful dusky flash of eyes she whirled away



"By Jove!" exclaimed Adam. "No sign of man! No sign of life! It's desert silence. This river is taking me into the desert"

A New Zane Grey Novel

A Story of Bold Men and Raw Places

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

ADAM LAREY gazed with hard and wondering eyes down the silent current of the broad red river upon which he meant to drift away to the rock-ribbed and sand-wasted confines of the desert. A wild youth he was indeed, and fired to this flight by drink and jealous rage and broken faith; yet he had paused, answering to the most natural instinct of life.

The Rio Colorado was no river to trust. It chafed at its banks as if to engulf them; muddy and thick it swirled and glided along in flood, sweeping in curves back and forth from Arizona to California's shore. Its contending currents bore the flotsam and jetsam of two thousand miles of canyons. Majestic and gleaming under the hot sky it swung southward between wide green borders of willow and cottonwood toward a stark and naked upflung wilderness of mountain peaks, the red ramparts of the unknown and trackless desert.

Adam rushed down the bank and threw his pack into a boat. There his rapid action seemed checked by the same violence that had inspired his haste. Something gave him pause. He looked back, up at the dusty adobe town of Ehrenberg, asleep now under the glaring noonday heat. It would not wake out of that siesta till the return of the weary gold-diggers, or the arrival of the stage-coach or the steamer. A tall Indian, swarthy and unkempt, stood motionless in the shade of a wall, watching stolidly.

Adam broke down then. Sobs made his utterance incoherent. "Guerd is no brother—of mine—any more!" he burst out. His accent was one of humiliation and cheated love. "And as for — for *her* — I'll never — never think of her — again!"

When once more he turned to the river, a spirit wrestled with the emotion that had unnerved him. His sobs ceased, and tears fell no more. Adam Larey appeared to be a boy of eighteen, with darkly tanned, clear-cut and comely face, and a lofty stature, straight and spare and wide, that gave promise of magnificent manhood. Untying the boat from its mooring he became conscious of a singular thrill. Sight of the silent river fascinated him. If it had been drink that had fortified his reckless resolve, it was some strange call to the wildness in him that had stirred exaltation in the prospect of adventure. But there was more. Never again to be dominated by that selfish Guerd, his brother, who had taken all and given nothing! Guerd would be stung by this desertion. Perhaps he would be sorry. That thought gave Adam a pang. Long habit of being influenced, and strength of love fostered in playmate days — these made him waver. But the tide of resentment surged up once more; and there flowed the red Colorado, rolling away to the southwest, a gateway to the illimitable wastes of desertland.

"I'll go," he declared, passionately, and with a shove he sent the boat adrift and leaped over the bow to the rowing-seat. The boat floated lazily, half circling, till it edged into the current; then as if grasped by unseen power it glided down stream. Adam seemed to feel the resistless current of this mysterious river take hold of his heart. There would be no coming back — no breasting that mighty flood with puny oars. The moment was sudden and poignant in its revelation. He uttered a half-strangled cry. How swiftly receded the cluster of brown adobe huts, the sombre motionless Indian! He had left Ehrenberg behind, and a brother who was his only near relative, and a little sum of love that had failed him.

"I'm done with Guerd forever," he muttered, looking back with hard dry eyes. "It's his fault. Mother always warned me. . . . Ah! if she had lived I would still be home. Home! and not here in this awful desert of heat and wasteland — among men like wolves, and women like. . . ."

He did not finish the thought, but from his pack he took a bottle that glittered in the sunlight, and waving it defiantly at the backward scene of glare and dust and lonely habitation, he drank deeply. Then he flung the bottle from him with a violent gesture of repulsion. He had no love for strong drink. The bottle fell with hollow splash, rode the muddy swirls, and sank. Whereupon Adam applied himself to the oars with long and powerful sweep, soon to see Ehrenberg pass out of sight around a bend in the river.

In that moment of bitter soliloquy there had flashed through Adam Larey's mind memories and pictures of the past — the old homestead back east, vivid and unforgettable — the sad face of his mother who had

loved him as she had never loved his brother Guerd. There had been a mystery about the father who had died in Adam's childhood. Adam thought of these facts now, seeing a vague connection between them and his presence there alone upon that desert river. When his mother died she had left all her money to him. But Adam had shared his small fortune with Guerd. That money had been the beginning of evil days. If it had not changed Guerd it had awakened slumbering jealousy and passion. Guerd squandered his share and disgraced himself in the home-town. Then had begun his ceaseless importunity for Adam to leave college, to see life, to seek adventures, to sail round the Horn to the California gold fields. Yearning to be with his brother, and to see wild life on his own account, Adam yielded to the importunity. He chose, however, to travel westward by land. At various points en route Guerd had fallen in with evil companions, among whom he seemed to feel freer. At Tucson he launched himself upon the easy and doubtful career of a gambler, which practise did not spare even his brother. At Ehrenberg Guerd had found life to his liking — a mining and outfitting post remote from civilization, where he made friends compatible with his lately developed tastes, where he finally filched the favor of dark eyes that had smiled first upon Adam.

IT was a June sun that burned down upon the Colorado Desert and its red river. Adam Larey had taken to rowing the boat with a powerful energy. But the fiery liquor he had absorbed, and the intense heat beating down upon him, soon prostrated him, half drunk and wholly helpless upon the bottom of the leaky boat, now at the mercy of the current

Strangest of all rivers was the Rio Colorado. Many names it had borne, though none so fitting and lasting as that which designated its color. Neither crimson nor scarlet was it, nor any nameable shade of red, yet somehow red was its hue. Like blood with life gone from it! This was the season of its flood. With its source at high altitude, fed by snow fields and a thousand lakes and streams, the Colorado stormed its great canyoned confines with a mighty torrent.

The hot hours of the afternoon waned. Sunset was a glaring blaze without clouds. Cranes and bitterns swept in lumbering flight over the wide green crests of the bottomlands, and desert buzzards sailed down from the ruddy sky. The boat drifted on. Miraculously it avoided the shelving banks and the treacherous whirlpools and the labyrinthine network of canals over the flooded bottomlands. A child asleep upon the bow would have been in no peril from the rapacious river. Adam Larey had thrown a gauntlet into the face of destiny; and something as inscrutable as the nature of the river had begun its work.

Before darkness fell the boat drifted out of the current into a back eddy where slowly it rode round and round, at last to catch hold of the arrow-weeds and lodge in a thicket.

At dawn Adam Larey awoke, sober enough, but sick and aching, parched with thirst. One glance acquainted him with his situation. The eastern horizon, rose-flushed and golden, told him of the advent of another day. He thrilled even in his misery. Scooping up the muddy and sand-laden water, which was cold and held a taste of snow, he quenched his thirst and bathed his hot face. Then opening his pack he took out food he had been careful to bring; and soon, with hunger and thirst appeased, something of his wretchedness was alleviated.

Then he endeavored to get his bearings. Not a range or mountain was in sight, and all around him appeared river lowlands, green and soft and rosy in the morning light. Adam could see by the stain on the arrow-weeds that the flood had subsided a foot during the night. A reasonable calculation was that he had drifted a good many miles; however, of this he could not be certain until he reached a point along the river where he could beach the boat and climb up to see beyond the level.

"Why should a fellow drink rum?" he muttered, with wet cool hands on his aching head. "Bad medicine! . . . Drink might do in the dreary towns where a man wants to forget, but when he wants to be alone, to remember, to think, to feel, to meet what comes — then it won't do. . . . Not for me!"

So he soliloquized, pondering an awakening reality. Presently, rousing himself, Adam looked abroad at the gleaming sliding noiseless river, reminded of the issue at hand.

"I'll row till it gets hot, then rest up in a shady place," he decided. Pushing away from the weeds he set the oars and rowed out to meet the current.

The sun rose, and Adam's face and hands felt as if some hot material thing had touched them. He began to sweat, which was all that was needed to restore his usual healthy feeling of body.

From time to time he saw herons, and other long-legged waterfowl, and snipe flitting over the sand-bars, and sombre gray-hued birds that he could not name. The spell of river or desert hovered over these birds. They expressed no swift joy in the morning sunlight, and they were silent.

"It's desert silence," he said, wonderingly. "This river is taking me into the desert."

When he raised the oars and rested them, there seemed absolutely no sound. And this fact struck him overpoweringly with its meaning, and with a sudden unfamiliar joy. On the gentle wind came a fragrant hot breath that mingled with the rank odor of flooded bottomlands. The sun, hot as it was, felt good upon his face and back. He loved the sun, as he had hated the cold.

"Maybe Guerd's coaxing me west will turn out well for me," soliloquized Adam, with resurging boyish hope. "Maybe the desert will be my stamping-ground. As the Mexicans say, *quien sabe?*"

Toward noon he became overheated, though he did not tire; and he began to search for a landing-place, where he could climb to look about him. At length he espied a sloping bank on the California side, where it appeared safe to risk landing.

The summit was some forty or fifty feet high, and before Adam had wholly ascended it, he began to see the bronze tips of mountains on all sides. As he climbed higher, these lifted more into sight. Once he got above the deep cut that had obstructed the view, his eager gaze swept over a valley, eight or ten miles wide, with its red river winding between borders of green.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Adam. "No sign of man! No sign of life!"

There seemed to thrill through him a consciousness of stepping across the threshold of an immense and unprecedented experience. He divined that this adventure was the entrance to something baffling and fearful, yet enchanting.

Some distance from the river bank stood a high knoll. Adam climbed to the top of it, and what he saw here made him yearn for the mountain peaks. He had never stood at any great elevation. Southward, the Colorado appeared to enter a mountain gateway and to turn and disappear. He had to restrain his desire to walk farther and climb higher. Returning to the boat he got out his pack and repaired to a shady spot under the willows.

When he had refreshed himself with food and drink he settled himself into a comfortable position to rest and think awhile, perhaps to sleep a little. Though sultry and warm it was pleasant there out of the glare of the sun. How still! Almost there was an oppression in the drowsy air. But momentarily he was conquered by memory. He had plucked at the roots of love, but not yet had he torn it from his heart. Guerd, his brother! Adam hid his face in the dry grass, and there in the loneliness of that desert bottomland he suffered; he began to see into the gulf of his soul, and the future with all its alluring prospect dismayed him.

IN the overcoming of his grief he realized something of latent will power. "I can fight — I can forget — I can do anything!" he muttered. Then he set his mind to the problem of his immediate future. There were two points below on the river — Picacho, a mining camp, and Yuma, a frontier town — about both of which he had heard strange exciting tales. He would go to both places and see for himself what they were like. At length he fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun was on the wane. He had slept hours. When he moved to sit up he heard rustlings in the willows, and soft stealthy steps, and other faint sounds, not familiar to him. These unseen creatures, whatever they might be, roused interest and caution in Adam. Remembering tales of bad Indians, bad Mexicans, bad white men, and the fierce beasts and reptiles of the desert, Adam fortified himself to encounters that must come as inevitably as the passing of the days.

When he stepped out of the shady covert it was to see river and valley as if encompassed by an immense loneliness, different somehow for the few hours of his thought and slumber. The river seemed redder and the mountains veiled in ruby haze. Earth and sky were bathed in the hue of sunset light.

He descended to the river Shoving the boat off he applied himself to the oars.

The rose faded out of the sky, the clouds turned drab, the blue deepened, and a pale star shone. Twilight failed. With the cooling of the air Adam lay back more powerfully upon the oars. By night the river seemed vast, hurrying, shadowy, and silent as the grave. Its silence wore upon Adam until it seemed unnatural.

As the stars multiplied and brightened the dim high outlines of the banks showed, and above them loomed the black domes of mountains. Adam calculated that he had entered the gateway of the range. From time to time he turned the boat and resting upon his oars he drifted with the current, straining his eyes and ears. These moments of inaction brought the cold tingling prickle of skin up and down his back. It was impossible not to be afraid, yet he thrilled even in his fear.

Drifting and rowing Adam progressed down the dark river without serious mishap. The hour came when an invisible something, like a blight, passed across the heavens, paling the blue, dimming the starlight. The intense purity of the sky sustained a dull change, then darkened. Dawn was not many moments distant. Adam welcomed the first faint gleam of light over the eastern horizon. It brightened. The wan stars faded. The mountains heightened their clearness of silhouette, and along the bold dark outlines appeared a faint rose color, herald of the sun.

"Always I have slept away the great hour," said Adam as he saw the sunrise. Tired and sleepy as he was an exhilaration uplifted him, and hope as blazing and beautiful as the sunrise had unquenchable birth in him, never thereafter to die while his heart beat. Whatever spirit came to him then, vague and inscrutable, it had its source in the infinite from which had burst the dawn.

He drifted round a bend in the river, while once more eating sparingly of his food; and suddenly he espied a high column of smoke rising to the southwest. This surely must come from the gold mill at the mining camp.

"Picacho!" soliloquized Adam, remembering tales he had heard from a boat captain about the wildness of this gold camp. "Now what shall I do? . . . I'll work at anything." He carried a considerable sum of money in a belt round his waist — the last of the money left him by his mother — and he meant to keep it. Hard labor had no terrors for him, and he had not yet become obsessed with the fever for digging gold.

Curve after curve Adam turned in the river until there came one that swept into a long stretch between a wilderness of mountain peaks, all bare and red and bronze and copper, rising in irregular low chains of lofty ranges. The right-hand bank of the river began to lift along this stretch and was covered with a dense growth of willow and arrow-weed. Across the top of this green border he saw a rise of colored ridges, and then high under a beetling red wall a huge structure that was belching a column of smoke to the skies. This, of course, must be the gold mill. It passed out of sight behind the brushy bank. Next Adam espied what appeared to be an old boat moored along the shore perhaps a mile farther down.

He was not long in reaching the landing which appeared to be only a muddy bank, somewhat bare. A small dilapidated stern-wheel steamer, such as Adam had seen on the Ohio River, lay resting upon the mud. On the bow sat a gaunt weather-beaten man with a grizzled beard. He held a long crooked pole out over the water, and evidently was fishing. The bank sloped up to fine white sand, and a dense growth of green, in the middle of which there appeared to be a narrow lane. Here in a flowing zerape stood a Mexican girl, slender and small, with a single touch of red in all her darkness of dress.

Adam ran the boat ashore, and leaping out he pulled the bow well up. Lifting his pack he climbed a narrow bench of the bank and walked down to a point opposite the fisherman. Adam greeted him and inquired if this place was Picacho.

"Mornin', stranger," came the reply. "Yes, this here's the gold diggin's, an' she's hummin' these days."

Adam listened for the hum of the busy mining-camp, but he heard only a drowsy hum of bees in the trees.

"Catching any fish?" he inquired, with interest.

"Yep, I ketched one day before yestiddy," replied the man, complacently. "Where you hail from, stranger?"

"Back east."

"So I reckoned. No westerner would tackle the Colorado when she was in flood. I opine you hit the river at Ehrenberg. Wal, you're lucky. Goin' to prospect for gold?"

"No, I'd rather work. Can I get a job here?"

"Son, if you're as straight as you look you can get a good job. But a husky lad like you, if he stayed sober, could strike it rich in the diggin's."

"How about a place to eat and sleep?"

"Thet ain't so easy to find up at the camp. It's a few miles up the canyon. But say, I'm forgettin' about the feller who stayed here with the Mexicans. They jest buried him. You could get his place. It's the dobe house — first one. Ask Margarita there. She'll show you."

THUS directed Adam saw the Mexican girl standing above him. Climbing the path to the top of the bank he threw down his pack.

"*Buenas dias, señor!*" The girl's soft liquid accents fitted a dark, piquant little face, framed by hair as black as the wing of a raven, and lighted by big eyes, like night.

Adam's Spanish was not that of the Mexicans, but it enabled him to talk fairly well. He replied to the girl's greeting, yet hesitated with the query he had on his lips. Something inhibited him. He felt a slight shrinking as these dark eyes reminded him of others of like allurement which he had willed to forget. Yet he experienced a warmth and thrill of pleasure in a pretty face. Women invariably smiled upon Adam. This one, a girl in her teens, smiled with half-lowered eyes, the more provocative for that, and she turned partly away with a lithe quick grace. Adam's hesitation had been a sudden chill at the proximity of something feminine and attractive — of something that had hurt him. But it passed. And with it went the bar of his old habit of restraint. He had done more than boldly step across the threshold of a new and freer life.

For Adam's questions, Margarita had a shy, "*Si, Señor,*" and the same subtle smile that had attracted him at first sight of her. Whereupon he took up his pack and followed her.

The girl led down a path bordered by willows and mesquites which opened into a clearing where stood several squat adobe houses. Above these rose a rocky knoll upon which perched a picturesque hut of odd structure, new to Adam. Far back and high up loomed the serrated craggy peaks.

Margarita stopped at the first house. It was almost hidden by wide spreading branches of mesquite. The girl's mother appeared to be an indolent person, rather careless of her attire. She greeted Adam in English, but when he exercised some of his Spanish her dark face beamed with smiles that made it pleasant to behold. The little room indoors to which she led Adam was dark, poorly ventilated, and altogether unsatisfactory. Adam said so. The *Señora* waxed eloquent. Margarita managed to convey her great disappointment by one swift look. Then they led him outdoors, and round under the low-branching mesquites, where he had to stoop, to a small structure like the one Adam had seen on the knoll. The walls were made of two rows of long slender poles, nailed upon heavier uprights at the corners, and between these rows had been poured wet adobe mud. There were holes in places. The hut contained two rooms, the closed one full of wood and rubbish; and the other, which had an open front, like a porch, faced the river. It was empty, with a floor of white sand. This appeared very much to Adam's liking, and he agreed upon a price for it, to the *Señora's* satisfaction, and Margarita's shy rapture. Adam saw the latter with some misgivings, yet he was pleased, and in spite of himself he warmed toward this pretty *señorita*, who had apparently taken a sudden fancy to him. He was a stranger in a strange land, with a sore and yearning heart. Adam was to get his meals at the house, where, he was assured, he would be well cared for. Adam could not doubt the sincerity of their hospitality. They were glad to have him there, irrespective of any gain. They left him on his knees beside his pack. In moving away, Margarita, who was looking back, caught her hair in a thorny branch of the mesquite.

Adam was quick to spring to her assistance, and his hands touched hers in the untangling of the black tresses. Another half-averted coquettish glance was his reward. Then she ran off after her mother.

"What eyes! — Well, well," exclaimed Adam, sensible of a warmth along his veins. He seemed less disposed to quarrel with fortune. He was young, full of fire and life. Suddenly at that moment he thought of his brother Guerd. "By Jove! I'm glad he's not here." Margarita had prompted that thought. Guerd was a handsome devil, irresistible to women; and his fancy was as versatile as it was fickle. Adam went back to his unpacking, conscious of a sobered enthusiasm. So much for just a thought of Guerd!

He hung his few clothes and belongings upon the walls, made his bed of blankets on the sand, and then sauntered down to the river to make friends with the old fisherman.

With a powerful jerk Adam pulled the Mexican off his feet, swinging him round until his hold on the knife loosened. The knife flew one way, the Mexican the other

ADAM saw that he was about fifty years old. He had sharp aquiline features, kindly blue eyes, and the serene cast of countenance of a man to whom nothing more could happen.

"Have a smoke," said Adam, proffering one of the last of his cigars.

"Lordy!" ejaculated the fisherman, his eyes lighting. "When have I seen one of them? . . . Young man, you're an obligin' feller. What's your name?"

Adam told him, and that he hailed from the east, and had been a tenderfoot for several memorable weeks.

"My handle's Merryvale," replied the other. "I came west twenty-eight years ago when I was about your age. Reckon you're about twenty."

"No. Only eighteen. Say, you must have almost seen the old days of '49."

"It was in '50. Yes, I was in the gold rush."

"Did you strike any gold?" asked Adam, eagerly.

"Son, I was a prospector for twenty years. I've found gold mines — sold them, lost them, been robbed of them. Yes, I made an' lost more than one fortune. Drink an' faro an' bad women! . . . An' now I'm a broken-down night-watchman at Picacho.

"Son, I hate to see the likes of you hittin' this gold diggin's," Merryvale continued, with kindly concern.

"Why? Oh, I can learn to take care of myself. I'm not afraid. It must be a man's game. I'll love the desert. And what about Picacho?"

"Wal, son, I oughtn't to discourage you," replied Merryvale. "An' it ain't fair for me to think because I went wrong, an' because I seen so many boys go wrong, thet you'll do the same. Lord, I hope not! You're a fine-spoken lad. . . . But this gold diggin's is a hell of a place for a tough old-timer, let alone a boy runnin' wild."

And then he began to talk like a man whose memory was a vast treasure store of history and adventure and life. Gold had been discovered [*Continued on page 49*]

The Good Old Stock

The Difference Between Danish and Massachusetts

by Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrations by Armand Both

"My mother was a good dancer," she replied, one hand on the door-knob, "but I do not know that she was a good woman"

IF you ever settled down in a long, low, brown leather chair, with *Pendennis* under your arm, a speckled terrier under your foot, an after-dinner Scotch-and-soda at your hand and a purring hickory fire at your knees, you know how Thayer Higginson was feeling, that evening.

He liked a steak and a baked potato and fried egg-plant, and he had eaten them for his dinner. He liked a good day's work, and he had done it. He liked to get to bed by eleven, and he was going to.

"You know, old man," he said to Kim the terrier, "it's going to be a hard evening to beat — this one!"

Kim nodded soberly. He thought so, himself, though he did not, as a rule, care for bed at eleven. But he loved Thayer Higginson.

As Thayer sank back, reaching comfortably for his glass, his eye roved appreciatively over the walls of his sitting-room. There were the Dürer engravings he had put his first prize-money into; there was the lovely old family clock from Dedham; there were the mellow-backed books from the old library his father had been so generous with. . . .

"Take them along, Thay: they'll furnish your room and remind you of your old days, sonny-boy!"

Yes, it was a nice place, a livable, lovable place: the only way for a man to live, who wasn't married.

He opened his book carefully, smiled at the delightful Major in the frontispiece, and sipping, began.

"One fine morning in the full London season, Major Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to custom, to breakfast at a certain club in Pall Mall, of which he was a chief ornament. . . . "

Three loud and hearty bangs on the door brought Kim bristling to his feet and his master clapped-to the book with a scowl. He strolled through his tiny entrance hall and opened the door very deliberately, thus bringing forth three more hearty bangs from his impatient guest.

"There, there!" he urged, "let it go at that, won't you? I'm here. What do you — oh, it's *you!*"

"It certainly is," agreed the author of the banging, "it certainly is, Higgy, old pet! I hope you're gladder than you look! Here I am, all the way from Detroit! Merry Christmas and happy birthday and everything! Well, well, well! Evenings at home! The bachelor *chez lui!* For heaven's sake, is this the best you can do?"

"It was good enough for me — three minutes ago," said Thayer pointedly.

"You always were the soul of hospitality, and none knows it better than John Todd Jackson," his guest assured him fervently. "Since you urge me, I *will* take off this heavy coat and wait while you change your clothes. But don't be too —— "

"Now, look here," said Thayer, grasping *Pendennis* firmly, "I'm not going anywhere to-night and you might as well know it first as last. Why don't you stay in Detroit? It's your home, isn't it?"

"Nobody stays in Detroit," John answered amiably, "that's what it's for. But I don't see why *you* don't live there — or anywhere, for that matter — if this is the kind of thing you like to do. You make me tired."

"It is the kind of thing I like to do, and you can go to the devil," said Thayer obstinately. "I had to go to Harvard with you, John, but that was my misfortune — not my fault. I do *not* have to go anywhere else with you. Go and find somebody from Kansas City or Buffalo, and join their merry sports."

"You're a merry sport, aren't you?" Mr. Jackson interrupted coldly, lunging cleverly at the volume in his host's hand and dislodging it. "*Pendennis!* My God! Came to New York to read *Pendennis*, did you?"

"You talk about that to the Kansas City lad, Johnny," said Thayer firmly. "I suppose you're going to see some Follies or other?"

"*We're* going to see them," John answered coaxingly. "Now, Higgy, my dear, it stands to reason that's what you do in New York — doesn't it?"

"It stands to reason that's what *you* do," countered Thayer, "because you're from Detroit. Now I live here, and I don't have to: I can stay home."

Mr. Jackson sank heavily into the brown leather chair and swallowed the Scotch-and-soda absently.

"Oh, well," he said, "if that's the way you feel about it, I'll stay, of course. Will you read to me, or shall I read to you?"

At that his host rose, cursing, and dashed to his bedroom. Mr. Jackson smiled at the fire and pulled Kim's ears till his master flounced back in a dinner-coat, pulled on an ulster, lighted a cigarette and put out the lamps. His longing eyes swept over the cozy room, doubly alluring in the dying firelight, as he followed the triumphant John out of the door. He never slept in those rooms again.

It was at Fifty-ninth Street that Thayer began an irritated lecture on the careless and unitechnical methods of crossing our congested avenues practised by his friend. John, liberated from the cautions of home life, pranced across streets, dodged motors, insulted truck-drivers and pirouetted around disgusted traffic policemen.

"Some one of these gay evenings, you won't get to Detroit, you know," Thayer scolded, looking warily to left and right with the practised vertebral twistings of the New Yorker. "There's a way to do this, you know, Jack, and a way not to. Look out, there!"

HE stepped back to give a nearing truck plenty of play, utterly failed to see a sudden taxicab whirling around the corner, felt a quick blow on his knee, and found himself rising in the air with his legs thrown out like a jumping-jack. Several seconds later, apparently, he descended to the street level with a violent crash, hitting the back of his head heavily. All traffic seemed to stop instantly: several bells rang sharply: whistles blew.

He lay, bent at curious angles which he was unable to adjust, alone in the middle of the street. John, who had skipped nimbly across ahead of him, had skipped out of his life, it appeared. No one spoke to him.

"There's been an accident," he said, aloud and very clearly. "Anybody hurt?"

"Lie still, sir," and some one he could not see squatted near him. "Right across to the drug store, I guess, Doctor? I wouldn't risk lifting him into the machine. Easy, now — just go limp, sir — we'll manage it. Hurt you?"

"Yes, it does. My leg's broken."

"He's alive, at any rate. All ready: one, two, *three!* All right, we've got you!"

He sailed through the air. More bells rang.

"That's the man that run him down — him and his showfer — pick up his hat — damn his hat — done for, I guess — take his number — no, he talked: I heard him — this way, doctor, this way!"

"I'm in an accident," Thayer said to himself. "Darn it all, I *am* the accident!"

"Right out on the floor," said somebody. "Oh, yes, he's breathing, all right. *Leg's* out. We'll put it back before he comes to."

"But I *am* to! Let me alone!" Thayer called, or thought he called. But there seemed to come no sound out of his chest.

"Give me a brace behind, Nolan. Hold his shoulders, somebody . . . *there!*"

His left leg pulled violently away from his body; there was a sickening crunch somewhere, a snap, and a sharp pain in his foot.

"Fractured, at that!" said the voice testily. "Let's have a look at the head, now."

"You let my head alone, will you?" Thayer called again; but no voice echoed in the air. He put his hand fumblingly to his head and his thumb and finger sank into a soft, wet hole somewhere behind the ear.

"How disgusting!" he said angrily; and a wave of nausea swept over him. Stinging brandy dripped into his mouth.

"Give me that needle — third from the right," said the voice. "Don't be all night about it, please — you could put a golf ball in here. Quiet, there, my boy — no twisting!"

Red-hot irons pierced through him, one, two, three, four . . . rough hands forced his head back on a hard, cold floor.

"My ear is bent! Stop! Wait!" he yelled at them, but the irons pierced three times more, and he had made no sound.

"I have my doubts about the other leg," said the voice. "That's enough brandy, thank you. Ambulance there? I'll come along in my own car. Oh, Lord, yes, he's got the number! Dr. Thompson. Man stopped dead in his own tracks — lost his head, apparently . . . he may and he may not, sir. We can tell better, later. Thank you, officer."

Suddenly they were moving along.

"How goes it, sport?" said a new voice. "All in?"

"There was an accident," said Thayer gravely. "I'm likely to faint, about now. Queer . . . queer . . ."

"Well, why don't you?" said the voice, philosophically. "No harm in fainting. Let her go!"

So this time, he must have spoken.

"I'm not dead, anyhow," he thought; "but maybe I will . . . people do . . ."

(And yet, all the while, he knew he was not like the rest. Others died, but he, Thayer Ames Higginson, was not like tnat. Death comes to others — not to us.)

And while he meditated on this and kindred subjects and wondered that his pains, though bad, were not worse, they embarked into an elevator, and suddenly John appeared, white and shaken, and then, somehow, he fell asleep.

When he woke he was looking at a woman in white uniform who leaned sideways in an armchair beside his bed. Her head, drooping toward him, was bound round and round with pale, ash-blonde hair: her eyebrows were broad and dark. She was quite obviously fast asleep. His legs ached violently and the slightest attempt at movement tortured his back, but he did not need to move his head to find out that he was in a private room in a hospital and that a trained nurse was sleeping beside him.

His mind felt particularly clear and active; he was extremely anxious to know how badly and how permanently he had been injured; he resented John's absence. Was there no doctor to attend on him? What time was it? What an inefficient method of handling his case, anyway! What did that woman think she was doing?

He essayed a slight cough: beyond an excruciating twinge at the base of his skull this produced no results. He groaned tentatively: though less painful, it was quite as ineffective; the nurse slept on.

"Good Lord!" he burst out angrily, "this is too idiotic!"

The nurse stirred, raised her hand to her head vaguely, blinked and sat up.

"Did you want anything?" she asked, yawning.

"I wanted you to wake up," said Thayer bluntly. "I can't seem to move. Are my legs in casts? How bad are the breaks?"

The nurse essayed again to straighten her absurd little cap, but only succeeded in pushing it further over her ear; she still blinked.

"I — I wouldn't try to move," she said doubtfully. "Just lie still. Shall I get you a drink?"

"No," he answered brusquely. "I want to know what is the matter with me."

"But I may be — anything!" "Be anything," she said — "as long as you are mine!"

She rose and stood by him, smoothing down the sheet with a slim, long-fingered hand.

"It's all right," she said, kindly enough, though she did not smile. "You're doing very well, Mr. — Mr. Thayer. Really, very well, the doctor said. He'll look in again, later. Only don't move much."

"'Much!'" he cried. "I can't move at all, and you know it! Am I paralyzed? I might as well know, you know."

"Oh, I don't think so," she said.

"Hump! What's going to be done about my back?"

"Does it ache?" she asked.

"Does it ache! See here, nurse, you know what happened to me, don't you? You know as well as I do —— "

"I don't know anything at all about it, Mr. Thayer," she said quietly. "I'm only specialing you."

"You don't know — " he gasped, and glared helplessly at her.

"Do you mean to say you don't know whether I've got appendicitis or — or mumps?"

"I don't think you've got mumps," she answered gravely, "but I've just come on the case. I'm a special."

"And nobody told you —— "

"No," she said; "sha'n't I get you a drink?"

"If it will make you any happier, yes," he muttered. "Please see if my leg is in a cast."

She put her hand under the bed-clothes.

"Both of them," she answered.

"Thank you," he said shortly.

She raised his head for the drink, but his sharp groan stopped her.

"No go," he whispered. "I wonder if they know . . . I'm afraid I . . . is a doctor coming soon? My spine's dislocated. Get the pillow out, will you? The flatter I lie, the better."

She obeyed him silently.

"If you could massage it, till somebody comes, it would take down the congestion," he said, his words running together uncertainly. "I don't believe they've found it out. . . . Can you rub it?"

"I don't know anything about massage," she said simply. "I don't think I'd better try, Mr. Thayer. I've never done it."

"You don't know — for God's sake, what *do* you know? Are you a nurse?"

"Of course I'm a nurse," she said, smiling slightly, "but I never was taught massage, that's all; and if your spine is dislocated, I certainly sha'n't begin on you, Mr. Thayer!"

"Well, put a soft pillow under the small of my back, or something — do you know how to do that?" he asked fretfully, with roving eyes. "And I'll tell you something else, young woman: I've got the devil of a temperature and my head's beginning to go. In case you don't know what a temperature is, I'll explain to you."

"I KNOW what it is. Don't try to talk," she said, putting a teaspoon filled with water to his hot lips.

"All right. Perhaps you learned about delirium, too. Because I'm going to be delirious, shortly. Please listen to me, so you can tell the doctor. Tell him about my spine. Jack knows my address, of course. Remind him to notify them at the office, and if I really am smashed, send for my cousin, Ames Higginson — Porter, Higginson and Fayerweather, Boston. Got that?"

"Yes, yes," she nodded pacifically.

"And I'll have to see Jack . . . I can't understand why that man made such a row over my legs when my spine . . . oh, well . . . you know this is hurting a little *too* much . . . thank God, I'll be crazy in a moment . . . try to keep my back flat, will you? Remember they cut in around the corners and skid awfully — the fools leave their chains off till the last minute . . . "

He knew that this was nonsense, and that nurses didn't wear chains, but he could not resist urging her to put them on.

"But never use the brakes, whatever you do," he warned her, "or if you must, the emergency — never your foot brake."

She took his hand.

"I'll remember. Drink this," she said, out of a haze.

"You're only humoring me: don't think I don't know it," he assured her. "I simply talk this way because I wish to — I know where I am, all right. But as a trained nurse, you're a joke, you know. All I say is, if you pay for a traffic squad, why not pay some attention to them?"

And then a delicious muggy uncertainty crept up and over him, as if a sea of warm glue should rise from ankle to knee, from knee to hip. He took great clumsy, swaying steps through this glue, and sometimes they were not steps, but thoughts and words, so that he laughed at the entanglement, and sometimes he was actually swimming, but only in his mind, for his legs were bound and burning in plaster casts. For a long time he knew great pain . . .

At last he sat up in bed, gaunt and gray-faced, and looked around the room with a clear, tired mind.

"So *that* part's over," he said. "And now, nurse, what's the damage?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you, Mr. Thayer," she answered. "I've just come on. Your nurse is off duty, just now. I'm a special."

"For heaven's sake, it's you?" he said. "Have you been studying nursing lately, by any chance? Did you find out what the spine is?"

"I always knew what it was," she assured him gravely.

"Oh! Can you take a temperature?"

"I can, Mr. Thayer."

"Good work. Think you're going to like nursing?"

"I haven't made up my mind," she said seriously, but her gray eyes crinkled, lighted and then laughed, and the laughter spread subtly down her pale face to her lips. Parting widely, they showed him square white teeth: her smile was human and friendly and American, but the triangle face with its thick, pale hair was neither Yankee nor Southern.

"See here," he began persuasively, "when can I see a regular one? Aren't there any doctors in this place? Somebody shot some dope into me, didn't they?"

"They certainly did," she agreed.

"And it couldn't have been you, because you probably haven't come to hypodermics, yet," he went on.

She smiled indulgently.

"The doctor will be here in a few minutes," she said. "I'll wash your face, shall I? And would you like some coffee?"

"I don't mind the coffee," he admitted, "but suppose you go and try the face washing on somebody else, first, and see how it goes, what? Just give it a try-out, you know. When you've got the hang of it, we'll talk it over."

"I'm glad you're feeling better, Mr. Thayer," she said.

When he confronted the surgeon, who sat with an interested interne, a house physician, a new, dark-eyed nurse and an X-ray operator about his bed, Thayer tucked a cigarette into one corner of his mouth and grinned cheerfully at them; but his hands were clinched under the sheet.

"Well, suppose you tell me all about it," he said. "Is it plaster, or crutches, or do we operate — or is one of you an undertaker? Just give me an idea, and I'm here to coöperate to any extent!"

"That's the way to look at it, Mr. Higginson," said the surgeon appreciatively, "and you're certainly a good sport. But there's no undertaker involved — though you did your best to coöperate with one, I will say. It wasn't your fault that you failed!"

"Well, we'll pass up the undertaker, then," said Thayer, and his palms grew moist. "But how about my legs? How many do I keep?"

"You're certain of one," said the surgeon slowly, "with a silver plate in it. It may be a little stiff, but it will be strong. About the other, Mr. Higginson, we're not sure. I've got some interesting prints of it, and I want to get some more. It's broken, you see, and fractured, and we'll have to have another operation —— "

"*Another?*"

"Oh, yes — didn't you know you'd had one? Tuesday. Your cousin was here and — and a friend from — was it Buffalo?"

"Detroit," Thayer corrected briefly. "I wish to God he'd never left it."

"Yes. He told me about it. He took it pretty hard. The poor man's got the measles, unfortunately, now, and can't see you."

"Measles? Jack? For heaven's sake!"

Thayer puffed out a great spiral of smoke.

"I'm glad he's got something, anyhow," he remarked cheerfully. "It was the least he could do, I should say."

"Just so," the surgeon replied seriously, and the X-ray operator chuckled.

"Now about the right leg, Mr. Higginson. I think there's a chance for it. I really do."

Thayer's hands were very wet, and slipped about among themselves. He realized, then, that he hadn't expected it, although he thought he had, curiously enough. (But in the end, it is not we who lose our legs, you see — it is the other people.)

"About how much of a chance?" he asked impersonally.

"We-ell, that's hard to figure . . . a chance."

"ABOUT what per cent.?"

"We-ell," the surgeon pouted out his lips, studied some large liver-colored photographs, glanced at Thayer, and did a few five-finger exercises on the arm of his chair.

"Fully thirty per cent., let's say," he said. "Yes, twenty-five or thirty per cent. It splintered badly."

"I see."

"The right leg, of course, the doctor attended to on the spot, practically. And your head. He ran you down, you know. Thompson."

"Rather witty of me to pick out a doctor, wasn't it?"

"Distinctly witty, I should say, Mr. Higginson."

"And we staged it in front of a druggist's, didn't we?"

"Of course that helped, too. You're a very efficient person, Mr. Higginson."

"That's what I'm always telling them at the office," said Thayer modestly. "But you know how people are . . . well, when're you going to operate?"

"That's the stuff!" said the surgeon.

He had fallen into a doze, late in the afternoon, and when he woke, asking for a drink, the brisk, dark-eyed, small-waisted nurse had changed into the pale-haired Special again.

"Oh! hello!" he said. "Just pull me up a bit, will you? I hate that spoon business. He said there wasn't any reason I shouldn't sit up all I wanted. But you'll have to get me there."

"Put your arm over my shoulder," she answered, and began to lift him. But nothing happened.

"Good Lord," he groaned, "you'll pull yourself to pieces, you silly girl! Don't you know how to do this?"

"Let's try again," she said.

"Try nothing," he answered crossly. "Your mechanics are all wrong. Women ought never to pull — don't you know that?"

"But I have to —— "

"Hush up, and listen to me," he scolded. "You must always shove. You're built to shove. Get your back into it. And tense your muscles before you begin. You add thirty-three and a third per cent. of power, if you do that. Your leverage is all wrong, child: you mustn't lift from the pelvis, you know — lift from your back and legs. Keep your arms away from your sides."

She listened attentively.

"Now — ready?"

She moved him easily.

"That's the idea. Remember, women must always shove — never pull. Got that?"

"It makes a great difference, doesn't it?" she said. "I never knew that."

"D'you mean to say they didn't teach you?"

She shook her head.

"But that's terrible — simply terrible! And you have to lift heavy patients every day?"

"Oh, yes. Of course, it's tiring . . . "

"It's simply criminal," he grumbled. "You ought to have a regular drill in it, all of you."

"It would be a good thing," she agreed.

For half an hour he lectured to her on the mechanics of her bony structure, and she moved him silently back and forth. Suddenly he turned to the wall and lay dumb, staring ahead of him. She sat by the window, where a cold day was dying, and the ugly, square room was utterly still.

At ten o'clock he spoke abruptly.

"You'd better wake up, now," he said. "Some one is coming down the corridor."

She gasped and pulled out [*Continued on page 66*]

Psychologizing the Reds

DID you ever know a Red well enough to get his psychology, to get a line on his motives? Harold Lord Varney has; he has lived with them for years. He knows what manner of men they are and the "why" of it. His experiences which will appear in the July McClure's are humorous as well as enlightening

A Mixed Threesome

by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

The Story of a Golf Ball and— the Three Sides of a Triangle

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

MORTIMER STURGIS, when I first knew him, was a care-free man of thirty-eight, of amiable character and independent means, which he increased from time to time by judicious ventures on the Stock Exchange. Although he never played golf, his had not been altogether an ill-spent life. He swung a creditable racquet at tennis, was always ready to contribute a barytone solo to charity concerts, and gave freely to the poor. He was what you might call a golden-mean man, good-hearted rather than magnetic, with no serious vices and no heroic virtues. For a hobby, he had taken up the collecting of porcelain vases, and he was engaged to Betty Weston, a charming girl of twenty-five, a lifelong friend of mine.

I liked Mortimer. Everybody liked him. But, at the same time, I was a little surprised that a girl like Betty should have become engaged to him. As I said before, he was not magnetic: and magnetism, I thought, was the chief quality she would have demanded in a man. Betty was one of those ardent, vivid girls with an intense capacity for hero-worship, and I would have supposed that something more in the nature of a plumed knight or a corsair of the deep would have been her ideal. But, of course, if there is a branch of modern industry where the demand is greater than the supply, it is the manufacture of knights and corsairs: and nowadays a girl, however flaming her aspirations, has to take the best she can get. I must admit that Betty seemed perfectly content with Mortimer. Love is a word capable of many shades of meaning. Probably Betty did not feel all her senses swim in a divine ecstasy almost too keen to be endured when Mortimer bent over her in the twilight and murmured in her ear that Consolidated Peanuts had gone up fifteen points that day and he had sold at a hundred and eleven and cleaned up big: but, nevertheless, in a placid way, she was extremely fond of him, and there seemed no reason why the marriage should not be a success. His chief failing — the fact that he was not a golfer — mattered less than it might have done; for Betty, though she played herself, was not bigoted, and treated his indifference to the game with an affectionate pity.

Such, then, was the state of affairs when Eddie Denton arrived and the trouble began.

I was escorting Betty home one evening after a tea-party at which we had been fellow-guests, when, walking down the road, we happened to meet Mortimer. He broke into a run when he saw us, and galloped up, waving a piece of paper in his hand. He was plainly excited, a thing which was unusual in this well-balanced man. His broad, good-humored face was working violently.

"Good news!" he cried. "Good news! Dear old Eddie's back!"

"Oh, how nice for you, dear," said Betty. "Eddie Denton is Mortimer's best friend," she explained to me. "He has told me so much about him. I have been looking forward to his coming home. Mortie thinks the world of him."

"So will you, when you know him," cried Mortimer. "Dear old Eddie! He's a wonder! The best fellow on earth! We were at school and college together. There's nobody like Eddie! He landed yesterday. Just home from Central Africa. He's an explorer, you know," he said to me. "Spends all his time in places where it's death for a white man to go."

"An explorer!" I heard Betty breathe, as if to herself. I was not so impressed, I fear, as she was. Explorers, as a matter of fact, leave me a trifle cold. It always seemed to me that the difficulties of their life are greatly exaggerated,— generally by themselves. In a large country like Africa, for instance, I should imagine that it was almost impossible for a man not to get somewhere if he goes on long enough. Give *me* the fellow who can plunge into the bowels of the earth at Grand Central and find the right Subway train with nothing but a misleading green line to guide him. However, we are not all constituted alike in this world, and it was apparent from the flush on her cheeks and the light in her eyes that Betty admired explorers.

If there's one time more than another when a man should not wear glasses it's while a keen-eyed wanderer of the wilds is telling a girl of his adventures

"I wired to him at once," went on Mortimer, "and insisted on his coming down here. It's two years since I saw him. You don't know how I have looked forward, dear, to you and Eddie meeting. He is just your sort. I know how romantic you are and keen on adventure and all that. Well, you should hear Eddie tell the story of how he brought down the bull *bongo* with his last cartridge after all the *pongos* or native bearers had fled into the *dongo* or undergrowth."

"I should love to!" whispered Betty, her eyes glowing. I suppose to an impressionable girl these things really are of absorbing interest. For myself, *bongos* intrigue me even less than *pongos*, while *dongos* frankly bore me. "When do you expect him?"

"He will get my wire to-night. I'm hoping we shall see the dear old fellow to-morrow afternoon some time. How surprised old Eddie will be to hear that I'm engaged. He's such a confirmed bachelor himself. He told me once that he considered the wisest thing ever said by human tongue was the Swahili proverb — 'Whoso taketh a woman into his kraal depositeth himself straightway in the *wongo*.' *Wongo*, he tells me, is a sort of broth composed of herbs and meat-bones, corresponding to our gumbo. You must get Eddie to give it you in the original Swahili. It sounds even better."

I saw the girl's eyes flash, and there came into her face that peculiar set expression which married men know. It passed in an instant, but not before it had given me material for thought which lasted all the way to my house and into the silent watches of the night. I was fond of Mortimer Sturgis, and I could see trouble ahead for him as plainly as though I had been a palmist reading his hand at ten dollars a visit.

There are other proverbs fully as wise as the one which Mortimer had translated from the Swahili, and one of the wisest is that quaint old East London saying, handed down from one generation of costermongers to another and whispered at midnight in the wigwams of the whelk-sellers: — "Never introduce your donah to a pal." In those six words is contained the wisdom of the ages.

I could read the future so plainly. What but one thing could happen after Mortimer had influenced Betty's imagination with his stories of his friend's romantic career and added the finishing touch by advertising him as a woman-hater? He might just as well have asked for his ring back at once. My heart bled for Mortimer.

I happened to call at his house on the second evening of the explorer's visit, and already the mischief had been done.

DENTON was one of those lean, hard-bitten men with smouldering eyes and a brick-red complexion. He looked what he was, the man of action and enterprise. He had the wiry frame and strong jaw without which no explorer is complete, and Mortimer, beside him, seemed but a poor, soft product of our hot-house civilization. Mortimer, I forgot to say, wore glasses: and, if there is one time more than another when a man should not wear glasses, it is while a strong-faced, keen-eyed wanderer of the wilds is telling a beautiful girl the story of his adventures.

For this was what Denton was doing. My arrival seemed to have interrupted him in the middle of a narrative. He shook my hand in a strong, silent sort of way, and resumed.

"Well, the natives seemed fairly friendly, so I decided to stay the night."

I made a mental note never to seem fairly friendly to an explorer. If you do, he always decides to stay the night.

"In the morning they took me down to the river. At this point it widens into a *kongo* or pool, and it was here, they told me, that the crocodile mostly lived, subsisting on the native oxen — the short-horned *jongos* — which, swept away by the current while crossing the ford above, were carried down on the *longos* or rapids. It was not, however, till the second evening that I managed to catch sight of his ugly snout above the surface. I waited around, and on the third day I saw him suddenly come out of the water and heave his whole length upon a sand-bar in midstream and go to sleep in the sun. He was certainly a monster — fully thirty — you have never been in Central Africa, have you, Miss Weston? No? You ought to go there! — fully fifty feet from tip to tail. There he lay, glistening. I shall never forget the sight."

He broke off to light a cigarette. I heard Betty draw in her breath sharply. Mortimer was beaming through his glasses with the air of the owner of a dog which is astonishing a drawing-room with its clever tricks.

"And what did you do then, Mr. Denton?" asked Betty breathlessly.

"Yes, what did you do then, old chap?" said Mortimer.

Denton blew out the match and dropped it on the ash-tray.

"Eh? Oh," he said carelessly, "I swam across and shot him."

"Swam across and shot him!"

"Yes. It seemed to me that the chance was too good to be missed. Of course I might have had a pot at him from the bank, but the chances were I wouldn't have hit him in a vital place. So I swam across to the sand-bar, put the muzzle of my gun in his mouth, and pulled the trigger. I have rarely seen a crocodile so taken aback."

"But how dreadfully dangerous!"

"Oh, danger!" Eddie Denton laughed lightly. "One drops into the habit of taking a few risks out there, you know. Talking of *danger*, the time when things really did look a little nasty was when a wounded *gongo* cornered me in a narrow *tongo* and I only had a pocket-knife with everything in it broken except the cork-screw and the thing for taking stones out of horses' hooves. It was like this. . . ."

I could bear no more. I am a tender-hearted man, and I made some excuse and got away. From the expression on the girl's face I could see that it was only a question of days before she gave her heart to this romantic newcomer.

As a matter of fact, it was on the following afternoon that she called on me and told me that the worst had happened. I had known her from a child, you understand, and she always confided her troubles in me.

"I want your advice," she began. "I'm so wretched!"

She burst into tears. I could see the poor girl was in a highly nervous condition, so I did my best to calm her by describing how I had once done the long hole in four. My friends tell me that there is no finer soporific: and it seemed as though they may be right, for presently, just as I had reached the point where I laid my approach-putt dead from a distance of fifteen feet, she became quieter. She dried her eyes, yawned once or twice, and looked at me bravely.

"I love Eddie Denton!" she said.

"I feared as much. When did you feel this coming on?"

"It crashed on me like a thunderbolt last night after dinner. We were walking in the garden, and he was just telling me how he had been bitten by a poisonous *zongo*, when I seemed to go all giddy. When I came to myself, I was in Eddie's arms. His face was pressed against mine, and he was gargling."

"Gargling?"

"I thought so at first. But he reassured me. He was merely speaking in one of the lesser-known dialects of the Walla-Walla natives of Eastern Uganda, into which he always drops in moments of great emotion. He soon recovered sufficiently to give me a rough translation, and then I knew that he loved me. He kissed me. I kissed him. We kissed each other."

"And where was Mortimer all this while?"

"Indoors, cataloguing his collection of vases."

For a moment, I confess, I was inclined to abandon Mortimer's cause. A man, I felt, who could stay indoors cataloguing vases while his fiancée wandered in the moonlight with explorers deserved all that was coming to him. I overcame the feeling.

"Have you told him?"

"Of course not."

"You don't think it might be of interest to him?"

"How can I tell him? It would break his heart. I am awfully fond of Mortimer. So is Eddie. We would both die rather than do anything to hurt him. Eddie is the soul of honor. He agrees with me that Mortimer must never know."

"Then you aren't going to break off your engagement?"

"I couldn't. Eddie feels the same. He says that, unless something can be done, he will say good-bye to me and creep far, far away to some distant desert, and there, in the great stillness broken only by the cry of the prowling *yongo*, try to forget."

"When you say 'unless something can be done,' what do you mean? What can be done?"

"I thought you might have something to suggest. Don't you think it possible that somehow Mortimer might take it into his head to break the engagement himself?"

"Absurd! He loves you devotedly."

"I'm afraid so," said Betty, dejectedly. "Only the other day I dropped one of his best vases, and he just smiled and said it didn't matter."

"I can give you even better proof than that. This morning Mortimer came to me and asked me to give him secret lessons in golf."

"Golf! But he despises golf."

"Exactly. But he is going to learn it for your sake."

"But why secret lessons?"

"Because he wants to keep it a surprise for your birthday. Now can you doubt his love?"

"I am not worthy of him!" she whispered.

The words gave me an idea.

"Suppose," I said, "we could convince Mortimer of that!"

"I don't understand."

"Suppose, for instance, he could be made to believe that you were, let us say, a dipsomaniac."

She shook her head.

"He knows that already."

"What!"

"Yes, I told him I sometimes walked in my sleep."

"I mean a secret drinker."

"Nothing will induce me to pretend to be a secret drinker."

"THEN a drug-fiend?" I suggested hopefully.

"I hate medicine."

"I have it," I said. "A kleptomaniac."

"What is that?"

"A person who steals things."

"Oh, that's horrid."

"Not at all. It's a perfectly ladylike thing to do. You don't know you do it."

"But, if I don't know I do it, how do I know I do it?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, how can I tell Mortimer I do it, if I don't know?"

"You don't tell him. I will tell him. I will inform him to-morrow that you called on me this afternoon and stole my watch and . . ." I glanced about the room . . . "my silver match-box."

"I'd rather have that little vinaigrette."

"You don't get either. I merely say you stole it. What will happen?"

"Mortimer will hit you with a cleek."

"Not at all. I am an old man. My white hairs protect me. What he will do is to insist on confronting me with you and asking you to deny the foul charge."

"And then?"

"Then you admit it and release him from his engagement."

She sat for awhile in silence. I could see that my words had made an impression.

"I think it's a splendid idea. Thank you very much." She rose and moved

Villanelle of Dried Rose Leaves

by Briton Niven Busch, Jr.

Decoration by John Flanagan

PETALS a passing wind did blow
When nomad June was laughing near
In some old garden long ago.

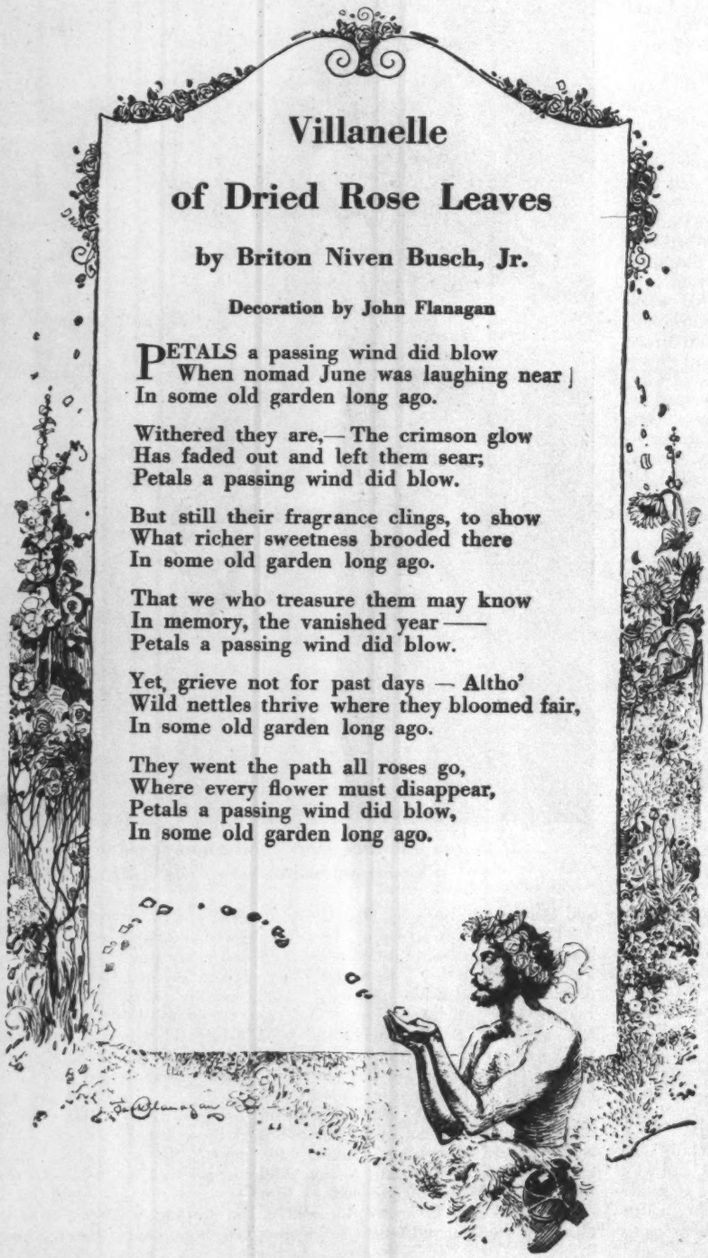
Withered they are,— The crimson glow
Has faded out and left them sear;
Petals a passing wind did blow.

But still their fragrance clings, to show
What richer sweetness brooded there
In some old garden long ago.

That we who treasure them may know
In memory, the vanished year ——
Petals a passing wind did blow.

Yet, grieve not for past days — Altho'
Wild nettles thrive where they bloomed fair,
In some old garden long ago.

They went the path all roses go,
Where every flower must disappear,
Petals a passing wind did blow,
In some old garden long ago.



to the door. "I knew you would suggest something wonderful." She hesitated. "You don't think it would make it sound more plausible if I really took the vinaigrette?" she asked a little wistfully.

"It would spoil everything," I replied firmly, as I reached for the vinaigrette and locked it carefully in my desk.

She was silent for a moment, and her glance fell on the carpet. That, however, did not worry me. It was nailed down.

"Well, good-bye," she said.

"*Au revoir*," I replied. "I am meeting Mortimer at six-thirty to-morrow. You may expect us round at your house at about eight."

Mortimer was punctual at the tryst next morning. When I reached the tenth tee he was already there. We exchanged a brief greeting, and I handed him a driver, outlined the essentials of grip and swing and bade him go to it.

"It seems a simple game," he said, as he took his stance. "You're sure it's fair to have the ball sitting up on top of a young sand-hill like this?"

"Perfectly fair."

"I mean, I don't want to be coddled because I'm a beginner."

"The ball is always teed up for the drive," I assured him.

"Oh, well, if you say so. But it seems to me to take all the element of sport out of the game. Where do I hit it?"

"Oh, straight ahead."

"But isn't it dangerous? I mean, suppose I smash a window in that house over there?"

He indicated a charming bijou residence some five hundred yards down the fairway.

"In that case," I replied, "the owner comes out in his pajamas and offers you the choice between some nuts and a cigar."

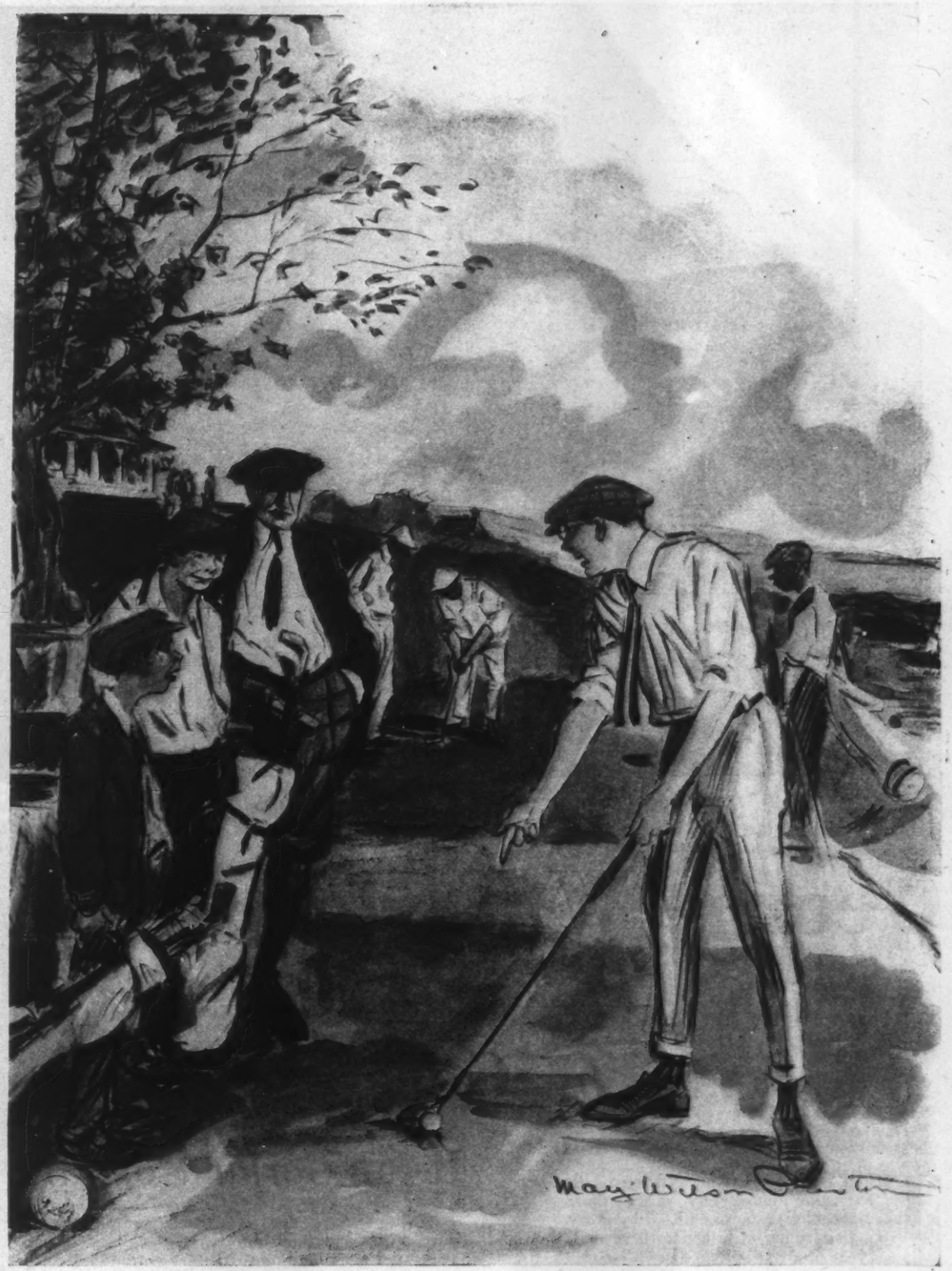
He seemed reassured, and began to address the ball. Then he paused again.

"Isn't there something you say before you start?" he asked. "Five or something?"

"You may say 'Fore!' if it makes you feel any easier. But it isn't necessary."

"If I am going to learn this silly game," said Mortimer firmly, "I am going to learn it *right!* Fore!"

I watched him curiously. I never put a club into the hand of a beginner without something of the feeling of the sculptor who surveys a mass of shapeless clay. I experience the emotions of a creator. Here, I say to myself, is a semi-sentient being into whose soulless *carcass* I am breathing life. A moment before, he was, though technically living, a mere clod. A moment hence he will be a golfer.



"I shall never learn this beast of a game. And I don't want to either—it's only fit for lunatics. Hitting a rotten little ball with a stick!"

WHILE I was still occupied with these meditations, Mortimer swung at the ball. The club, whizzing down, brushed the surface of the rubber sphere, toppling it off the tee and propelling it six inches with a slight slice on it.

"Damnation!" said Mortimer, unraveling himself.

I nodded approvingly. His drive had not been anything to write to the golfing journals about, but he was picking up the technique of the game.

"What happened then?"

I told him in a word.

"Your stance was wrong and your grip was wrong and you moved your head and swayed your body and took your eye off the ball and pressed and forgot to use your wrists and swung back too fast and let the hands get ahead of the club and lost your balance and omitted to pivot on the ball of the left foot and bent your right knee."

He was silent for a moment.

"There is more in this pastime," he said, "than the casual observer would suspect."

I have noticed, and I suppose other people have noticed, that in the golf education of every man there is a definite point at which he may be said to have crossed the dividing line—the Rubicon, as it were,—that separates the golfer from the non-golfer. This moment comes immediately after his first good drive. In the ninety minutes in which I instructed Mortimer Sturgis that morning in the rudiments of the game, he made every variety of drive known to Science: but it was not till we were about to leave that he made a good one.

A moment before he had surveyed his blistered hands with sombre disgust.

"It's no good," he said. "I shall never learn this beast of a game. And I don't want to either. It's only fit for lunatics. Where's the sense in it? Hitting a rotten little ball with a stick! If I want exercise, I'll take a stick and go and rattle it along the railings. There's something *in* that! Well, let's be getting along. No good wasting the whole morning out here."

"Try one more drive, and then we'll go."

"All right. If you like. No sense in it, though."

He teed up the ball, took a careless stance, and flickered moodily. There was a sharp crack, the ball shot off the tee, flew a hundred yards in a dead straight line never ten feet above the ground, soared another seventy yards in a graceful arc, struck the turf, rolled, and came to rest within easy mashie distance of the green.

"Splendid!" I cried.

The man seemed stunned. He blinked.

"How did that happen?"

I told him very simply.

"Your stance was right and your grip was right and you kept your head still and didn't sway your body and never took your eye off the ball and slowed back and let the arms come well through and rolled the wrists and let the club-head lead and kept your balance and pivoted on the ball of the left foot and didn't duck the right knee."

"I see," he said. "Yes, I thought that must be it."

"Now let's go home."

"Wait a minute. I just want to remember what I did while it's fresh in my mind. Let me see, this was the way I stood. Or was it more like this? No, like this." He turned to me, beaming. "What a great idea it was, my taking up golf! It's all nonsense what you read in the comic papers about people foozling all over the place and breaking clubs and all that. You've only to exercise a little reasonable care. And what a corking game it is! Nothing like it in the world! I wonder if Betty is up yet. I must go round and show her how I did that drive. A perfect swing, with every ounce of weight, wrist and muscle behind it. I meant to keep it a secret from the dear girl till I had really learned, but, of course, I *have* learned now. Let's go round and rout her out."

He had given me my cue. I put my hand on his shoulder and spoke sorrowfully.

"Mortimer, my boy, I fear I have bad news for you."

"Slow back . . . Keep the head . . . What's that? Bad news?"

"About Betty."

"About Betty? What about her? Don't sway the body. Keep the eye on the . . . "

"Prepare yourself for a shock, my boy. Yesterday afternoon Betty called to see me. When she had gone, I found that she had stolen my silver match-box!"

"Stolen your match-box?"

"Stolen my match-box!"

"Oh, well, I daresay there were faults on both sides," said Mortimer. "Tell me if I sway my body this time."

"You don't grasp what I have said! Do you realize that Betty, the girl you are going to marry, is a kleptomaniac?"

"A kleptomaniac!"

"That is the only possible [*Continued on page 62*]

"I introduced the one and only sure-fire leg-beautifier that the stage knows, to wit, the black silk stocking. For the first time in their lives, the girls' legs looked lovely"

George W. Lederer's Reminiscences

As Set Forth

by George Jean Nathan

II—*A Garland of Girls*

THAT one good-looking girl is enough to make almost any music show agreeable is a fact admitted by every man save he be bribed with several thousand dollars a year professorially to deny it before the drama classes at Columbia University. Let the score be soever tinny and the libretto soever full of sour wheezes on William Jennings Bryan, the Anti-Saloon League and other Grape Nuts, yet let there catch the eye a single dainty and pinchable houri — and the evening travels auspiciously. There is small critical dignity in such news, but the truths of the theatre too often wear motley.

After spending $38,000 in 1915 on a music show called "The Peasant Girl," with an expensive, augmented orchestra to play the tuneful Viennese score, with such high-salaried and accomplished vocalists as Emma Trentini and John Charles Thomas to sing it, and with such a high-salaried comedian as Clifton Crawford to crack the jokes, the Messrs. Shubert, Comstock and Gest were somewhat dumfounded to discover, when the show opened, that the entire success of the $38,000 enterprise depended upon retaining in the cast a $50 a week cutie named Frances Pritchard. When, in November of last year, Florenz Ziegfeld found that the business of his "Midnight Frolic" was rapidly dwindling, did he rush out and cable Maggie Teyte an offer of $1,500 a week to lift up the musical end of the show or G. P. Huntley an offer of $1,000 to lift up the comic end? He, wiseberger in the ways of audiences, did nothing of the kind. He cabled a pretty little chorus flapper named Kathleen Martyn an offer of $75 a week, got her — and trade promptly took a brace.

The difficulty confronting the music show producers is not quite as represented by the scholarly gentlemen who annually compose 12mo books on the subject. Good scores and good librettos — or at least passable scores and passable librettos — are not so hard to get as we are led to believe. Victor Herbert is the peer of the Viennese Kalmann and Lehar; Jerome Kern is often the equal of the British Ivan Caryll and Leslie Stuart; and our American ragtime confectioners lead the world. If we have no native librettists like the Parisian Rip, our producers can readily buy up such foreign librettos and adapt them to their uses.

OUR scenic artists are imaginative, and so are our costumers. If this were all, the American music show producers would all be millionaires. But it isn't all. The trouble lies in finding — the girls. And, having once found them, in presenting them to the best advantage. A. H. Woods lost $92,000 on the engaging "Gypsy Love," because he couldn't bag a single pretty chiclet for its chorus. The delightful "Purple Road," intrinsically as good a music show as America had seen in half a dozen years, proved a failure for Joseph M. Gaites for the same reason. The "Century Midnight Whirl," despite a lavish outlay, was a dismal failure until its impresario began competing with the rival Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic" in the only intelligent way — by going down to Forty-second Street and winning away from the latter one of its most appetizing ornaments.

As I have said, however, discovering and getting the plum is only half the business — indeed, the lesser half. Once having discovered and landed her, it is necessary theatrically to authenticate her. A girl who is pretty on the street, unless she is craftily and adroitly handled, may look like a character woman on the stage. Take a Marion Davies in all her blonde *al fresco* loveliness and put her on the stage in a cerise frock and maroon hat and she will look like *Galoola* in "The Sultan of Sulu." A homely girl becomes automatically prettier upon the illuminated platform. A pretty girl, automatically homelier. To the art of heightening a pretty girl's prettiness, Ziegfeld — in this day — has addressed himself more successfully than any of his many competitors. But long before the Ziegfeld talents became known, George Lederer was displaying what was in his day an equal virtuosity; for this Lederer was the pretty-girl-maker of twenty and thirty years ago, the parent of the pretty-girl show as we know it to-day, the man who planted the seed that has, at this later hour, been brought to so colorful and refulgent a bloom.

I have already described in these pages many of the pretty girls whom Lederer dredged up and exploited in those bygone, beauty-brilliant days. But there remains to be described something a deal more important: *how* he exploited them. The Shuberts had pretty Marilynn Miller at their Winter Garden for three years, but no one suspected that she was pretty until Ziegfeld took her and visited his magic upon her. The comeliest girls in the world are those in the ballet of the Hofopern-theater of Vienna; but no one would know it. The lovely Fairbanks twins passed unnoticed when they were under Winthrop Ames's management; Lillian Lorraine has passed unnoticed when she has not been under Ziegfeld's. And so it was, in the birthday of the modern poultry show, with George Lederer. His girls, many of them, began their careers with other managers and producers, but their radiance remained a secret until they were duly Lederered.

"*Pourquoi?*" I bade of him, prefacing my impres-

sive linguistic talent with the sweet word or two essential to the hornswoggling of the fellow's modesty.

"Tights," he replied. "Up to the time I produced 'The Lady Slavey,' at the Casino in '94, all the music show producers put their girls in tights. Tights act on a girl the way a collar without a necktie acts on a man. Just as the man, even if he is a Francis X. Adonis, looks like a thug, so does the girl in tights, however sweet and pretty she may be, look hard and unappealing. A girl's limbs are pretty largely in the degree that they are not seen. Or, when they are seen, in the degree that they are only momentarily seen. Pavlowa might have the most beautiful legs in the world, but they seem much less beautiful than those of any bow-legged girl with a skirt on. So I took girls who were intrinsically pretty but whose appeal had been spoiled by other producers through putting them in tights, made them wear fluffy skirts and so passed them off afresh as modest and lovely creatures. Modesty is half of prettiness in an audience's eyes. You never see what seems to you to be a pretty girl in a burlesque show. Many of the betighted girls in 'The Black Crook' were perhaps quite as pretty as the famous skirted lot in 'The Wild Rose,' but — now think a moment — no one remembers the name of a *single one* of them."

Methought I detected here a loop-hole. Nonchalantly twirling a moustachio by way of concealing my impatience to spring my heavy fetch, I drawled, "But what, my friend, if the beauty's legs are truly elegant specimens — would you conceal them *then*?"

My friend gazed at me with the wistful compassion of a gentleman about to poke his wife in the jaw.

"Name the beauty," he commanded.

"But," I protested, with difficulty suppressing my mortification at the fellow's suspicions that I — that *I* should be privy to the esoteric news of the actual grandeur of this or that beauty's pilasters; "but," I protested, "how should I know whether — "

"Name any famous beauty off-hand and, for argument's sake, take a chance," he interrupted.

"Well then, Maxine Elliott — when she was a young woman," I ventured.

My friend let out a roar. The very cuspidor shook. "You've hit on an excellent example," he choked. "Nine men in ten would think as you do. And here's the truth. Maxine Elliott has very likely pendulums, *very* likely. And that she has gained a great reputation as a beauty, no one denies. But it happens to be a fact that, in her early days on the stage, she did wear tights. And it also happens to be a fact that not a word was ever heard about her being a beauty until she stopped wearing them!"

Elsie Ferguson

Our orator negotiated a long breath. I propped a cushion behind me, and prepared myself.

"Let's get back to our original subject," he began. "You asked me *how* I brought out the prettiness of pretty girls after I had found the girls. I have told you one way. Here's another. Up to the time of 'The Passing Show' in 1894 — incidentally, the materfamilias of such present-day girl-vaudeville revues as 'The Follies' — music show producers used to go in invariably for colored stockings — red, blue, green, pink, white and mixed. Kin Hubbard has said, 'There are two kinds of women: those born with big feet, and those who can wear white shoes.' It's the same on the stage with stockings. There are two kinds of girls: those with fat legs, and those who can wear white stockings. Or stockings of any color. Now, when I confide to you that among all the celebrated beauties who were under my management there were not more than five at the most who had pretty, thin legs — when not more than a dozen out of any hundred girls on the stage to-day are found to have pretty, thin legs — you may imagine what would have happened to the beauty-reputations of my glamorous coterie had I put them in white or colored hosiery. Their legs would have looked out of all proportion to the rest of them. And that is precisely how they did look in such instances as they had worn colored stockings under other producers. So I introduced the one and only sure-fire leg-beautifier that the stage knows, to wit, the black silk stocking. The result you know. For the first time in their stage lives, the girls' legs looked lovely."

"Take, for instance, the case of Ella Snyder. When she appeared in the choruses of 'The Whirl of the Town,' and 'The Belle of New York,' certain costumes compelled her to wear colored silk stockings. Even I, for all my general prejudice against colored silk stockings, could not get around using them once in a while; there are, obviously, chorus costumes that sometimes demand them. Well, in these colored stockings, Ella's legs never attracted so much as a single word of eulogy. But, presto! — the moment I put black silk stockings on her in 'The Casino Girl,' her legs began to be admired and to be referred to by the audiences and play reviewers. And by the time I elevated her to the soubrette rôle in the London production of 'The American Beauty,' her legs were about to become — as much of a national theatrical institution as Frankie Bailey's legs, Della Fox's curl or Cissie Fitzgerald's wink."

"We seem to be confining ourselves very much to — er — legs," I reminded him, affecting — not without transparent effort — an air of top-lofty professional disinterestedness in the subject.

"All right, my dear Watson," observed our Burton Holmes, "let's pass on to the question of hair. The fashion in the theatre in the 1890's and early in the 1900's was to let the girls frizz and fuzzle their hair out of all recognition. The moment a girl got into her dressing-room, she began monkeying with her hair and transforming it into something exactly the opposite of what it looked like on the street or at home. A girl's hair is prettiest when she lets it alone — the way it looks, that is, when she hasn't got it all 'set' for a party. I therefore got the girls to wear their hair on the stage just as they wore it when they weren't on the stage. And, on my stage, they accordingly looked twice as 'nice,' twice as pretty, and twice as canoodly, as they had looked on other stages. No man likes a girl coiffed to within an inch of her life. There's something about studiously mussed girl's hair that appeals to a man.

"Let me give you an illustration. I had a girl in 'The Casino Girl' named Clara Selten (one of the famous 'City Girls' — 'Miss Wabash, of Chicago') who, on the day she went to have her photograph taken, had done her hair up in the elaborate fashion popular at the time. During the month following the opening of the show, my press agent informed me that, while he had no difficulty at all in placing the pictures of the other girls with the newspapers, he somehow seemed unable to land a single picture of this girl. And, he said, she was much put out over not getting her pictures printed along with those

(*Continued on page 79*)

We read Longfellow this time . . . and substituted orange juice very mercifully for what had grown to be a somewhat monotonous carousal in malted milk

Rainy Week

A Fascinating New Serial by the Author of "Molly Make-Believe"

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

A NEW ENGLAND couple conceived the delightfully whimsical idea of turning their house party into a play — "Rainy Week" — a play "that should never dream it was a play" and which was to be "acted by actors who never even remotely suspected that they were acting." There are seven guests and — the unexpected one:

A Bride and Bridegroom — Victoria Meredith and Paul Brenswick.

Some One with a Future — Claude Kennilworth, an artist.

Some One with a Past — Ann Woltor, who has a broken tooth.

One Very Celibate Person — George Keets.

A Bore — Rollins, who was a Prude in the moonlight.

A Singing Voice and a May Girl — May Davies.

The Unexpected One — An unknown young man who arrived hopelessly sodden drunk.

The first act ended with Rollins the Bore asking Ann Woltor — Some One With a Past — "How did you break your tooth?" The second act begins:

FOR a single horrid moment everybody's heart seemed to lurch off into space to land only too audibly in a gaspy thud of dismay.

Then Ann Woltor with unprecedented presence of mind jumped up from the table and ran to the mirror over the fireplace. Only the twittering throat-muscle reflected in that mirror belied for an instant the sincerity of either her haste or her astonishment.

"Broken tooth?" she protested incredulously. "Why! Have I got a — broken tooth?"

People acknowledge their mental panics so divergently. My Husband acknowledged his by ramming his elbow into his coffee cup. Claude Kennilworth lit two cigarettes at once. The May Girl started to butter a picture post card that some one had just passed her. Quite starkly before my very eyes I saw the Sober Stranger, erstwhile drunken, reach out and slip a solid silver salt-shaker into his pocket. Meeting his glance my own nerves exploded in a single hoot of mirth.

Into the unhappy havoc of the Stranger's face a rather sick but very determinate little smile shot suddenly.

"Well, I certainly am rattled!" he acknowledged.

His embarrassment was absolutely perfect. Not a whit too much, not a whit too little, at a moment when the slightest under-emphasis or over-emphasis of his awkwardness would have stamped him ineradicably as either boor — or bounder. More indeed by his chair's volition than by his own he seemed to jerk aside then and there from any further responsibility for the incident. Turbid as the storm at the window his eyes racked back to the eyes of his companions.

"Surely," he besought us, "there must be some place—some hotel — somewhere in this town — where I can crawl in under for a day or two till I can yank myself together again? . . . Taking me in this way from the streets — or worse — the way you-people have — " Along the stricken pallor of his forehead a glisten of sweat showed faintly. From my eyes to my Husband's eyes, and back to mine again he turned with a sharply impulsive gesture of appeal. "How do you-people know but what I *am* a Burglar?" he demanded.

"Even so," I suggested blithely, "can't you see that we'd infinitely rather have you visiting here as our friend than boarding at the hotel as our foe?"

The mirthless smile on the Stranger's face twitched ever so faintly at one corner.

"You really believe then — " he quickened, "that there is 'Honor among Thieves'?"

"All Proverbs," intercepted my Husband a bit abruptly, "are best proved by their antithesis. We do at least know — that there is at times — a considerable streak of dishonor among Saints!"

"Eh? — What's that? — I didn't quite catch it," beamed the Bridegroom.

But my Husband's entire attention seemed focussed rather suddenly on the Stranger.

"So you'd much better stay right on here where you are!" he adjured him with some accent of authority. "Where all explanations are already given and taken! . . . Ourselves quite opportunely short one guest and long one guest-room, and — No! I won't listen for a moment to its being called an 'imposition'!" protested my Husband. "Not for a moment! Only, of course, I must admit," he confided genially, above the flare of a fresh cigarette, "that it would be a slight convenience to know your name."

"My name?" flushed the Stranger. "Why, of course! It's Allan John."

"You mean 'John Allan,'" corrected the May Girl very softly.

"No," insisted the Stranger. "It's Allan John." Quite logically he began to rummage through his pockets for the proof. "It's written on my bill-folder," he frowned. "It's in my check-book. . . . It's written on no-end of envelopes." With his face the color of half-dead sedge grass he sank back suddenly into his chair

and turned his empty hands limply outward as though his wrist-bones had been wrung. "Gone!" he gasped. "Stripped! — Everything!"

"There you have it!" I babbled hysterically. "Now, how do you know but what *we* are Burglars? . . . This whole house a Den of Thieves? . . The impeccable Mr. George Keets there at your right, — no more, no less, than exactly what he looks, — an almost perfect replica of a Stage 'Raffles'?"

"Eh? What's that?" bridled George Keets.

"Dragging you here to this house the way we did," I floundered desperately "Quite helpless as you were. So — so — "

"'Spifflicated,'" prompted the May Girl. The word on her lips was like the flutter of a rose petal.

With a little gasp of astonishment young Kennilworth rose from his place, and dragging his chair in one hand, his plate of fruit in the other, moved round to the May Girl's elbow to finish his breakfast. Like a Palm trying to patronize a Pine Tree, his crisp exotic young ego swept down across her young serenity.

"Really, I don't quite make you out," he said. "I think I shall have to study you!"

"Study — me?" reflected the May Girl. "Make a lesson about me, you mean? On a holiday?" The vaguely dawning dimple in her smooth cheek faded suddenly out again.

The Stranger — Allan John — it seemed, was rising from the table.

"If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go to my room," he explained. "I'm still pretty shaky. I'm — "

But half way to the stairs, as though drawn by some irresistible impulse, he turned, and fumbling his way back across the dining-room opened the big glass doors direct into the storm. Tripping ever so slightly on the threshold he lurched forward in a single wavering step. In an instant the May Girl was at his side, — her steadying hand held out to his! Recovering his balance almost instantly he did not however release her hand, but still holding tight to it, — indescribably puzzled, indescribably helpless, — stood shoulder to shoulder with her, staring out into the tempestuous scene. Lashed by the wind the May Girl's mop of hair blew gold, — blew gray, — across his rain-drenched eyes. Blurred in a gusty flutter of white skirts his whole tragic, sagging figure loomed suddenly like some weird, symbolic shadow against the girl's bright beauty.

FRANKLY the picture startled me!

"S-s-h!" warned my Husband. "It won't hurt her any! He doesn't even know whether she's young or old."

"Or a boy — or a girl," interposed George Keets, a bit drily.

"Or an Imp or a Saint," grinned young Kennilworth. "Or —— "

"Or anything at all," persisted my Husband, "except that she says '*Kindness*' — and nothing else, you notice, except just '*Kindness*.' No suggestions, you observe? No advice? And at an acid moment in his life of such unprecedented shock and general nervous disorganization when his only conceivable chance of 'come-back' perhaps, hangs on the alkaline wag of a strange dog's tail or the tune of a street piano proving balm not blister. By to-morrow — I think — you won't see him holding hands with the May Girl — nor with any other woman. Personally," confided my Husband a bit abruptly, "I rather like the fellow! Even in the worst of his plight last night there was a certain fundamental sort of poise and dignity about him as of one who would say, 'Bad as this is, you chaps must see that I'd stand ready with my life to do the same for you'!"

"'To — do — the same — for you?'" gasped the Bride. Very quietly, like an offended young princess, she rose from the table and stood for that single protesting moment with her hand on her Bridegroom's shoulder. Her eager, academic young face was frankly aghast, — her voice distinctly strained. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I quite fail to see how the word 'dignity' could possibly be applied to any man who had so debased himself as to go and get drunk because his wife and child were dead!"

"You talk," said my Husband, "as though you thought 'getting drunk' was some sort of jocular sport. It isn't! That is, not inevitably, you know!"

"No — I didn't — know," murmured the Bride coldly.

"Deplorable as the result proved to be," interposed George Keets's smooth, carefully modulated voice, "it's hardly probable I suppose that the poor devil started out with the one deliberate purpose of — of 'debasing' himself, as Mrs. Brenswick calls it."

"N-o?" questioned the Bride.

"It isn't exactly, you mean, as though he'd leapt from the church shouting, 'Yo — ho — ho, and a bottle of rum.'" observed young Kennilworth with one faintly-twisted eyebrow.

"S-s-h!" admonished everybody.

"Maybe he simply hadn't eaten for days," suggested my Husband.

"Or slept for nights and nights," frowned George Keets.

"And just absolutely was obliged to have a bracer," said my Husband, "to put the bones back into his knees again so that he could climb up the steps of his train and fumble some sort of way to his seat without seeming too conspicuous. Whatever Religion may do, you know, to starch a man's soul or stiffen his upper lip, he's got to have bones in his knees if he's going to climb up into railroad trains! . . . And our poor young friend here, it would seem, merely mis— "

"Miss — calculated," mused Kennilworth, "how many knees he had."

"Paul wouldn't do it!" flared the Bride.

"Do what?" demanded young Kennilworth.

"Hush!" protested everybody.

"Make a beast of himself — if I died!" persisted the Bride.

"Pray excuse me for contradicting either your noun or your preposition," apologized my Husband. "But even at its worst I'm quite willing to wager that the only thing in the world poor Allan John started out to 'make' was an Oblivion — for — himself."

"An Oblivion?" scoffed the Bride.

"Yes — even for one night!" persisted my Husband. "Even for one short little night! . . . Before the horror of 365 nights to the year and God knows how many years to the life — rang on again! Some men really like their wives you know, — some men — so no matter how thin-skinned and weak this desire for Oblivion seems

"We found a perfectly lovely — beautiful — and quite sufficiently gruesome real wreck," the May Girl reported

to you —" quickened my Husband, "it is at least a —"

"Paul wouldn't!" screamed the Bride.

In the sudden accentuation of strain everybody turned as quickly as possible to poor Paul to decide as cheerfully as seemed compatible with good taste just what that gorgeously wholesome looking specimen of young manhood would or would not do probably under suggested circumstances. Nobody certainly wanted to consider the matter seriously, yet nobody with the Bride's scared eyes still scorching through his senses would have felt quite justified I think in merely shrugging the issue aside.

"No, I don't think Paul — would!" rallied my Husband with commendable quickness. "Not with those eyes! Not with that particular shade of crisp, controlled hair! . . . Complexions like his aren't made in one generation of righteous nerves and digestions! . . . Oh no —! Even in the last ditch the worst thing Paul would do would be to stalk round putting brand new gutters on a brand new house!"

"Bridge-building is my job, — not gutters," grinned Paul unhappily.

"Stalk round building brand new bridges," corrected my Husband.

"Intoxicated with Bridges!" triumphed young Kennilworth. "Doped with Specifications!"

"But perhaps Allan John — doesn't know how to build bridges," murmured my Husband. "And perhaps in Allan John's family an occasional Maiden Aunt *or* Uncle has strayed just a —"

With the faintest possible gesture of impatience, but still smiling, the Bridegroom rose from the table and lifted his Bride's hand very gently from his shoulder.

"Who started this conversation, anyway?" he quizzed.

"I did!" laughed everybody.

"Well, I end it!" said the Bridegroom.

"Oh, thunder!" protested young Kennilworth. In the hollow of his hand something that once had been the spongy shapeless center of a breakfast roll crushed back into sponge again. But in the instant of its crushing, — crude as the modeling was, — half jest, — half child's play, I sensed the unmistakable parody of a woman's finger-prints bruising into the soft crest of a man's shoulder. Even in the absurdity of its substance the sincerity of the thing was appalling. Catching my eye alone, young Kennilworth gave an amused but distinctly worldly-wise little laugh.

"Women do care so much, don't they?" he shrugged.

A trifling commotion in the front hall stayed the retort on my lips.

The commotion was Ann Woltor. Coated and hatted and already half-gloved she loomed blackly from the shadows, trying very hard to attract my attention.

In my twinge of anxiety about the May Girl I had quite forgotten Ann Woltor. And in the somewhat heated discussion of Allan John's responsibilities — and irresponsibilities, the May Girl also, it would seem, had passed entirely from my mind.

"I'm very sorry," explained Ann Woltor, "but with this unfortunate accident to my tooth I shall have to hurry, of course, right back to town." — Even if you had never heard Ann Woltor speak you could have presaged perfectly from her face just what her voice would be like, — gravely contralto, curiously sonorous, absolutely without either accent or emphasis, yet carrying in some strange, inexplainable way a rather goose-fleshy sense of stubbornness and finality. "One can't exactly in a Christian Land," droned Ann Woltor, "go round looking like the sole survivor of a massacre."

Across the somewhat sapient mutual consciousness that ever since we had first laid eyes on each other five months ago — and Goodness knows how long before that — she *had* been going round perfectly serenely 'looking like the sole survivor of a massacre,' Ann Woltor and I stared just a bit deeply into each other's eyes. The expression in Ann's eyes was an expression of peculiar poignancy.

"No, of course not!" I conceded with some abruptness. "But surely if you can find the right dentist and he's clever at all, you ought to be able to get back here on the six-thirty train to-night?"

"The six-thirty train? Perhaps," murmured Ann Woltor. Once again her eyes hung upon mine. And I knew and Ann Woltor knew and Ann Woltor knew that I knew, — that she hadn't the slightest intention in the world of returning to us on any train whatsoever. But for some reason known only to herself and perhaps one other, was only too glad to escape from our party, — anatomically impossible as that escape sounds, — through the loop-hole of a broken tooth. Already both black gloves were fastened, and her black traveling-bag swayed lightly in one slim, determinate hand. "Your maid has ordered the station bus for me," she confided; "and tells me that by changing cars at the Junction and again at Lees — Truly I'm sorry to make any trouble," she interrupted herself. "If there had been any possible way of just slipping out without anybody noticing — !"

"Without anybody noticing?" I cried. "Why, Ann, you dear Silly!"

At this, my first use of her Christian name, she flashed back at me a single veiled glance of astonishment, and started for the door. But before I could reach her side my Husband stepped forward and blocked her exit by the seemingly casual accident of plunging both arms rather wildly into the sleeves of his great city-going raincoat.

"Why the thing is absurd!" he protested. "You can't possibly make train connections! And there isn't even a covered shed at the Junction! If this matter is so important I'll run you up to town myself in the little closed car!"

Across Ann Woltor's imperturbable face an expression that would have meant an in-growing scream on any other person's countenance flared up in a single twitching lip-muscle and was gone again. Behind the smiling banter in my Husband's eyes she also perhaps had noted a determination quite as stubborn as her own.

"Why, — if you insist," she acquiesced, "but it has always distressed me more than I can say to inconvenience anybody."

"Inconvenience — nothing!" beamed my Husband. Ordinarily speaking my Husband would not be described I think as having a beaming expression.

With a chug like the chug of a motor-boat the little closed car came splashing laboriously round the driveway. Its glassy face was streaked with tears. Depressant as black life-preservers its two extra tires gleamed and dripped in their jetty enamel-cloth casings. A jangle as of dungeon chains clanked heavily from each fresh revolution of its progress.

Everybody came rushing helpfully to assist in the embarkation.

My Husband's one remark to me flung back in a whisper from the steering wheel, though frankly confidential, concerned Allan John alone.

"Don't let Allan John want for anything to-day," he admonished me. "Keep his body and mind absolutely glutted with bland things like cocoa and reading aloud . . . And don't wait supper for us!"

With her gay Jonquil-colored oil-skin coat swathing her sombre figure, Ann Woltor slipped into the seat beside him and slammed the door behind her. Her face was certainly a study.

"Sixty miles to town if it's an inch! How — cosy." mused young Kennilworth.

"Good-bye!" shouted everybody.

"Good-bye!" waved Ann Woltor and my Husband.

As for Rollins, he was almost beside himself with pride and triumph. Shuffling joyously from one foot to the other he crowded to the very edge of the vestibule and with his small fussy face turned up ecstatically to the rain, fairly exploded into speech the instant the car was out of earshot.

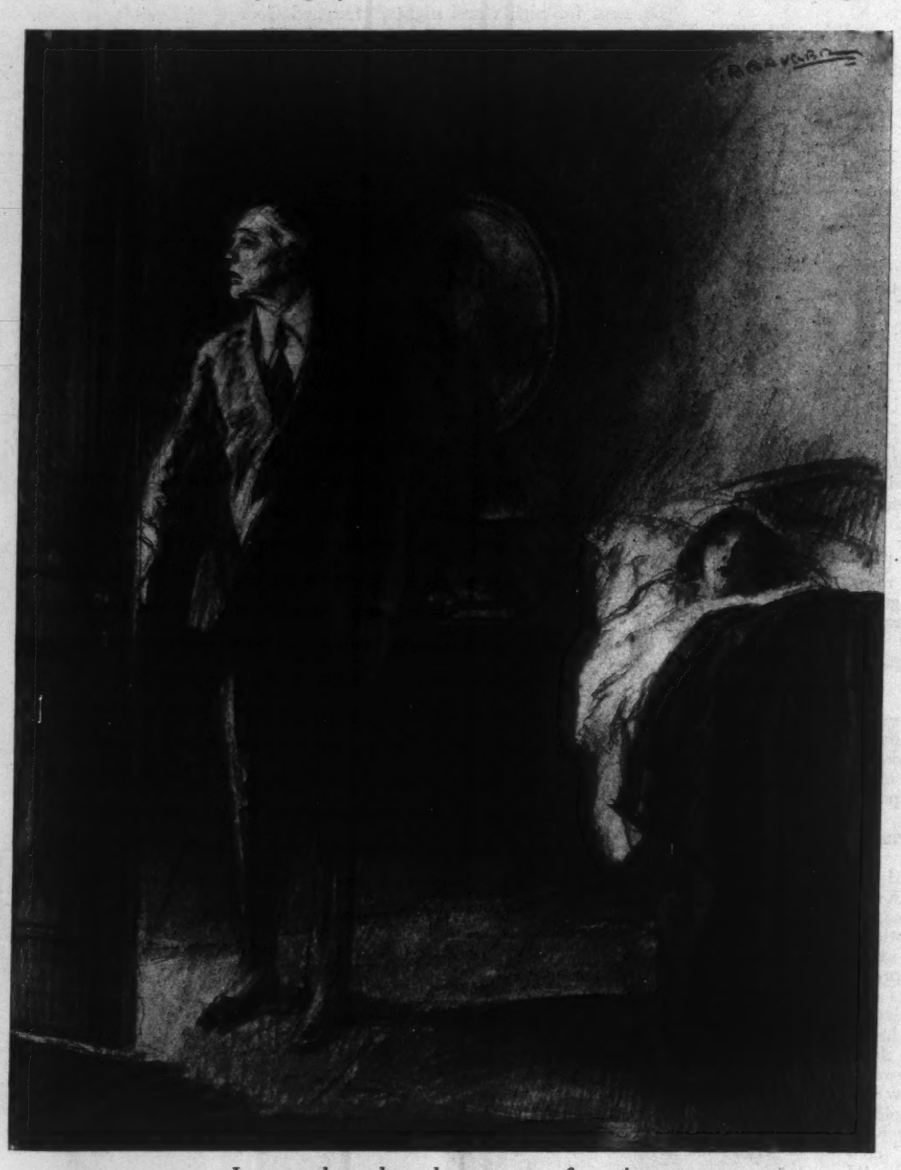
"She'll look better!" gloated Rollins.

"Who? — The car?" deprecated young Kennilworth.

Then, because everybody laughed out at nothing, it gave me a very good chance suddenly to laugh out at 'nothing' myself. And most certainly I had been needing that chance very badly for at least the last fifteen minutes. Because really when you once stopped to consider the whole thrilling scheme of this "Rainy Week" Play, and how you and your Husband for years and years had constituted yourselves a very eager, earnest-minded Audience-of-Two to watch how the Lord Almighty,— the one unhampered Dramatist of the world, would work out the scenes and colors,— the exits and entrances,— the plots and counterplots,— of the material at hand, — it *was* just a bit astonishing to have your Husband jump up from his place in the audience and leap to the stage to be one of the *players* instead!

It wasn't at all that the dereliction worried your head or troubled your heart. But it left your elbow so lonely! Who was there left for your elbow to nudge? When the morning curtain rose on a flight of sea gulls slashing like white knives through a sheet of silver rain, or the Night Scene set itself in a plushy black fog that fairly crinkled your senses; when the Leading Lady's eyes narrowed for the first time to the

[*Continued on page 68*]



It was then that the scream of a siren whistle tore like some fear-maddened voice through the whole house

And then—"By Heavens, she's white!" he said and stood perfectly still

The Girl in the Sampan

by

B. Howard Wenner

A New Writer Arrives With a Fascinating Story

Illustration by P. V. E. Ivory

WE had been playing pool at the Hong Kong Hotel until about midnight. Doc had been winning, and he was in high fettle: he was a born winner, that man, whether it was in a struggle with death, games, or the love of women, he played them for all they were worth, with every scrap that was in him, and no reserves—and he was just as keen for the next. I remember he filled out his chest and threw back his head and there was that almost fierce glitter in his eye that meant the love of life was quick within him.

"Chief," he said, "let's make a night of it."

"Not I, young fellow," I answered, yet admiring the glint and play of him as I would a sword pulled from the sheath. "We've made too many nights of it in Hong Kong already, and even the chief engineer of a freighter in port has got some duties to perform. Let's surprise the quartermaster by getting aboard before two o'clock to-night."

He agreed reluctantly and we passed out into the warm November night. A sleepy coolie or two moved toward us with their rickshaw, but we shook our heads and walked down toward the wharf. It was one of those hot, starry nights that throb noiselessly about Hong Kong and seem to hold you in a dark crystal, apart from and unanswerable to mankind.

For my part, I was quite used to these nights, for we had made some fifteen trips to Hong Kong since I was on the *Glasgow*, but it was Doc's first trip. He was a young fellow back from two long years of service in a hospital in France, ordered on this voyage as the result of a nervous breakdown. We were cronies from the first; he had all the newest quirks of philosophy and books, and could throw light on things that I'd puzzled over and partly nosed out of my old library, but never quite settled. He introduced me to Bernard Shaw, Wells, and a host of queer ones, and I made him love Kipling and Bobbie Burns. I remember we were discussing Kipling that night as we stood on the wharf while one of the little sampans that wait around to take belated passengers out to their ships made hastily for us. We had picked up an old magazine in the Hotel that day and read "The Female of the Species." I was arguing that in the old days Kipling would have taken the same theme and made something grander and bigger of it as he did of McAndrew's machinery, but Doc was for saying that the subject demanded no more dignity than Kipling gave to it. He was awfully cynical where women in general were concerned.

"Take, for instance, these sampan and junk women," he was saying, "look, how they fight and scold and slave and rule all in the same breath; they're just our women with the layers that we have so carefully wrapped them in torn off. They're the essence of woman," he smiled jauntily as he said this, and blowing a cloud of fragrant Malachrino stepped into the waiting sampan.

As usual a woman was sculling in the stern, and to-night, for a wonder, there was no family put to bed in the bottom of the boat; the usual straw hood was missing, and we sat with our back to the bow of the boat and facing the woman who sculled. It was a breathless night, so she could not use her sail, and we moved rather slowly over the silent harbor. Some of the million lights of the Peak had been blotted out as the night wore on, so that, barring the slender lines of road lights, only a few gleamed feverishly against its dark hulk.

"I shall certainly have to go to Rio Janeiro with you, Chief, if you say it's a more beautiful harbor than this. I had a chance once—a chance to go with a patient—to cruise about and take our time, but just then War came and, of course, there was only one thing to do. It was a very interesting case, though, and I hated to leave it."

I remember that Doc described this case very fully, carried away by the vivid flash-lights of his own mind in action as he analyzed it, when suddenly the woman stopped sculling and stood perfectly motionless. Now our freighter was anchored quite far out in the harbor, and the sampan had been moving very slowly; at this added delay I let forth an oath, but Doc laughed.

"Be careful, Chief," he said, in those clear, arrogant tones of his. "Remember 'the female of the species is more deadly than the male'." [*Continued on page 44*]

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Resolve and Nature are exhaustless; we were not meant to falter or to fail.

Under the Judas Rag

WE'LL have more strikes and further sabotage until the "Last Minute Men" disband and the "George Society" loses a few million members — the other fellow can't do your national duty. So long as the majority of us let citizenship wait upon private business, guerrilla minorities will continue to throw monkey-wrenches into the works.

The Boston Tea Party, Concord and Bunker Hill blush with shame at your "dontgivadamnness."

Price boosters, slacker officials and anarchists alike are snapping their fingers under your regardless nose convinced that you haven't the guts to fight for your rights.

If there were not so many of your sort, agitators and marplots would not dare offer their shoddy formulas and abominable heresies. How much longer will it take you to appreciate that a new flag is being peddled hereabouts—the Red flag of force and plunder?

Forget your ledger, your bench and your furrow long enough to realize that the soreheads and all the benighted print-blind hordes who were never taught how these United States came to be (or ever understood how the conditions from which they fled over yonder could have been changed by resolution and courage) are furtively gathering under the Judas rag.

"*It is up to you to tuck the Stars and Stripes under your arm and to prove that Old Glory is still all wool and a yard wide — but know your goods before you offer them.*"

If half as many folk devoted half as much time to studying government as they spend upon baseball scores, ballots would have more teeth in them.

Our welfare is not threatened by fools, but by knaves and fanatics — well-read, plausible rogues and zealots whose cunningly organized efforts must be confounded by still shrewder organization.

You'll never be able to answer their attacks upon our systems until you thoroughly understand what our systems are.

If you can't sell our story and our glory to every scoffer and doubter it is because you aren't sold yourself.

War and Babel

DIALECTS first separated maritime and mountain Greece, then became whetstones for feudal hate.

Provincialism, with its sword-bearers, jealousy and suspicion, achieved what all the hordes of Asia failed to accomplish.

Rome died of indigestion — a victim of regardless gluttony. The Empire gorged itself with helter-skelter population and paid the penalty. When bastard Latin began to ring in the Forum the Cæsars were done.

And now Russia, famine-swept Golconda, richest in reaches, wealths and workers, lies weltering in the shambles, betrayed, butchered and dismembered by cunning traitors who knew the secret weakness of the Colossus of the steppes — who understood that Muscovy was a mute, a land without a voice — had ruled its polyglot hordes by armed gesture — who knew that scattered races without common speech could never be organized in time against a shrewd, coherent minority.

Wherever peoples are left uninformed, red ambition will be served. Wherever Chauvinism is censor or autocracy edits text-books, wherever schoolmasters are the toadies and tools of rapacious oligarchs, there treaties will always be scraps of paper and civilization must watch the frontier.

War was born on Babel and will persist until the confusion of tongues is ended.

We Demand the Debt

GERMANY is not tamed — only caged — watch the bars!

Her plan, not her soul, is defeated. The Hun mind still whets a sword for conquest.

Prussia lost the game but not the score.

Overwhelming numbers, not superior fighting, saved the Allies. Without America's resources and men Europe must needs have yielded to Junker ferocity.

Thwarted ambition will never forget the sweet taste of Flanders and Belgium. Envy of England and hatred of America are eternal ichors in German blood. This is no penitent people!

Arrogant pride prefers to remember four years of invincibility. *If* Italy had remained neutral — *if* Liége had fallen a day sooner — *if* we had stayed out — *if* they had had another year's hoard of copper, wheat and rubber, then the vulture banners of the Federation would now wave from Vladivostok to Ostend and all civilization would render tribute to the Hohenzollerns. We dare not relax! We dare not relent!

Berlin democracy is a gesture of Pecksniffian dummies who hold the Fatherland in escrow for watchfully waiting exiles, while propagandists and inspired pacifists preach forgiveness and forgetfulness, and the Wilhelmstrasse rules Russia from behind the throne, spreads anarchy throughout the world, and sows industrial revolt.

Plundered, ravaged Belgium looks across her borders upon a land unscarred, unmarred, remembers the rape of her own women, her children in slavery — and demands the debt.

France counts her desolated villages and desecrated acres — and demands the debt.

The martyrs of the Lusitania and every soldier grave across seas demand the debt.

Every blasphemy and atrocity and indignity deliberately engineered by the High Command and enthusiastically executed by the whole German nation demand the debt.

Peace and security and the rights of nations and the might of law — demand the debt.

Germany must pay or the future shall.

Woe to our children if we do not collect full retribution and repentance!

Lost: A Hundred Million

EDISON stumbled upon artificial silk while searching for the incandescent light and threw it aside with a thousand other scrapped experiments.

The stuff didn't fit the particular purpose he had in mind, so he didn't bother to find if it had some other utility.

Thus a mere trifle of some hundred million dollars slipped through his fingers.

No man is all-wise. The paths of success are littered with unnoted opportunity.

No process of mining or smelting has yet extracted a hundred per cent. of ore. Old tailings regularly yield new fortunes. To-day's gas traps and condensers accuse yesterday's shrewdest practises of wanton stupidity.

Progress is a series of linked endeavors and observations, and no one brain is competent enough to end any chain of reasoning.

If you can't find a new field, glean an old one.

The pickings are there — the trail of geniuses and experts is rich with overlooked possibilities.

Nobody knows everything about anything.

Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, June, 1920

Fishel who delivered the bread and rolls possessed the knack of those little courtesies which are apt to linger in a woman's memory

The Devastations of Dora

by Bruno Lessing

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

THE trouble all began when Susskind hired Dora. In some unaccountable way most of the minor troubles of the human race begin with the advent of some woman. Far be it from us to advance this comment disparagingly — we mention it merely as one of the phenomena of statistics. Sometimes the woman who arrives is a blonde and sometimes she is a brunette, but, if you rummage thoroughly among her luggage, you will usually find that she brings the makings of trouble of some sort.

Dora came in response to an advertisement in Gordon's *Yiddish Weekly*, a strongly radical publication of exceedingly small circulation which Susskind had selected merely because Gordon was one of his customers and was a little behind in his account. As a matter of fact no one was more surprised than Gordon himself, when he beheld Dora, to realize that he could number among his readers any such as she. But his satisfaction was short-lived.

"I seen the janitor where I live," Dora explained, when Gordon asked her how she happened to see the advertisement, "and he told me about it. He reads all them crazy papers. I don't."

No description of Dora could be adequate. To appreciate her it was necessary to see her. To say that she was blonde and pink, statuesque and haughty, golden-haired and red-lipped — well; it may give you some kind of a picture, but it isn't Dora. Because, you see, while she was all that, she was also, in an overwhelming, yet intangible way, a great deal more besides. The only person in the establishment who was not impressed by her was Mrs. Susskind — but that, too, is a common phenomenon.

Dora's duties consisted of sitting behind the cashier's desk, taking in the money and, during the rush hour, pouring coffee from the urn on the counter. This task left her considerable time, most of which she devoted to patting her hair, gazing at herself in the mirror and polishing her nails. But she was exceedingly amiable, withal. It chanced that the first customer to approach her counter was Abie Lazinsky who, with his cheerful smile, explained that he had no money with him and requested that his debt be charged to his account. Dora graciously wrote upon a slip of paper, "Mr. Lazinsky; 1 cup of coffee 5c."

"I'm a regular customer," Abie explained, whereat Dora smiled and showed two rows of teeth that glistened like pearls. A few minutes after Abie's departure Susskind opened the cash drawer and discovered the slip of paper.

"Say," said he to the new cashier, "before you hang up any of them bums what comes in here you better talk to me about it. We do business on a cash basis."

"He didn't look like a bum," said Dora, defiantly.

"Don't you bother your head what they look like," retorted Susskind. "Everybody what knows anything knows that Abie Lazinsky is the biggest *schnorrer* on the East Side. You just make 'em all pay cash or call me."

SUSSKIND'S estimate of Abie was rather mild. Abie was not only a *schnorrer* but was as lazy, as shiftless, as unreliable and as inconsequential as a human being can be and still live. But he was invariably good-natured and had a sense of humor; in consequence, he was generally liked.

Through the operation of one of the traits of feminine nature Susskind's uncharitable attitude toward Abie aroused sympathy for him in the cashier's heart, one result of which was that they became fast friends. Thereafter, when Abie lacked the money to pay for a meal or a cup of coffee Dora merely neglected to enter it upon a slip of paper. Which proves that peace hath its victories no less renowned than war.

The devastations of Dora began with Gordon, himself. After the first few symptoms of taking pains with his clothes and shaving before he came to Susskind's, he found the courage to engage Dora in talk after he had paid his bill. Gordon's conversation, however, was a trifle over Dora's head. In a general way she realized that he was trying to flatter her but the details of his attempted wooing were rather misty. One day he slipped a note into her hand and, when there came a lull in the day's work, Dora read it. Some of its contents were simple enough: Dora could understand that her eyes were like stars and her teeth were like pearls because she was quite familiar with stars and with imitation pearls. One word, however, puzzled her and when Abie came to her counter to explain just why it was that he could not pay his bill that day, she showed him the letter.

"It looks like he is stuck on you," said Abie, after reading it.

"I know it," said Dora, "but what does that word mean?"

"'Translucent,'" read Abie. "'Your skin is translucent.'" He shook his head. "That's a new word for me. But I got to go around to see the Rabbi, anyhow, and I'll ask him. He knows pretty nearly everything."

Rabbi Heller — known throughout the neighborhood as *the* Rabbi, to distinguish him from all other rabbis — had rather a wide reputation for learning, benevolence and a violent temper. When Abie was ushered into the parlor of the Rabbi's house, he heard, distinctly, through a door leading to an adjoining room, the Rabbi's voice pitched to an angry key.

"Not another cent do you get until you settle down," the Rabbi was exclaiming. "The life you lead is disgraceful. You loaf from morning to night. Just because I have a little money is no reason for you to lead a life of idleness. Do you want to grow up to be an old good-for-nothing like Abie Lazinsky?"

A moment later the door opened and Harry Hyman, the Rabbi's nephew, came out of the room looking somewhat crestfallen. At the sight of Abie he grinned.

"Hello, Abie," he said. "I just heard your name mentioned. Maybe if you go in the next room you'll have better luck with Uncle than I had."

Abie, in no wise abashed, presented himself before the Rabbi.

"My!" he exclaimed, "you're looking fine! You're just a picture of a healthy man."

The Rabbi stared at him icily. "What do you want?" he asked.

"What does it mean, translucent?" asked Abie.

"It means something that you can see through in an indistinct way," the Rabbi replied. "If you see clearly it is transparent, not translucent."

"Something you can see through sort of nearly?" said Abie.

The Rabbi shrugged his shoulders. "That's close enough," said he. "What else do you want?"

"My, Rabbi, what a direct way you got!" exclaimed Abie. "Could you lend me two dollars for a —"

"Never mind what it's for," interrupted the Rabbi, "but you do not get it. When you make up your mind to go to work I will help you get a position. Nothing else. Good-bye."

On the sidewalk Abie overtook Harry Hyman.

"Have any luck?" asked the young man.

"I got a good definition," replied Abie. "But he wouldn't lend me two dollars. Have you got a quarter to spare?"

Harry laughingly gave him the quarter and Abie returned to Susskind's.

"What Gordon said in his letter," he explained to Dora, "means that he can nearly look through your skin."

"Ain't he got the nerve!" cried Dora. "If he ever speaks to me again he'll get a piece of my mind."

"It ain't exactly a nice thing to say to a lady," said Abie. "Maybe it's better you don't bother about him."

"I should say not," exclaimed Dora. "I'm glad I got a good friend like you. Put one of them doughnuts in your pocket. They just came in fresh."

The havoc that Dora created among the patrons of Susskind would make quite a long story if all the details were chronicled. One after another became the victim of her charms, went through a certain amount of emotional turmoil and eventually subsided into a state of philosophic calm where they could actually enjoy the disappointment of their successors.

Throughout it all Abie Lazinsky remained Dora's friend and confidential adviser.

"If I was twenty years younger, Dora," he said to her once, "and had money and was good-looking, I'd fall in love with you myself."

"If you only had the money," said Dora, with a sweet smile.

FISHEL, who delivered the bread and rolls, and Moritz, the new head-waiter, came upon the scene at about the same time. They were both rather good-looking, both rather self-assertive and both equally smitten. Moritz, being constantly on the premises, had somewhat the advantage, but Fishel possessed the knack of those little courtesies which are apt to linger in a woman's memory. And Abie soon realized that these two aspirants had made a greater impression upon his friend Dora than any of the others.

Fishel took her to a theatre one evening and held her hand during the entire performance. He revealed to her the glories of the baking business, told her how much money he had in the bank and how rich he expected, ultimately, to be. Then he told her that he could not sleep at night for thinking of her golden hair, and asked her to marry him. "I don't know," was all that he could elicit from Dora.

"Is it on account of that what-d'ye-call-'im, that waiter fellow, that you're hesitating?" asked Fishel.

"Moritz is a nice man," said Dora. "Nobody what's a friend of mine could say a word against him."

"You're right, Dora," replied Fishel. "I wouldn't say a word against him for the world. Only I hope you don't think of marrying him. I'd rather see you marry the biggest crook what ever came out of Sing Sing than a low-life like him."

A few days later Moritz took Dora for a walk up Avenue B and when they came to Tompkins Square suggested that they sit on one of the benches. Here Moritz's advantage over his rival was almost unfair. In a theatre there are always other people sitting or standing behind you, while in a park at night, you have but the silent trees looking on. Moritz's arm crept slowly around Dora until his hand rested upon her further shoulder. Then he told her that his position as a head-waiter was purely a temporary one. He was planning to start a coffee-house of his own and all that he needed was a little more capital and a wife. He told Dora that, all day long, he could think of nothing but her blue eyes. Would she marry him?

"I don't know," said Dora.

"I hope y'ain't thinking about that baker what comes around every day," said Moritz, bitterly.

"Mr. Fishel is a very nice man," said Dora. "Nobody what's a friend of mind could say a word against him."

"I GIVE you right, Dora," said Moritz. "I like to see people stick up for their friends. I wouldn't say a word against anybody what's a friend of yours. Don't imagine I got anything against Fishel. If the district attorney knew what I know he'd be in jail; but what business is that of mine?"

Dora was considerably perturbed over the situation. It was not that she was particularly fascinated by either Fishel or Moritz but she liked them both and could not make up her mind which she preferred. That state of mental humility which we call doubt and which is supposed to be the beginning of wisdom, vexed Dora. She much preferred a decided opinion and, in her perplexity, laid the matter before Abie.

"I see what you mean," said that individual, nodding his head, wisely. "They're both nice fellows and you don't know which is the most solid of the two."

"It ain't so much what they got now," explained Dora, "as it is what they're likely to do in the future."

Abie carefully weighed for her the possibilities of a baker's and a head-waiter's life, argued dispassionately for and against each and, in the end, reached the same conclusion of dubiety from which Dora had started.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, finally. "I'll talk to the Rabbi about it. He's a smart man and we can trust him. He ain't young any more and it isn't like if he would get stuck on you himself."

The suggestion appealed to Dora. When Abie called at the Rabbi's house he found Harry Hyman seated in his uncle's favorite armchair, with his feet upon his uncle's desk and a cigarette between his lips.

"Uncle's gone out of town for the day," explained Harry. "If you want any advice I guess I can do just as well but if you want any money you came to the wrong shop. I don't get my allowance until the day after to-morrow."

"There ain't no hurry about it," said Abie. "It's just a lady friend of mine what don't know her own mind and maybe the Rabbi can help her."

In the absence of his allowance and having nothing else to do, Harry questioned him about the matter with the result that, presently, Abie had told him the whole story.

"You say she's a friend of yours," said Harry. "Have you got credit at Susskind's? Uncle told him not to let me charge a cent."

"As long as Dora is cashier there," said Abie, "any friend of mine's got as much credit as he wants."

"Then let's go around and get something to drink," said Harry, "and maybe I can give the lady all the advice she needs."

The moment Harry's eyes beheld Dora he clutched Abie's arm and, with a faint gasp,

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "D'ye mean to tell me that she's thinking seriously of a waiter or a baker?"

"It ain't serious yet," explained Abie. "She just don't know what is what."

When Abie introduced the Rabbi's nephew to Dora she shook hands with him somewhat gravely. The customary bewitching smile which revealed the two rows of pearly teeth was omitted. Abie noticed the omission and noticed also that when he spoke to Harry the young man neglected to answer him. They seated themselves at a table near the counter from which they could talk to the cashier without raising their voices. The conversation between Harry and Dora was very brief and commonplace. The young man seemed rather preoccupied. When he rose to go he turned to Abie.

"I'll speak to Uncle about it," he said, "as soon as he comes home and I'll let you know what his advice is."

"That's a fine young man, Dora," said Abie, when his friend had departed. "He's the only relative what the Rabbi's got and he'll come in for a lot of money, some day."

AS ABIE entered Susskind's place the following morning he almost collided with Harry, coming out.

"I was looking for you," said Harry. "I've been in here waiting two hours for you. Come outside and I'll tell you something very interesting."

He clutched Abie's arm somewhat nervously and led him down the street.

"I wanted to have a talk with Dora," Harry explained, "but that head-waiter was always hanging around. D'ye understand? Now what I want you to do is to go in there and wait till she's alone and then have a talk with her. You tell her — let's see now — just wait a minute while I think. Oh, yes! That sight-seeing boat! D'ye know the sight-seeing boat? It leaves from the Battery every afternoon at two o'clock and goes round the whole city. Yes, that's the idea. Now you listen to me, Abie. I have just had a talk with my Uncle and he says that he wants to see that head-waiter for himself.

"Oh, yes, the other fellow, too. You tell Dora to get hold of them two fellows and tell them to go to the Battery and get on that sight-seeing boat to-morrow afternoon. You needn't mention my name at all. D'ye understand? Tell her that Uncle will be on the boat and wants to have a long talk with them. Then he can tell her if they're any good, but I'll bet you they ain't. Now are you sure you understand?"

"Sure I do," said Abie, "but why can't they go to your house?"

"I knew you wouldn't understand," cried Harry, petulantly. "Y'see, Uncle's got to go on that boat to-morrow, anyway. And he also says it's such a shame to see them two fellows thinking they're good enough for a girl like Dora, that he wants to settle it right away. And he hasn't got any other time to spare."

"All right, then," said Abie. "I'll arrange it."

"And another thing, Abie," said Harry, drawing a bill from his pocket and pressing it into Abie's hand, "I guess you better go with them. It's a nice ride and you'll enjoy it. Y'see they don't know Uncle and you'll have to introduce them. And if I was you I wouldn't look for Uncle until the boat got started."

"Why?" asked Abie.

"Y'see, he's — he's interested in — in machinery," explained Harry. "He likes to see the engines start."

"I thought you said you was broke," said Abie,

[*Continued on page 52*]

"It means," Abie explained, "that he can nearly look through your skin." "Ain't he got the nerve!" cried Dora.

Another Story "From the Life"

Mrs. Murchison

by Harvey O'Higgins

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

"And there I found she hadn't killed Murchison at all. She had killed her father"

Part II

MRS. MURCHISON'S acquittal was expected, therefore, by everyone in the court room. And it was accepted without question by everyone outside the prosecution — so far as I saw — except Tom McQuade. "She's guilty, just the same," he insisted, coldly.

"I bet you she'd be *acquitted*," Orpen said, "but I'd bet you she's *innocent*, too, if I knew any way to decide the bet."

"I owe you a box of cigars," McQuade conceded. "That's all right. But if I can ever bring you proof that she's guilty, you'll return the stakes, will you?"

"Yes, and doubled."

"Good." McQuade gathered up his copy-paper.

"Who's to be referee?" Orpen asked. "Who's to decide whether or not your proofs prove anything?"

"I'll leave it to you."

"No," Orpen said, "that wouldn't be fair."

"I'll leave it to any one you name."

Orpen nodded toward me. "Leave it to him, eh?"

"Perfectly satisfactory," McQuade said.

Orpen winked at me. "Is there anything else I can agree to, Mac, to help you save your face?"

McQuade took himself off without replying.

"The trouble with Mac is," Orpen philosophized, "he depends too much on facts. I used to do it once, myself, but I've learned that in newspaper work correct facts aren't as valuable as correct impressions."

There was an old rivalry between these two men — the rivalry of antipathetic temperaments. McQuade was a keen, hard-bitten worker with a close-lipped mouth that looked as if he gnawed it. He was always as busy as some instinctively acquisitive animal accumulating facts, acquaintances, contacts. "The things a newspaperman knows and doesn't publish are his best stock in trade," he used to say. He was accurate in his reports, making full notes in shorthand and transcribing them carefully, writing a curt style, in hard little sentences, without charm.

Orpen was fat, lazy, meditative. He has made a better magazine-writer than he ever was a newspaperman, but he had one faculty as a reporter that was justly envied: he could write excellent copy and at the same time listen to what was being said and watch what was going on. At the Murchison trial, day after day, he started writing in legible long-hand as soon as the court proceedings began; and he continued writing, without making a shorthand note, listening to the examination of the witness on the stand while he was still reporting what a previous witness had testified. He used to say: "It's just a trick. You sort of split your mind. You listen with one ear while you write with the other." I have seen him write that way and carry on a desultory conversation. He would have his day's work on the Murchison trial finished when the court adjourned — all except writing the lead for his stuff. McQuade would have to gather up his shorthand notes and hurry away to write his story from them, in quiet. Orpen twitted him about it. He teased McQuade rather cruelly as a constant practise. "Mac needs it," he said. "He has too much ego in his cosmos."

It was undoubtedly under the spur of Orpen's teasing that McQuade went about so determinedly to get his evidence against Mrs. Murchison. How he did it, I do not know, but he certainly gave up his belated summer holiday to it, and trailed Mrs. Murchison's past — through the years of her married life with "Aleck" Bruce, the court stenographer — back to the early days when she was Mabel Andrews on a farm in the Putnam valley, up state.

He returned with several disturbing bits of evidence. The first was that the saying, "God is not mocked," had been a favorite one of Mrs. Murchison's mother. This might be significant, or it might not. The second was that as a girl, before she married Bruce, Mrs. Murchison had had little education; she had taken a course in shorthand and typewriting in order to assist her husband in his work; and, in helping him, she had been much about the courts. This, McQuade argued, accounted for her ability to take care of herself on the witness stand.

"It accounts for it," Orpen pointed out, "if she was guilty. If she was innocent, she didn't *need* to 'take care' of herself."

But the final item in McQuade's indictment could not be set aside so easily. He had two photographs: one of the "God is not mocked" message that had figured in the trial; the other of the signature of "Mabel Andrews" as it appeared on the application for her first marriage license. And Mabel Andrews had written her name on that application in an unformed, girlish backhand that was identical with the handwriting of the message from the murderer of her second husband.

Copyright by Harvey O'Higgins, June, 1920

Orpen brought the evidence to me as the referee between McQuade and him. "Do you think this proves her guilty?"

Whether it did or not, it was a whale of a newspaper story. That was all I could see in it, at first.

"Yes," Orpen complained, "but it's McQuade's story, not yours or mine. Do you think it proves her guilty?"

"Mac thinks so, I suppose?"

"Sure of it."

"What do *you* think?" I asked.

"I've a hunch that Littlejohn might throw some light on it."

"We couldn't go to Littlejohn and put him wise to this, without Mac's permission."

"No," he said, "but Mac'll have to see Littlejohn before he prints it anyway. We might all three go together, if that suits *you*."

It suited me. It even flattered me. They were both veteran newspapermen, and I was not much more than a cub reporter. I wanted to see them at work, interviewing Littlejohn. I wanted to be associated with them in getting the biggest newspaper story of the day, as it seemed to me. I kept saying to myself: "Heavens! What a story!"

Orpen telephoned me, later, that McQuade would come; that he had made an appointment with Littlejohn to see us at eleven o'clock next morning; that we were to meet McQuade at the door of the World Building at 10:45, and go together to Littlejohn's office.

"Heavens! What a story!"

"Well, it may look like a hell of a good story to *you*," Orpen grumbled, on our way to meet McQuade, "but I have a hunch it'll fizzle before it gets to print."

"Why?"

"Because that's the way life is. Thing's never come up to specifications. Mac probably suspected there was no meat in his egg or he wouldn't have let us see it till he'd hatched it out."

I suspected that McQuade had been so eager to crow over Orpen that he had not been able to wait for incubation. And certainly, when we met him, there was enough superior silence in his manner to justify my suspicion. He nodded briefly and went along with us.

"Who does the talking at this interview?" Orpen asked.

"You do, if you want to."

"I'm going to tell him about the bet and show him the photographs."

"That's all right with *me*."

"Good."

They did not speak another word outside Littlejohn's office — the old office of Littlejohn, Varley, McNeill & Littlejohn, in Chambers Street. The reception-room was a sort of law library, and the separate offices of the partners opened into it. Littlejohn was reading a newspaper at a shabby old walnut desk when a clerk ushered us in to him. A fire of cannel coal was burning in the fireplace of a previous generation, and the room was full of the peaty smell of the smoke. I judged that Littlejohn was using his father's office. Old Littlejohn had died about six months before.

HE greeted us absent-mindedly and invited us to sit. The character of the room, his air of abstraction, his distinguished mask of face — and the general bagginess of his clothes — made me feel as if we were interviewing some literary philosopher in his workshop.

Orpen began to explain our coming. He had a humorous slow drawl, and he sat in his chair in an exaggerated attitude of sprawling ease. Littlejohn listened to him benevolently. McQuade also listened, watching him as if he were interested in Orpen only. But I gathered that Littlejohn was as aware of McQuade as McQuade was secretly intent on Littlejohn. The very fixity of their attention upon Orpen betrayed them to me.

Littlejohn made no comment except to say, "Yes, I remember you all," when Orpen explained that we had reported the Murchison trial. Orpen went on to tell about the bet that he had made with McQuade, and about the renewal of that wager after Mrs. Murchison's acquittal. Littlejohn nodded. Orpen described rather whimsically McQuade's search for new evidence; and in the same bantering manner, he laid the two photographs before Littlejohn. I held my breath for the dramatic climax. Littlejohn merely glanced at the photographs, as if he had seen them before, and said "Yes?" inquiringly.

"Well," Orpen went on, undiscouraged, "before I decided that I'd have to give back Mac's cigars, I wanted to hear what *you* had to say about that handwriting. Do I lose my bet?"

Littlejohn, for answer, turned slowly to McQuade. "What made you think she was guilty?"

"The evidence in the case."

"Oh." He seemed disappointed. He looked down at his blotter a moment. "It was you that interviewed the mother about a month ago, was it?"

"Yes."

Littlejohn smiled at Orpen, confidentially. "We thought it was a state detective. We wondered whether they were trying to fasten the crime on Mrs. Andrews."

Orpen chuckled.

There was a busy and significant silence.

Littlejohn tilted back in his swivel chair and clasped his hands behind his head.

"Well, gentlemen," he said — putting aside the whole story of the bet as if it were a subterfuge we had invented — "my client has been acquitted, and a person cannot be tried twice for the same crime. The case cannot be reopened."

"We know that," McQuade put in.

"So, if you publish these photographs, you will merely redirect suspicion against a woman who will be unable to clear herself — since nothing that she can say will be under oath — and no decision on her defense will be judicial."

"If you can give me any innocent explanation of those photographs," McQuade said, "I'll not publish them."

Littlejohn, with his head thrown back, looked down his nose at McQuade. Then he unclasped his hands, dropped forward in his chair, and challenged Orpen with an interrogating eye.

"It's McQuade's story, not ours," Orpen explained. "We can't print it, until after *he* does."

Littlejohn's expression did not change.

"Oh," Orpen said, "if you want our promise — Yes. I promise."

I added mine, in reply to a glance from Littlejohn.

"Well," he said, at last, "I don't know the truth about the case, but I can tell you my theory. She killed him in her sleep."

We all sat up together. "In her sleep!"

"Yes. She probably took one of those tablets when she went to bed. The effects of it, I should say, wore off in the night, but left her half-drugged and in what, I believe, is called 'a hypnagogic state.' In that condition she went to the bathroom to take another dose of the stuff, found her husband's razor on the shelf, wrote that message on the dresser, cut his throat, went back to the bathroom, took two more tablets and fell asleep without any consciousness whatever of what she had done."

It was McQuade who broke the staring silence to ask: "Why didn't you offer that theory at the trial?"

"BECAUSE I was doubtful whether a country jury would believe it. I considered that Mrs. Murchison was morally innocent of her husband's death. She was entirely convinced of her own innocence. She had no recollection of what she had done in her sleep — if she had really done it — and I was afraid that if I suggested this sleep-walking theory to her, some memory of what had happened might return to her, perhaps in the form of something that she had dreamed. So I pretended to her that I believed Murchison had been killed by a religious maniac who had got into the house in some way that was not known; and I put her on the stand in her own defense, and let her win her case in her own way. And I think the verdict shows that I was right."

"How do you account for the handwriting?" McQuade pursued him.

Littlejohn reflected. "I don't know how to account for it," he admitted, "except in this way: Mrs. Murchison must have begun writing her present hand after she married that court stenographer. Probably her earlier handwriting was too illegible for him, and he made her learn this professional script. You know she used to help him in his work. And in her sleep, she must have returned to her schoolgirl writing."

"Yes," McQuade conceded. "That would explain it."

"Well, anyway, I win my bet," Orpen said. "She was innocent."

"She killed him," McQuade insisted.

"That's my theory," Littlejohn explained. "I may be wrong. But I'm not wrong about *this:* she's an innocent woman. As her counsel, she could not have deceived me. She didn't know she had killed him, if she *did* it. And if you publish those photographs, you'll wreck what is left of a maimed life and mark her and her son with a suspicion they will never escape from. It's a damnable thing to do. And it's a damned dangerous thing for your editor to do, since she has the decision of a court declaring her innocent, and the law will uphold her."

McQuade met the implied threat with indifference. "Had she any motive for killing him — anything that would impel her to it, in her sleep?"

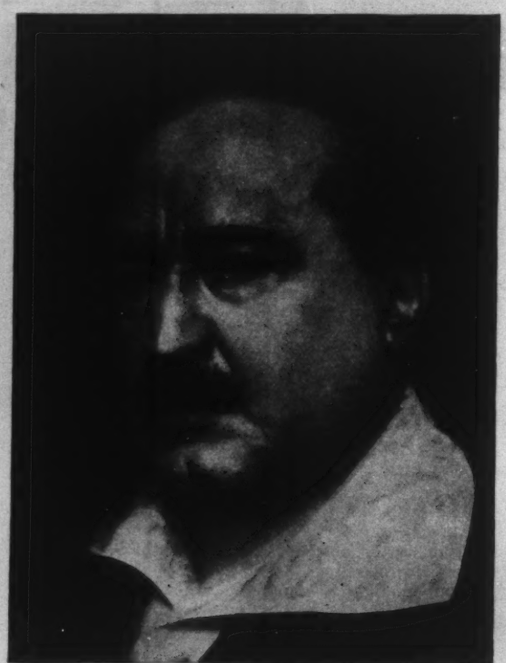
"I don't know," Littlejohn said. "I didn't dare ask her, for fear of starting the suspicion in her mind that she had done it."

McQuade got up. "I think you're right," he said. "She killed him undoubtedly. But she either didn't know it, or she was the most amazing actress that ever went on the witness stand. I accept your theory that she did it in her sleep." He turned to Orpen. "You win." He took up his hat. "You may have those photographs if you want them, Mr. Littlejohn. I'll not write the story. No one would believe the sleep-walking theory, and I don't wish to accuse her of the alternative."

This decision came as an incredible conclusion to me. At first, I thought that McQuade was merely putting Littlejohn off his guard; that Mac had duplicates of the photographs and intended to print them if he could find any further evidence to support them. I did not understand him then as well as I did later. He was unscrupulous about the way he acquired information, but he was most scrupulous in the way he used it. And he was putting Littlejohn under an obligation — an obligation that would probably pay a high rate of interest as time went on.

Littlejohn shook hands with him. He shook hands with us all, saying good-bye. But he took McQuade's hand with a manner that gave, as well as accepted, a promise. And I understood Mac's saying: "The things a newspaperman knows, and doesn't publish, are his best stock in trade."

His wisdom in not publishing the sleep-walking theory was vindicated by the incredulity with which the story was received when it leaked into the gossip of the editorial offices. It never found its way into print, so far as I know. And the Murchison murder — no matter what theory about it might be [*Continued on page 76*]



Vicente Blasco Ibañez

whose story, "The Four Sons of Eve," will be published in the July McClure's.

You will find another Ibañez here — an Ibañez you do not expect — but an Ibañez just as human, just as certain to enthrall you, though by different methods. "The Four Sons of Eve" is a story you will remember.

What Junk Has Done

Some Men Grow Rich on What Other Men Throw Away

by

Waldemar Kaempffert

A RICKETY old wagon, drawn by a rickety old horse, and driven by a rickety specimen of Italian or Russian humanity — that is what junk means to most of us. The wagon is so deplorably about to collapse that no self-respecting tradesman would own it — a piece of junk itself. Some equine junk heap must have supplied the horse; he is so old, so tired, so dejected. And the man who huddles on a board in front of the mournfully jingling bells strung across the wagon — he, too, seems a piece of junk, a bit of wreckage salvaged from the European ethnologic ash-barrel. Yes, this is junk — this, and rusty iron, battered brass, dirty rags fished out of the gutter and the backyard, tattered remnants of old clothes, stenches, squalor and misery.

Come now to the Woolworth Building. Behold the junk-cart driver of yesterday and visualize what the rag-picker of to-day is likely to become.

A brisk, courteous office boy ushers you into the manager's office. The walls are paneled in a delicate French gray. Your feet sink into a carpet dyed a soft blue. Hangings that match the carpet half conceal the windows. The lamp on the desk and the metal fixtures on the walls are of satin-finished silver. Chairs, table, desk — all are of dull mahogany, patterned after the finest colonial models. On the walls hang a few modern masters — a Corot among them. The manager fingers a lead pencil, a lead pencil made to order. It is lavender in color, and it bears the name of his firm in gold letters.

And this is the goal to which dealing in junk leads! We never think of waste-collecting as a great industry, greater, for example, than the automobile industry, or the leather industry, or the paper industry. Who would suppose that thousands of dilapidated junk-wagons and drivers, hardly able to speak English, collect every year one and one-half billion dollars' worth of refuse? Who would suppose that there are several dozen junk companies with offices as magnificent as that which you have vicariously visited in the Woolworth Building? Who would guess that there are more millionaires in the junk business than in the motion-picture business? Who would dream that the man on the junk-wagon is a potential magnate and that five years hence he may ride to and from his office in a limousine?

Who would dream that the junk-cart driver is a potential magnate and that five years hence he may ride to and from his office in a limousine?

It is the story of Cinderella in a modern setting, a fairy-story that is true. There is Herman Sonken, still under forty. Not so long ago he pushed a junk-cart through the alleys of Kansas City. Within the last few years he has bought seven railroads, not in order to become a railroad king, like Vanderbilt or Harriman, but simply as a matter of business routine. He buys bankrupt roads just as he used to buy old tin cans and lead-pipe. And there are such firms as S. Birkenstein and Sons, with warehouses and offices in half a dozen cities, or A. Solomon, Inc., scouring Europe and America for waste rubber, or the Great Western Smelting and Refining Company, dealing in scrap by the train-load and considering it hardly worth its while to dabble in lots of waste worth less than ten thousand dollars each. Bolonsky, Blumenthal, Markovitz, Lissberger, Gatti, the list is endless. In ten years, immigrants who led a precarious existence at home become rich. Their sons go to Harvard, Yale and Princeton, build up on the foundations laid for them, and deal in waste on a gigantic scale. Great corporations are formed that import and export junk; they have agents in every important city of Europe and America. Yes, what you call Junk is a matter of international importance.

It is a highly complex business, this of collecting and selling the refuse of households and factories. At the bottom of the scale is the push-cart man or the junk-wagon driver, who goes from house to house, gathering what he can and paying for it as little as a housewife blissfully ignorant of scrap values will tolerate. He sells to a small dealer, who roughly sorts the purchase. The rags, separated into cotton and woolen rags, are sold to a man who deals only in rags; the scrap-iron and the scrap-metal are disposed of to specialists. So the waste passes on and up from one dealer to another, each a more important factor than the man from whom he buys. And each purchaser sorts and sorts. There is every incentive to sort and re-sort when you are confronted with such quotations as these: "New shirt cuttings, $12.25 a hundred pounds; blue cottons, $8.25 a hundred pounds; mixed rags, $3 a hundred pounds." Certain grades of waste-paper are worth three dollars a hundred pounds, but a mixture of the same grades with others is worth only sixty or seventy cents a hundred pounds. Tool steel worth several dollars a pound will bring but a few cents when mixed with lower grades of steel.

Eventually this refuse of a reckless world, reaches the kings, princes and dukes of junk — men at the heads of great companies, men of affairs, men who collect scrap-metal and discarded rubber shoes as a business, and rare porcelain and precious first editions as art amateurs. They buy waste only in car-load quantities. In their bright lexicon the word "junk" is not to be found. To be sure they have heard the term; but they never use it. They are far, far removed from all that "junk" implies. "Waste" is the generic name by which these magnates of the abandoned lead-pipe and the old automobile tire designate the refuse in which they deal. Three hundred of them have formed a National Association of Waste Material Dealers, an association which contains more millionaires than most industrial organizations, and which is fully conscious of the vitally important part that it plays in our national economy. If you are inclined to think that waste is not nearly so interesting as a new play by George Bernard Shaw or a lecture by Sir Oliver Lodge on Spiritualism, go to the very formal ceremonious, full-dress banquet of the Association held annually at the Hotel Astor in New York City and listen to the Carnegies and Rockefellers of junk. You will come away with the feeling that were it not for the work of these men, living would be costlier than it is. Since it is not likely that you will be invited to dine by the Association, you may at least inform yourself of the junk-world by reading the trade papers that chronicle the rise and fall in the price of rags and of tin cans, and that print editorials on crises in waste leather. There you learn that rags, scrap-metal, tin cans, old rubber are in reality the raw materials of many an industry and that were it not for the junk-dealer and his indifference to rust and smells, the cost of production in many a factory would be more than it is.

One billion and a half dollars, I have said, is the value of the waste material annually dealt in by small and large dealers. This is but an estimate. For all its importance, for all its millionaires, the waste-material business knows little about itself statistically. Even the government can only guess at the quantity of old clothes, rubber and metal that is annually thrown on the scrap-heap. In a general way it is known that wherever one thousand people are gathered in a community, thirteen tons of valuable materials are wasted, and that of this waste, twenty per cent. is composed of paper. In New York City alone, more than one hundred thousand tons of waste-paper are collected and shipped in a month. But then, New York is magnificent in its prodigality. From its municipal buildings alone (schoolhouses, fire-houses, police stations, and administrative offices) $129,000 worth of waste is annually collected. The tungsten and other metals reclaimed from New York's old electric lamps is worth ten thousand dollars a month; which naturally follows when you consider that in New York glow thirty per cent. of the electric incandescent lamps of the country. During the War the government tried to estimate the wastage of the country as a whole. We ought to blush at the result. Six hundred million dollars' worth of scrap-metal (by which term the junkman identifies all metals that are not iron), two hundred million dollars' worth of old paper and cotton rags, seventy-five million dollars' worth of woolen rags, and three hundred million dollars' worth of rubber are thrown away every year. No wonder it pays to explore dumping grounds.

Let a man once embark on this gathering of wastes and he may find himself in the end anything but a junk-dealer. In the effort to make the most out of a car-load of scrap he may decide to become a manufacturer. I know of one man who bought an automobile plant at a creditor's sale — bought the building and machinery as so much scrap. When he came to take an inventory of his purchase he found that he had on hand parts for several hundred automobiles. Sell them to some steel mill to be melted up? Not he. They would bring a thousand times more as finished cars. And so he assembled [*Continued on page 63*]

They are formulating a circular directed to workingmen. Mendel says: "Just finish off with somp'm general—like 'To Hell with the Constitution o' the United States!'"

Booth Tarkington's Great Drama

Poldekin

The Man Who Found America

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

POLDEKIN and his friends have come to America as missionaries from Soviet Russia. Act III begins in the tenement yard. The little sidewalk shade tree near the corner of the house now lifts a fuller, darker green foliage above the fence. The more conspicuous of the garments on the clothes-line are exchanged for others. "Benny" and "Nathan," the geranium plants, are pleasantly disposed upon a green jardinière against the fence. Their number has been increased and three more geranium plants sit complacently in a line beside "Benny" and "Nathan."

Podoff, Nikolai and Mendel are seated about the table; Nikolai is writing. Krimof and Endachieff lounge on the bench near-by. Endachieff has a more dissipated look than formerly and is suffering from a bad taste in the mouth.

KRIMOF — You are not smoking, Endachieff?

ENDACHIEFF — No. I am losing my taste for tobacco — for some reason.

KRIMOF — Then, since you are not using your pipe, let me take it.

ENDACHIEFF — Let *you* smoke *my* pipe? You know this is a very fine pipe of mine.

KRIMOF — You have no moral right to a pipe at all, if I have none. Hand it to me.

(Endachieff does so uneasily)

ENDACHIEFF — Now you have it, and I haven't any. So you ought to give it back.

KRIMOF — I was only joking. Hand me Nikolai's tobacco pouch, please.

(Endachieff gets up, goes to the table rather painfully; brings him the tobacco pouch, and sits)

KRIMOF — (filling the pipe) Did you bring the matches?

ENDACHIEFF — Get them yourself.

KRIMOF — You stood right there beside them and didn't bring them? Now you want *me* to get up and go for them!

ENDACHIEFF — (getting up and going for the matches) Oh, I would rather get them than argue. I do not feel well these days. I think it is the strange climate. Here!

(Hands him the matches, and sits)

KRIMOF — There. That is an illustration. I am the cleverer. The cleverer always remain idle and make the stupider work for them.

I will *always* be making you do things for me — because I know how.

ENDACHIEFF — I suppose my only way to keep from doing those things would be to kill you.

KRIMOF — Then some one else would make you do them. You would only change masters.

ENDACHIEFF — Then what would be the use of the revolution?

KRIMOF — There won't be any for *you*, except a big spree during the change. For my part I shall either be a member of one of the soviets or a commissioner. I will help to take the place of the capitalists in wielding the power.

MENDEL — (turning to them, amused) You fellas got it all worked out fine, ain't you?

KRIMOF — Well, I was talking to Poldekin ——

MENDEL — Where is Poldekin?

KRIMOF — He had a holiday from Friday noon and went to Washington to spend Saturday looking at Washington. *Last* week he went to a place called Lexington ——

MENDEL — That's out in a place they call Kentucky.

KRIMOF — Then he must have been mistaken. He told me it was in a place called New England — Massasooshet. Then, a month or so ago, he heard there were farms on the Long Island and went there to talk to the peasants.

NIKOLAI — (looking up from his writing) What did he report from them?

KRIMOF — He said he did not believe that they were yet ripe for the revolution.

NIKOLAI — They will rise when the *idea* reaches them.

KRIMOF — You know Poldekin must be a good workman. Already he is foreman of his shop in the printing house.

MENDEL — I dunno about that bein' a good thing. Let a man begin to *rise* oncet, he gits bourgeoisie ideas.

NIKOLAI — I am watching Poldekin always.

MENDEL — Well, don't git him leery till after ——

NIKOLAI — Don't fear. He will do our printing.

MENDEL — It's a ticklish job, y'unnerstan'— Now if he's ——

PODOFF — I have another idea for the smaller handbill, Nikolai. (Podoff is seated in his favorite attitude of contemplation, his fingers interlocked upon his breast.)

NIKOLAI — Those are for the factory towns.

PODOFF — Add this line: "Any skilled workman drawing high pay is apt to be an enemy of the revolution. These should be shown by direct action."

MENDEL — I ain't in favor o' that.

NIKOLAI — Why not?

MENDEL — They'll git the "direct action," all right, *later*. Threaten 'em now, and you'll only git 'em against us. Just finish off with somp'm general — like "To Hell with the Constitution o' the United States!"

NIKOLAI — That is good. That says it.

(Writing)

"To Hell with the Constitution of the United States."

(Holding up two written sheets of different sizes)

Both will do very well now.

(Reading one of them)

"Wage-Slaves! To Arms! How long shall this accursed government," and so forth.

(Reading the other)

"Where are your Red Flags? The Star-Spangled Banner, that dirty dollar Rag ——"

MENDEL — (stopping him) Sh!

(Blanche has just entered from the house. She has a water pitcher, and comes to water the flowers. Endachieff smiles and gives her a fond wink.)

NIKOLAI — What's the matter?

MENDEL — Wait till she goes.

NIKOLAI — (understanding) Oh!

ENDACHIEFF — (as if to himself) *She's* all right.

KRIMOF — What?

ENDACHIEFF — She's a very jolly woman.

NIKOLAI — Here. You can see them for yourselves. (Mendel and Krimof go behind him, reading the two sheets over his shoulder, consulting and pointing out items; Nikolai making an alteration or two at their suggestion. Endachieff goes to Blanche.)

ENDACHIEFF — I see your family is growing bigger.

BLANCHE — (smiling, as she waters the plants) Three this spring.

ENDACHIEFF — That's fine!

BLANCHE — These here's Benny and Nathan's little brothers, Charlie and Mike. *This* one's the pet o' the fam'ly, though. It's a little girl.

ENDACHIEFF — What's her name?

BLANCHE — Maria. Mrs. Karadofsky gave me that one. Willie Brown says *he's* goin' to give me a century plant so's I'll haf to live till it blooms.

ENDACHIEFF — Who?

BLANCHE — (laughing) Willie Brown, Mr. Poldekin's name in Russian, I mean ——

ENDACHIEFF — Polish, you mean. Who told you it was Russian?

BLANCHE — (amused) You did.

ENDACHIEFF — When?

(Rubs his head)

BLANCHE — Golly, you got a fine forgetter!

ENDACHIEFF — Well, it's no harm to tell *you*.

BLANCHE — Sure not!

ENDACHIEFF — Ain't you givin' the children too much water?

BLANCHE — Not for *to-day*. Don't chu know this is Decoration Day?

ENDACHIEFF — What is that?

BLANCHE — Why it's for — Oh, you wouldn't understand.

ENDACHIEFF — When do you think the good Welch gives us another party? Eh, with red punch?

BLANCHE — It's gotta be every day now, huh, to suit *you*?

ENDACHIEFF — (slapping her on the shoulder, sings roguishly) "I doe wanta get well, I'm in love for a be-youtiful nurse!"

(He attempts to dance a step or two)

BLANCHE — (laughing) Oh, glory!

(She runs into the house)

KRIMOF — Endachieff, don't make such a fool of yourself! What "day" did she say it was? "Decoration?"

ENDACHIEFF — She said I couldn't understand it. I don't know what it is, "Decoration Day," but this morning I saw many of the bourgeoisie putting out flags.

MENDEL — Oh, it's somp'm they do about some ole war they had here; guess they'll think maybe *it* didn' amount to much, before long!

NIKOLAI — There. They are both ready for Poldekin to print.

(Thoughtfully)

We want some red flags, too — little ones that will fold up small.

MENDEL — Well, let's give *Poldekin* the job of gittin' 'em.

NIKOLAI — (nodding, and making a note in a small note-book) Thanks. That is a good idea!

MENDEL — (lightly malicious) He might as well take a chance on that, too.

NIKOLAI — Exactly. Now, I wish to speak with Podoff alone, if you will please ——

MENDEL — All right. Endachieff, did you hear Nikolai?

ENDACHIEFF — (rising painfully, protesting) I just sat down! Well, I will take a walk.

(Nikolai is studying the sheets he has written, his back to the house. Krimof and Mendel go out through the gate. Welch is heard outside in the street whistling "I don't want to get well." Endachieff looks roguish. Welch's whistling grows louder. He enters at the gate, a basket on his arm. Nikolai glances round at him casually, then back at his writing. Endachieff lays his finger on his lips; Welch grins, and changes his whistling to a humming of the air; and, as he goes toward the door of the tenement, lifts a tomato can from the basket and shows it significantly to Endachieff, who follows him, with grotesque effects of stepping silently. They go into Welch's side of the tenement, not attracting Nikolai's attention.)

PODOFF — What is it, Nikolai?

NIKOLAI — What are you thinking, Podoff?

PODOFF — I will reveal something profound to you now, Nikolai. In the end, neither bourgeoisie nor proletariat will survive; no; nor capital nor labor. The revolution will help to destroy both. Pure communism is found only in the ant-hill; we are coming to that. In the ideal government a few women will be set apart to be the mothers; a few men will be raised for fatherhood and then destroyed; all the rest must be toilers.

NIKOLAI — *I* see no further than the revolution — with Maria for its priestess. That is what I wanted to speak of.

PODOFF — Maria is set apart for a great deed and a great sacrifice. She will strike some great figure down — some capitalistic pro-counsel. Before we came she accepted that mission. I think she should not depend upon a bomb. We will select some one in their government or a great figure in finance; and send Maria to him with a revolver. That is all.

NIKOLAI — When the day comes — I do not ask for earthly love — only to let the mob tear us to pieces together.

PODOFF — Soon we must select the figure she is to destroy.

NIKOLAI — Have you seen a change in her?

PODOFF — (touching his eyes) *Seen?* I have *heard* none.

NIKOLAI — There *is* a change. Slowly — but it is happening. It is due to Poldekin.

PODOFF — How can that harebrain change anything?

NIKOLAI — (with a bitter laugh) You know what he wants to do? He talks — talks — talks to her. He wants her to give up her mourning — the black dress that consecrates her to the great purpose. If she did it I would feel that her whole nature had changed. It would make a traitress of her!

PODOFF — You are as absurd as Poldekin to imagine such a thing.

NIKOLAI — I hope I am! Ah, she would never do it for him!

PODOFF — If Poldekin asks such a thing of her, we will vote Poldekin under suspicion. If she *does* it, we will condemn Poldekin.

NIKOLAI — I ask to be the executioner.

(Krimof enters from the house)

KRIMOF — Have you finished? Poldekin has come back from his trip to Washington.

NIKOLAI — What of it?

KRIMOF — You should see him. His costume is alarming.

(Mendel pushes by Krimof and comes out)

MENDEL — Come out, Poldekin! Come out and let 'em look at you!

POLDEKIN — It is fine, eh?

(As he comes out upon the top step)

Here. You shall all have a *good* look!

(He remains upon the step; turns round that they may have the full benefit of his apparel. He wears a silk hat, not in the fashion, a "Prince Albert" coat, shapely but not modish; dark trousers, rather tight; shining black shoes; a high collar, with a stock-like brown satin tie; and jaunty gloves. He carries a stick and is smoking a large cigar.)

KRIMOF — What do you want to dress like *that* for?

POLDEKIN — Well, I was in Washington. I wanted people to take me for a congressman.

KRIMOF — Did they do it?

POLDEKIN — I do not know how people look when they look at a congressman, but if they look surprised when they look at a congressman, then they took me for one.

KRIMOF — Why did they look surprised?

POLDEKIN — I have been trying to discover. I cannot.

KRIMOF — Maybe if you talked to them they looked surprised.

POLDEKIN — No; they looked surprised before — and after, too!

NIKOLAI — Why did you go to Washington?

POLDEKIN — I am searching ——

KRIMOF — "For the meaning of America!" We know that, we've heard it often enough.

NIKOLAI — Did you find it in Washington?

POLDEKIN — I only found something that is not more there than it is everywhere. In my searching I have seen Slavs, Germans, Irish, Jews, English, French, Africans, *here* — in New York — that are Americans and have the meaning in them — but they cannot tell it

Podoff — Her day is coming. She is consecrated.

Poldekin — Yes, you have consecrated her to kill somebody and then be hanged to please her papa

because it is surely something inside of you that you cannot speak of in so many words.

NIKOLAI — Kindly let us know when *you* get it inside of you, so that we can take measures to protect ourselves.

POLDEKIN — Well, maybe I won't know, myself, when I get it!

MENDEL — Quit yer kiddin'! Listen. We got a job fer you, Poldekin.

POLDEKIN — For me?

NIKOLAI — We hear you're already foreman in your printing shop. Do you talk to the workmen there?

POLDEKIN — (apologetically confessing his weakness) I also *listen* to them, *sometimes!*

NIKOLAI — Are they becoming ripe for the revolution?

POLDEKIN — (shaking his head gravely) They do not say so to me.

NIKOLAI — What do they want?

POLDEKIN — They want to work as little as they can for as much as they can get for it. That is to say, they are human beings — fellows like me!

NIKOLAI — Being foreman will help you to print these without anybody knowing.

(Hands him the sheets)

POLDEKIN — When do you want them?

NIKOLAI — (tearing a leaf from his note-book) There are your instructions.

POLDEKIN — (reading) Three thousand copies — thirty-five hundred copies — Red flags — small ——

NIKOLAI — You will have them one week from to-day. Next Sunday. You will bring them in baskets, covered.

MENDEL — (tapping with his finger the sheets at which Poldekin is staring) Look! Don't leave these layin' around, see? You know the harm *that* could do, don't you, if the wrong parties happened to ——

POLDEKIN — (putting them in his pocket) Do not worry, my friend, no harm will come!

PODOFF — What did you see in Washington?

POLDEKIN — Dry weather, wet weather, both in one day; buildings, some statues nobody could explain, and a great, great many colored people.

MENDEL — Did you see any congressmen?

POLDEKIN — If I look like a congressman, I did not!

KRIMOF — Did you ask everybody what is the meaning of America?

POLDEKIN — No, not everybody. It is no use. They know, but they *can* not tell you!

PODOFF — All this curiosity might give them strange thoughts of you, Poldekin.

POLDEKIN — (gaily) Well, maybe I am a strange fellow!

PODOFF —Be careful not to be too strange.

POLDEKIN — A strange person is only somebody not like ourselves. The strangest person in the world to a little dog is a little cat.

NIKOLAI — Podoff has warned you, Poldekin. You understand you have been *warned?*

POLDEKIN — (patting him on the back) Always gloomy, my Nikolai. And so proud of it!

NIKOLAI — These are gloomy times.

POLDEKIN — Then to make them happier, I will compose a song about the death of my grandfather by burning all up in a factory fire, and I will sing it to you. Are you ready?

NIKOLAI — Do you think it is an *amusing* thing to serve the red flag?

POLDEKIN — No. I have delusions, but not that one. It is *not* — amusing!

PODOFF — Do you sneer at the flag you are under, Poldekin?

POLDEKIN — (lightly) What flag is that?

PODOFF — *What* do you ask?

NIKOLAI — Do you blaspheme the red flag?

POLDEKIN — But I thought we were against all flags.

PODOFF — Ours is the flag that means no flag. It means destruction to all flags!

POLDEKIN — Of course! We need a flag to say there should not be any flags. That is to say, "There shall be no more liquor because I will drink it all up myself!"

NIKOLAI — You make me more distrustful. I ask you: Would you tear down the flag they have in this country here and stamp it in the mud?

POLDEKIN — Have you read the history of this country, Nikolai?

NIKOLAI — *Yes;* I have read their capitalistic books. Have *you* been reading them?

POLDEKIN — I have been reading and reading, as well as asking. There was a place called Valley Forge, the people who were there were not capitalists. I should hesitate to trample anything in the mud that those men made.

NIKOLAI — We are here to tear down *all* that they made! Now you say you would not even tear down their flag!

POLDEKIN — Well, we have not voted for such a thing to be attempted by any of us.

NIKOLAI — You hear what he says? You are witnesses!

(To Poldekin)

What are we going to do with you?

POLDEKIN — That is for you. For me, it is what I do with myself.

PODOFF — He has been infected by this America!

POLDEKIN — (his eyes opening wide in a kind of anxiety) Do you think so, Podoff?

NIKOLAI — You are poisoned and poisonous with it!

POLDEKIN — You think it, too, Nikolai?

NIKOLAI — (as if this settled matters) That is enough! Ah, we must deal with this fellow!

(He whispers to Podoff who nods. Krimof, listening, nods. Mendel is fierce and convinced, but noncommittal, listening to Nikolai's whispering. This is brief.)

That does it! Poldekin ——

MENDEL — (Going to Nikolai and taking hold of him) Wait! We want to get that printin' done first.

NIKOLAI — It is not safe to wait.

MENDEL — Sure it is. He am't goin' to *do* nothin'!

POLDEKIN — I am under suspicion?

PODOFF — You are under suspicion, Poldekin.

MENDEL — (protesting to Nikolai) Now listen ——

(Nikolai breaks away from him, swings to face Poldekin)

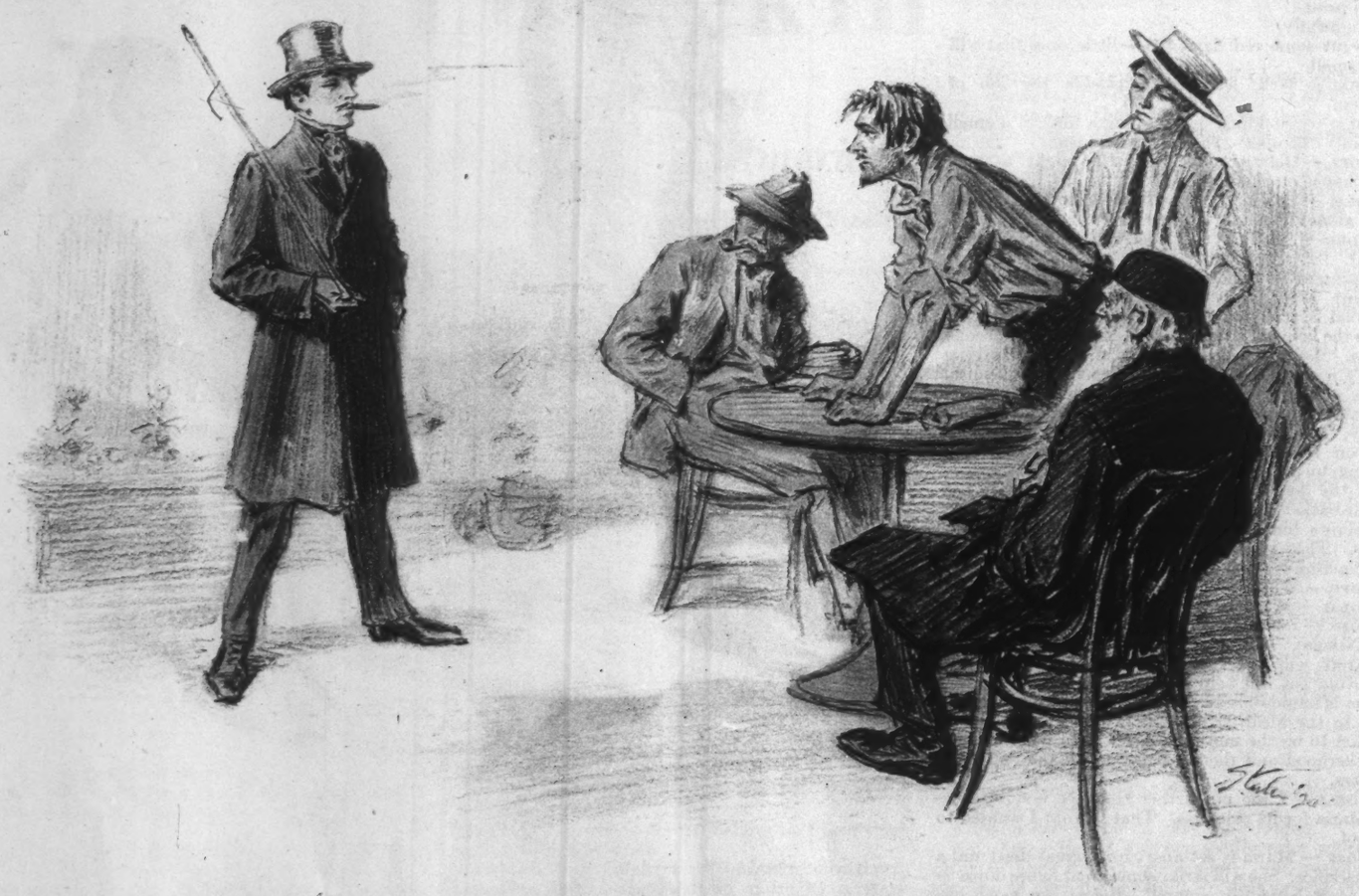
NIKOLAI — Poldekin, you have been voted under suspicion and you will do nothing except on orders. In the mornings Mendel will go to the printing shop with you. In the afternoons he will come there and walk home with you. You will not go out except with Mendel. To-day you will not leave the place again.

PODOFF — Nikolai — Mendel ——

(He waves his hand, meaning for them to leave him with Poldekin)

NIKOLAI — (to Krimof and Mendel as he goes to the gate) Come out here, you. We will walk up and down the pavement a little while.

Not *far* away! [*Continued on page 38*]



Nikolai — Would you tear down the flag they have in this country here and stamp it in the mud?

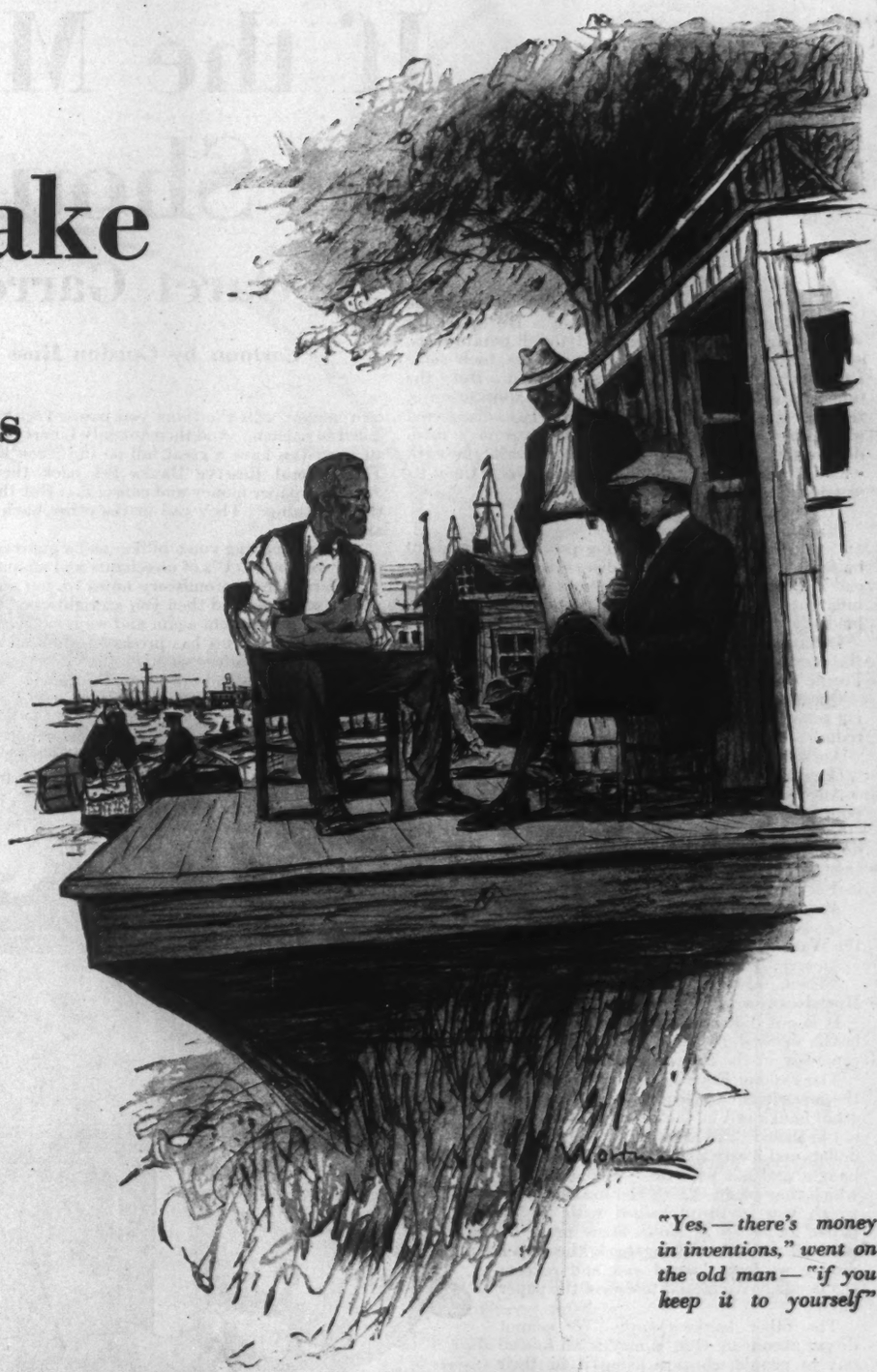
Poldekin — There was a place called Valley Forge. The people who were there were not capitalists. I should hesitate to trample in the mud anything those men made

Poor Old Spancake

by

Harrison Rhodes

Illustration by Denys Wortman



"Yes, — there's money in inventions," went on the old man — "if you keep it to yourself"

IT was at the end of the college year, and I was in New York. In Cambridge it was felt that I had conducted my lectures at Harvard on the History and Theory of Credit most satisfactorily In New York, nothing at all was felt about it except that most of the friends of my unregenerate days assured me that an academic career would rapidly bring me to a dull and stodgy old age

I joined with them during the first few days in a praiseworthy attempt to prevent this happening. I dined at the Ritz — at their expense, for the salary of an assistant professor is meant only for high thinking. I saw most of the silly musical shows in town. Somehow, as if to make life more cheerful, Prohibition in New York seemed slightly to abate its rigors. Straw-hatted, dinner-jacketed, I strolled in to the summer evening of Fifth Avenue. I felt none of the economic problems on which I had lectured so eloquently all winter. But no assistant professor of social economies can ever really change his spots.

There was a Thursday evening when I relapsed. I am, after all, extremely interested in the state of the world. I found myself alone, in the more simple costume which really befits my station in life, going to a hall in East Fifty-eighth Street, where James Graal of the *Dawn* was to denounce the capitalistic class. This he accomplished with an agreeable, passionate pungency. But this is no story of radical views — it has rather to do with an experiment in the old capitalistic régime, and in especial with an old gentleman of about sixty who sat next me.

I observed my neighbor at first with no premonition at all that here was the beginning of history. He was a faded, rather genteel-looking old gentleman, amiable and ineffectual, a parlor Bolshevik perhaps, but in the back parlor of a second-class boarding house.

I liked him from the first; otherwise there might have been no story.

"Comrade ——" I began as the audience started to leave the hall.

He turned.

"That sounds good," he said. "But I don't know as I am. I haven't made up my mind. Have you?"

"I may as well confess," I answered, "that along with other very wise men, I haven't made up *my* mind."

There was a slight twinkle in his eyes.

"Are you very wise?"

"Who more so?" I asked. "I am an assistant professor of economics at Harvard."

We passed into the cooler street.

"Anyhow," my companion mused, "I like to hear 'em making it hot for them rich fellows." And he followed it with a remark not uncharacteristic, so it seems to me, of a good deal of radical thought.

"I'd be rich, too, if I had my rights."

"Then they'd be making it hot for you, too," I commented.

"I suppose I'd have to take the risk."

Was he a typical radical? I leave others to judge. In any case, that night New York was sparkling with lights. In spite of Mr. James Graal's incisive words as to the injustice of the world, I somehow felt gay and optimistic and preposterously young for any one in the thirties. The truth is, that New York goes to my head.

"Is it too late for you to be rich, too?" I inquired politely. It was, I suppose, the simple question of a fool. But events shall show.

"I've an invention at this moment that would——" he began, and it was some little time before he finished. Of course, I might have guessed that he was an inventor — he was absolutely on the classic lines of the inventor as written about in the nineteenth century.

I have no intention here of re-telling his story — it was the usual inventor's tale of inventions thrown away, or sold for some miserable sum to men who grew fat upon them.

There was, so I heard, a simple three-room flat far over on the east side, in a "walk-up" house, and there was his wife, who had a tiny income inherited long ago from her father, and a real housewife's gift, I guessed, which made the poor little home a fairly pleasant one. Still, life when one has reached the sixties does not brighten as one looks ahead along the road. It was not strange that words like Mr. James Graal's seemed perhaps the only flickering light by which my friend could see any future at all. The past had not been kind to him, he thought, nor just — he fairly trembled as he poured out his complaint to me.

"I'll never do it again," he protested. "I'll never sell a scheme outright again. Why should I be cheated out of what my inventions produce?"

"You shouldn't," I answered, and I meant it.

By this time we had come to the Plaza entrance to Central Park and I steered my friend toward a bench. Park benches are the place for such social discussions. They bear upon their smooth lengths so much sorrow and despair that I like to record this time when a quite fantastic train of events led to brighter days.

"What is the invention you have now?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment. I was relentlessly illuminated now by the park electric lights — and then he went on, as if he trusted me, I supposed.

I am not going to try to describe the auto-aero-meter; it is improbable that I could, as later events will show. It is naturally hard to believe that a poor man has got a good thing. It was, perhaps, not so much that I believed in the merit of the invention as that I already liked its inventor. And as my old friend told of the A. A. M.,— for brevity's sake we will call it that,— it seemed to radiate glamour.

"Why should I let what that fellow to-night called the hyenas of wealth rob me?" he asked, borrowing one of Mr. James Graal's recent felicities of phrase.

"Why, in the name of justice, can't I manufacture my Aero Meter myself?"

"Because you haven't enough capital, I suppose," I answered, lightly ironic.

"Exactly!" he assented.

"Or," I suggested, remembering my serious winter and my serious lectures, "because you haven't enough credit."

"Credit!" he cried. "He said [*Continued on page 55*]

If the Mad Dollar Should Die

by Garet Garrett

Cartoon by Gordon Ross

A SECTION-HAND walking home in the dark with his mouth open swallowed what he thought was a potato-bug. He asked his landlady what was good to kill potato-bugs. She said Paris green was good. So he took some Paris green. The potato-bug perished. But the funeral was for the section-hand. The application of this touching fable is immediate. We have discovered what ails the dollar, and why it behaves in a mad, delirious manner. During the War it ran in the dark with its mouth open and swallowed several times its weight of ——

(1) Green paper money, and,

(2) Bank check currency,

and thus diluted, its purchasing power is only about half what it was before. The disease is well known. We call it inflation. Now the question: What is good for inflation? The answer is easy. It is as easy as the landlady's answer to her section-hand boarder.

Deflation is a sure cure for inflation. By deflation the purchasing power of the dollar may be restored. People at first will be incredulous.

Question: When we speak of restoring the purchasing power of the dollar, do we mean there is a way to reduce prices?

Answer: That is what we mean.

Question: An absolutely certain way?

Answer: As certain as the way of Paris green with a potato-bug.

Question: So that the dollar once more will buy two dozen fresh eggs in the winter time, or a striped cotton shirt, or fill the tank at the tail of one's motor, and a loaf of bread will again be a nickel's worth?

Answer: Exactly so.

Question: So that prices will be as they were before the War — is that what we mean?

Answer: That is what we mean.

"Then," say people, "let's do it. Is it very difficult? How does it work?"

It is not difficult at all. You take down the black bottle marked *Deflation* and administer the contents copiously in the following manner:

The Federal Reserve Banks which are controlled by the government and lend money not to individuals but to other banks call in the other bankers and say to them: "We are lending you a billion dollars on Liberty Bonds which people have bought and not paid for — that is, bonds which they pledged with you for loans and which you in turn pledged with us for paper money. All these loans must be paid off at once. Bring back the paper money we have loaned you and redeem the bonds. We intend to cancel the paper money."

The other bankers say: "We cannot do it at once. Our money is all loaned out to people who are using it in their business operations and in Wall Street."

"Nevertheless, it must be done," the Federal Reserve Banks say. "We are resolved to bring prices down by deflation."

The other bankers then call in their customers and say: "Those Liberty Bonds which you pledged with us for loans we pledged again with the Federal Reserve Banks, which loaned us paper money on them. Now the Federal Reserve Banks want that money back. They will not lend any more on Liberty Bonds. Therefore, we cannot lend on them either, because the money we loaned was not our own. We got it from the government. You will have to redeem your bonds and take them off our hands."

"You mean we shall have to pay for them all down at once?" the borrowers ask. "But we can't. We haven't got the money."

"Either you will pay for them outright or we shall have to sell them in the open market for what they will bring," the bankers answer. "There is no other way."

Now there is a great commotion. Everybody begins to sell. Some sell other things to get the money with which to redeem and save their Liberty Bonds; others sell their Liberty Bonds for what they will bring; some default on their loans and the banks then sell their Liberty Bonds, just as a pawnbroker, to get back his own money, sells the thing you pawned with him and failed to redeem. And then not only Liberty Bonds but all securities have a great fall on the Stock Exchange. The Federal Reserve Banks get back their billion dollars of paper money and cancel it. But this is only the beginning. They call in the other bankers again and say:

"We are lending you a billion and a quarter of paper money on the I O U's of merchants and manufacturers. They bring their promissory notes to you and borrow money on them, and then you straightway bring them to us and pawn them again and we issue paper money against them. This has produced inflation and inflation has made prices so high that everyone is complaining. We are now deflating the dollar. Therefore, we have put a limit of half a billion on the amount of paper money we will lend you on the I O U's of your borrowers. That leaves three quarters of a billion which you must pay off at once. Bring back the paper money we have loaned you and redeem the promissory notes of your customers."

During the War all countries hoarded their gold

"You know very well," the bankers say, "that we cannot do it. How can we pay you back the money we have borrowed on the notes of our customers until they pay us? We haven't any money. And if we cannot borrow it from you as we have been doing we cannot borrow it at all. There is no other source of money. Therefore, if you insist upon our paying you back we shall have to make the merchants and manufacturers pay us back, and they will be in great trouble. They will have to sacrifice their stocks and products to get the money to pay us, in order that we may be able to pay you; also, they will then be unable to do business on the same scale as before, because, as you know, they are now doing a great deal of their business on credit."

"All the same it must be done," the Federal Reserve Banks say. "Let them sacrifice their merchandise. That will bring prices down. And as for the lack of credit with which to go on doing business, tell them it isn't the scale on which they are doing business that makes them need so much money; it is the high prices at which they are doing it. As prices fall they will be able to do the same amount of business with less and less money. Tell them this is deflation."

The bankers go back to their offices and call in the merchants and manufacturers and tell them what has happened, saying:

"The Federal Reserve Banks have cut off our supply of credit suddenly. We have repledged with them a billion and a quarter of your promissory notes, on which they loaned us paper money. Now they say we must reduce the amount three-fifths. This means that everybody's credit will be restricted to that extent. We are sorry. The case is unalterable. All of you will have to pay off three-fifths of your loans to us, in order that we may pay off the Federal Reserve Banks. They tell us to remind you that this is deflation, and that when prices are much reduced everybody will be able to do business with less credit."

"That's all very well," says one merchant, "but in the meantime we shall be ruined. I have a large department store filled with high-priced merchandise. This merchandise I paid for with money borrowed at the bank on my notes. How can I pay off my notes until I have sold out my merchandise? Anyhow, business is temporarily depressed by reason of the panic in Wall Street, which has made everybody feel poor. My sales are falling off, and here you demand that I suddenly reduce my loans three-fifths. It is impossible."

"We are sorry," the bankers answer. "But it cannot be helped. There seems no way but to sacrifice your merchandise. Have some bargain sales and convert your goods rapidly into money."

"Then how about me?" asks one of the manufacturers. "I have in process of manufacture a million pairs of high-priced shoes. I borrowed money on my notes at the bank to pay for the materials. Leather is very dear. It takes ordinarily six months to turn shoes into money, and all the while I have to keep buying more leather at rising prices. Where shall I get the money to pay off my notes, and where then shall I get the credit to run my business on the present scale?"

"Have you no shoes you could sell immediately?" the bankers ask.

"A few, perhaps," says the manufacturer. "I've been trying hard to keep a little ahead of the demand. With prices rising so fast it's a great loss to sell oneself out clean."

"You'll have to do it, though," the bankers say.

The shoe manufacturer thereupon goes to the department store merchant, saying: "My credit at the bank has been curtailed, and I have to turn some goods into money at once. I can give you a great bargain in a few thousand pairs of fine shoes."

"Bargains!" shouts the department store merchant. "Don't speak to me of bargains. This store is full of them. You'll find your own shoes selling at a loss down there in my shoe aisle. Go see for yourself. You are the tenth man in here to-day offering me bargains — bargains in garments, knitted wear, fancy goods, cotton and wool fabrics, cutlery, toys, glassware, everything."

"But unless I can find a quick sale for some shoes, I shall have to shut up my factory," says the manufacturer.

[*Continued on page 36*]

Tempered Rubber

To find a tire whose tread would wear evenly against the cruel grind of the road and the race track was, for many years, a vexing problem to Barney Oldfield.

In his quest, he tried many makes of tires—tried them in vain until a clever tire chemist brought him a tire the tread of which was almost white.

That tread outlasted all others the "Master Driver" had ever used. Its superior toughness was so striking that Barney Oldfield recognized it as an ideal come true.

That white tread represented an idea then new, for it was rubber, tempered with zinc.

Ever since, Barney Oldfield has trusted only to tires with zinc-tempered treads.

Today we offer you the Oldfield Tire—a tire you can trust as Barney Oldfield has trusted his.

For every Oldfield tire is zinc-tempered—one of the many points of superiority that enable Barney Oldfield to stake his reputation on Oldfield Tires and to commend them to you as "The most trustworthy tires built."

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COOL and fresh as a mountain spring — that's Sealpax, the free-and-easy athletic underwear for men. It won't bind you — it won't chafe you — and it's cool, *Cool, COOL!*

It comes snowy-white in the Sanitary Sealpax Envelope — insuring a summer full of cleanest, coolest comfort! Ask your dealer for Sealpax and write us for "The Sealpax Family" Booklet.

The Sealpax Company,
Baltimore, Md.

IT'S COOL

IT'S CLEAN

If the Mad Dollar Should Die

[*Continued from page 34*]

"I can't help that," says the department store merchant. "You can't expect me to keep your factory open. I'm lucky to stay open myself."

"It's as much your concern as mine," says the manufacturer. "Can't you see that if we do not keep our factories open you cannot sell goods at retail? Thousands of us are in the same dilemma. We have to reduce our loans at the bank. We can't do that and at the same time go on buying raw material for more shoes and paying wages unless we can find a quick sale for everything we have on hand. Otherwise we shall have to stop. That will mean unemployment, and you know what unemployment means. People out of work cannot buy shoes."

"Go tell that to the Federal Reserve Banks," says the merchant. "I knew it all the time."

NOW there is a revolution in the psychology of business. Instead of demand sitting on the doorstep of supply, the seller begins to pursue the buyers, and the more the buyer is pursued the less in haste he is to buy, for at last the expectation of higher prices, which makes the buyer anxious, has been displaced by the expectation of lower prices, which makes the seller anxious.

The retail merchant will keep smaller stocks, because, if prices are falling, you are better off with bare shelves or just enough merchandise to keep the business going.

As the retailers reduce and cancel their orders, manufacturers retard production and curtail their purchases of raw material. No one wishes to have more goods or materials on hand than is absolutely necessary.

Formerly, on rising prices, a stock on the shelf, a large surplus of goods, or what the accountants call the inventory of a business, was like a tree bearing golden apples. The longer you waited the more it was worth. Now it is a self-consuming monster. The longer you have it the less it is worth. Therefore, everybody is seeking to dispose of his surplus, and while the rush is on to get rid of old stocks, the demand for new goods is nil.

Then factories begin to shut down. There is news of unemployment. As unemployment increases the purchasing power of the people decreases because there is less wage-money to spend. As the purchasing power of the people declines, prices go lower; the lower prices go the more factories stop, the more unemployment there is, and the lower still prices go.

Thus arises the weirdest and most insane of all modern delusions, namely, the delusion of over-production. It is obviously impossible for people by their own labor to produce more than they want, or more than they can consume. But when prices are falling and men who formerly were anxious to put capital into goods are now all at one time trying to get it out, the explanation is that business is suffering from over-production. This is never true. The fact is simply that goods cannot be sold at a profit. Great quantities of goods cannot be sold at all except at a loss. Prices are falling and buyers for that reason are wary. Manufacturers are unable to calculate profits, since nobody knows where the decline will stop; therefore, they buy materials very sparingly and produce cautiously. Unemployment lowers the buying power of people, which reacts upon the retailer, and the state of the retailer's business reacts upon the manufacturer, who is made more cautious still. It is like a calamitous crowd nightmare. Nobody can wake up.

The fall in prices upsets all working adjustments. Fear of loss makes everybody a little crazy, just as on rising prices the expectation of profit made everybody delirious. The economic machine is running wild. There is apparently nothing to do but wait for it to find a new equilibrium.

The recurrence of this delusion of over-production, with its distressing accompaniments of unemployment and depression, is the strongest single indictment that can be brought against the institution of private profit. And it behooves that institution, in its own self-defense, to acknowledge the evil and seek the remedy. The first cause is easily identified. It is the inconstancy of the dollar — of its purchasing power, of its value in exchange for goods. Inflation and deflation alternately produce violent price fluctuations, and from these fluctuations flow all the evils complained of. They are both unintelligent and unnecessary.

But we are not at the end of the consequences of deflation.

Suppose now that by merit of the drastic measures taken to deflate the dollar its purchasing power has been restored to what it was before the War, and that prices are back to where they were in 1913. The loaf is a nickel's worth once more, with other things to correspond, and this you think is a great blessing. But look a little elsewhere.

Wheat has fallen to a dollar a bushel. This means that the value of farm land has been halved. A field under wheat at one dollar a bushel is worth half as much as one under wheat at two dollars a bushel.

"Yes," you say, "but that is only to have taken away from farm land the value added to it by war inflation."

That is true obviously; and yet it will not solace the thousands who bought farm land at the high prices and have been made poor by the collapse of deflation. Mortgages will begin to be foreclosed and you will have a wildly discontented rural population, with all the political passion and strife which that state of things historically engenders. If you are willing to face this, we come then to twenty billions of Liberty Bonds.

"What of them?" you ask.

Just this, that if prices are reduced to the pre-war level, that is, if prices are halved, these twenty billions of Liberty Bonds will have to be paid off twice.

It is proved in this way: Take wheat as the sovereign staple among necessary commodities. Let us suppose that during the War the average price of wheat was two dollars a bushel. Therefore, fifty bushels of wheat would buy a Liberty Bond of the face value of $100. Now you deflate the dollar, prices fall, wheat is again one dollar a bushel as before the War, and the time comes when the Liberty Bond is due and must be paid.

How much wheat will it take at one dollar a bushel to pay off a Liberty Bond of the face value of $100?

It takes one hundred bushels of wheat to pay off a bond that was worth only fifty bushels when it was issued.

Is that not paying the bond twice over?

"Only," you say, "Liberty Bonds were not bought with wheat but with money."

Nevertheless, it is the same thing. With $100 in money you bought a Liberty Bond. That is, you loaned the government $100. But the government spent the money for food to sustain the army in France. With your $100, it bought fifty bushels of wheat. (We say fifty, taking wheat at two dollars a bushel, to make the mental arithmetic easier. In fact, the government fixed the price at $2.26 a bushel.) Actually, therefore, you loaned the government not $100, but a scant fifty bushels of wheat. Ultimately the government will repay you in money. After a great fall in prices, owing to the deflation of the dollar, it pays off the bond. That is, it returns your $100. But now, with wheat at one dollar a bushel, the money returned to you will buy one hundred bushels of wheat. You loaned the government the money to buy fifty bushels. When you get it back it will buy one hundred. You are paid back two for one.

WHEAT is used merely as a convenient illustration. What was and will be true of wheat was and will be true of all other commodities, because all commodities rise and fall together.

During the War the people loaned more than twenty billions of inflated dollars to the government. The government spent the money for commodities at war prices. Now deflate the dollar and halve prices and when the government returns the money it will buy twice as much as when the government borrowed it. This may seem a very attractive prospect to the holders of Liberty Bonds, if it is allowed to happen. It will be not at all attractive to those who are taxed by the government for the money with which to pay the bonds off.

Touching these questions in conversation with a thoughtful Wall Street man I ventured a doubt as to whether all the enormous war loans now existing in the world would be paid — at least, whether they would be paid in full. At first he refused to

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In

YOU can keep your motor snappy and full of "pep" by ***preventing*** the accumulation of carbon. Don't wait until your engine is choked and caked with it. Use Johnson's Carbon Remover every 500 miles, then the carbon is removed while it is soft and powdery, eliminating the frequent grinding of valves and ***keeping*** the motor ***always*** clean. No experience or labor required — you can easily do it yourself in ten minutes — and the cost is trifling.

Easy — Clean — Safe — Quick

Johnson's Carbon Remover is the easiest, cleanest, safest and most satisfactory remedy for carbon. It will save you from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method without laying up the car. A dose of **Johnson's Carbon Remover** the engine laxative, will stop that knock—quiet your motor—save your batteries and reduce your gasoline consumption 12% to 25%.

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Start today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two every month and JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS will prove their value in dollars and cents when you come to sell or turn in your car. There is a JOHNSON CAR SAVER for every purpose—no experience is necessary for their use—they can all be applied by the novice with perfect satisfaction.

Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—make body, hood and fenders look like new.

Johnson's Carbon Remover—prevents 80% of engine trouble.

Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—the wonderful spring lubricant.

Johnson's Valve Grinding Compound—gives a velvet seat.

Johnson's Auto-Lak—a splendid one coat body varnish.

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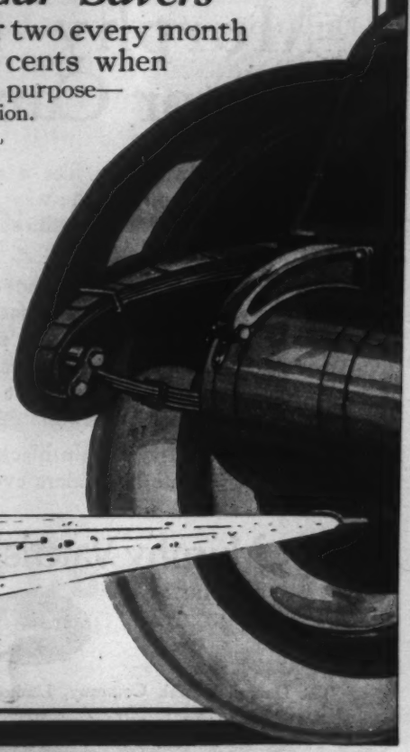

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Imagine Your Car Freshly Painted!

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Do the work yourself in a few hours for the cost of a coat or two of

Murphy Da-cote Motor Car Enamel

The old boat will look like a new car in a glass case! And not so far out of the way at that. This wonderful enamel protects and beautifies like a coating of tough, glass crystal.

Repeated washings will not dim its lustre. It will wear as well as the original factory finish. Dries overnight. Easy to put on. No sags or wrinkles or brush marks. Made by the makers of the famous Murphy Automobile Varnishes. Most fine cars are finished at the factory with Murphy materials.

Da-cote is furnished in black, white and ten beautiful colors. For sale by dealers everywhere.

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entertain so calamitous and immoral a possibility.

"Still," I said, "I can give you the conditions under which you yourself could not honestly refuse to advocate some form of repudiation."

"How?" he asked.

"There is likely to be a deflation of the dollar and in consequence a long fall in prices," I said.

"Yes," he assented. "I expect that."

"Can you imagine prices going back to the pre-war level?"

"Quite easily," he said. "Not immediately, but in the course of a few years."

"If prices are halved the purchasing power of the dollar is doubled, is it not?"

"NATURALLY so," he replied.

"Well then, one who had bought Liberty Bonds during the War would get back two for one — not two dollars for one, but a dollar with twice the buying power of the one he loaned to the government, a dollar that would buy twice as much of anything one spends money for. This dollar of doubled value to pay off the bondholder would have to be obtained by taxation. Would that be patriotic or just?"

"It would not be," he said, emphatically.

Then we come to a much more delicate matter. During the War our allies for liberty borrowed in this country about fifteen billions of inflated dollars and spent them for merchandise at high prices. They spent a good deal of this money, let us say, for fine steel at $100 a ton. Now if the dollar is deflated so that fine steel falls to $50 a ton, other things in proportion, what will be the result? To pay us back for one ton of steel bought at $100 a ton with borrowed money they will have to send us two tons at $50 a ton. If they send us dollars instead of steel it means the same thing, for to get $100 they will have to make and sell to somebody two tons of steel at $50 a ton.

That would be very fine for us as a selfish proposition. It would make us rich, *provided they could pay.*

It is the old story. Falling prices benefit the creditor. The debtor pays back more than he received. But if the task of doing so be too great he may refuse to pay at all. He may go bankrupt instead. The testimonial is complete.

Such is deflation — an absolutely guaranteed cure for high prices.

Still do you wish it?

When the coroner explored the section-hand he found the dead potato-bug. The Paris green had done its work, and might have been called a very successful remedy but for the funeral. When the coroner made his report he forgot to mention the potato-bug. He entered a case of death by poisoning. So, likewise, if now we administer the medicine of deflation we shall bring prices down without fail, but in the end we may be too much preoccupied with the obsequies of prosperity to sing one little requiem for the high cost of living. Moreover, when we come to view the matter cold, and have found the dead potato-bug, we shall understand a new thing. What ailed us was not high prices as such, but the adjustment of prices.

A price is not a thing of itself. It is a relation. What people complain of is that prices do not rise equally. They denounce the disparities which are unfair. The price of necessaries may rise faster than the price of labor, and labor complains. Then again it may seem that the price of certain kinds of labor is rising faster than the price of necessaries, and the public complains. There is continually going on a row between those who are benefited and those who are pinched. Ultimately, however, most of the relations that amicably existed on the lower price level are rearranged on the higher level, so that if the price of food has doubled, the day's wage has doubled also and will buy as much as before.

This rearrangement of relations has very largely taken place. It might easily be finished in justice to all. But now it is proposed that the high prices should be cured by deflation, which means breaking up all the existing price adjustments and making them over again on a falling scale of prices. The evils to flow from that course are monstrous.

Yet the whole world is reaching for the Paris green to cure the irritation of high prices. In Wall Street, London, Paris, everywhere, the men of finance are thinking of means whereby deflation may be brought about, when they ought to be anxiously debating together as to how that catastrophe may be avoided. Specifically, they are proposing that money shall be restored to a gold basis.

During the War all countries perforce suspended gold payments. They hoarded their gold and printed paper money in a reckless manner. The amount of gold money in the world has increased but nominally in the last five years. The production of gold at the mines has actually fallen below normal.

But since 1914 the amount of paper money in the world, outside of Russia, has increased more than *forty billions*, and in the same time credit currency created by bankers has increased nearly *fifty billions*.

If now this vast inverted pyramid of paper and credit currency be reduced to a gold base that has not widened at all, then deflation will occur throughout the world on a scale unimaginable, and not only individuals but whole nations will be utterly bankrupt.

Most of the contracts now existing in the world were made at high prices. Deflation would bring ruin upon them.

War loans were floated with cheap money. Deflation would cause them to be repaid in dear money.

The goods upon which the proceeds of these war loans were spent were sold by the producers at inflated prices. Deflation would make it necessary for the debtors to return two measures for one — possibly more.

GENERALLY, in fact, the whole economic structure is adjusted to prices on a high level. Shall it be wrecked again by falling prices? The sane alternative is to accept the situation as it is, abandon the gold fetich, and evolve a non-fluctuating wealth dollar, not a token of value subject to inflation and deflation, but a stable medium of exchange.

In no other way can the world be saved from the disastrous consequences of post-war deflation.

The feasibility of a wealth dollar is easily demonstrated. The rational difficulties are merely technical.

The only serious obstacle in the way of its realization is irrational — a barbaric habit of mind inherited from the age of the golden bough.

It is the individual's habit of thinking that with a few pieces of hoarded gold he himself will be safe, no matter what happens to the rest of the world.

It is the banker's habit of thinking that with a little heap of gold he will be solvent though half the factories in the world shut up and unemployment is a scourge.

The next article in the Garet Garrett series—"In the Name of Gold—Hara-Kiri"—will appear in the July McClure's.

Poldekin — *Continued from page 32*

(They follow him out glancing back sullenly at Poldekin)

(Poldekin, who has been staring forward, gives a sudden sigh, or gasp, as of one coming out of a vision; he turns, swinging his cane decisively, and walks over to the geraniums.)

PODOFF — You are smelling those geraniums, aren't you, Poldekin?

POLDEKIN — (smiling as he turns to him) I was when you spoke.

PODOFF — Blindness intensifies the other faculties. Have you seen Maria since you came from your train?

POLDEKIN — I have not seen her.

(Podoff goes to the door of the tenement and throws it open)

PODOFF — (calling) Maria! Maria!

(He pounds the step with his cane)

Maria!

MARIA — Yes?

PODOFF — I want you.

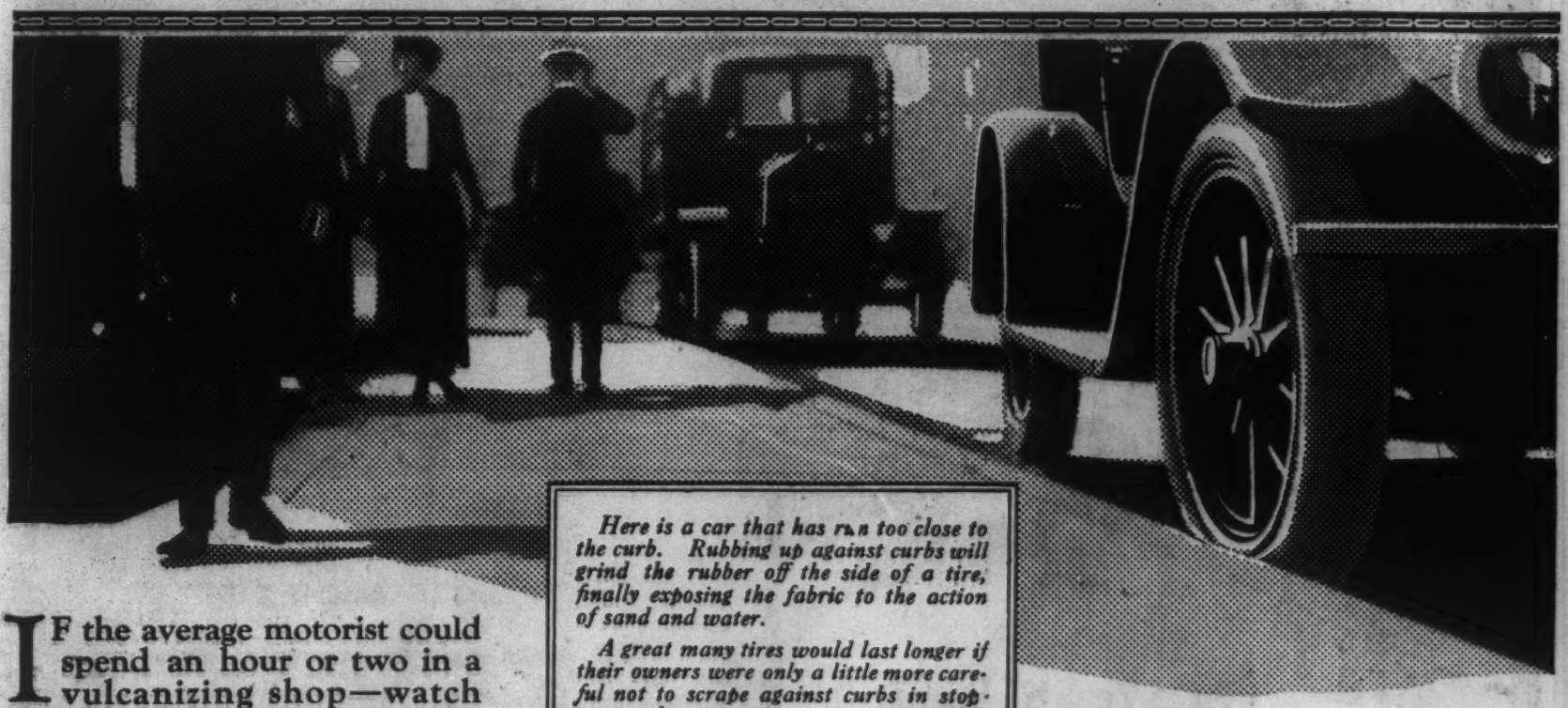
(He goes back to his seat)

MARIA — I am coming!

(She comes out upon the top step. She wears a charming dress, "the color of apple-blossoms." Poldekin is hit hard.)

POLDEKIN — Ah, Maria! [*Continued on page 43*]

Forty million tires for 1920 What kind of tires are they



Here is a car that has run too close to the curb. Rubbing up against curbs will grind the rubber off the side of a tire, finally exposing the fabric to the action of sand and water.

A great many tires would last longer if their owners were only a little more careful not to scrape against curbs in stopping and starting.

IF the average motorist could spend an hour or two in a vulcanizing shop—watch the tires coming in for repair with all their weaknesses showing—talk to the shop manager away from the cheers of the tire salesmen—

He would see what comes of thinking too much in terms of "concessions" and "allowances."

* * *

Concessions and allowances are what the irresponsible tire dealer lives on.

He finds it easier to convince a man that he will make good on a tire if it goes bad than to convince him that it won't go bad.

What practical motorists are looking for today is good tires—not tires that may have to be made good.

And they are going more and more to the dealer whose business is based on *quality* instead of on chance.

* * *

The United States Rubber Company stands back of that kind of a dealer with all the tremendous resources at its command.

It has staked a larger investment on quality than any other rubber organization. Its first thought has always been of the tire user—putting his problem before the problem of markets.

Every important advance in tire manufacture has come from the United States Rubber Company—the *first straight-side* automobile tire, the *first pneumatic* truck tire, the *grainless rubber* solid truck tire, for instance.

The U. S. guarantee is for the *life of the tire,* and not for a limited mileage.

* * *

Nearly every man pays for U. S. tire quality, but he doesn't always get it.

If he did the country wouldn't need forty million tires this year.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three factories

The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and thirty-five Branches

The lasting friendships made by

YOU never forget the lasting qualities of fine shoes, fine gloves, or fine furniture. They linger in your memory. So it is with a Maxwell. The lasting friendships for this remarkable car multiply day by day.

These are friendships built upon steels, fine steels.

Steels that equal, pound for pound, those in any car built.

They are steels that make possible that wonderful combination of light weight and eat
is built to be light in weight. A li
transportation—if its steel stan s up

Therefore, only those steels at
bined with quality go into a Maxwe

That means paying the very op

But it has earned ever-incr sing

Edward Pcucher

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ty op price for its steels.
cr sing friendships for Maxwell.

It has given impulse to Maxwell sales. It has spread all over the world ready acceptance for Maxwell.

Reduced to figures, it shows nearly 400,000 Maxwells now in operation. 100,000 more in 1920. Yet this number will supply but 60 per cent of the demand.

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MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO
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Maxwell

More miles per gallon
More miles on tires

The Vision of Youth

On the threshold of womanhood, filled with school or college ideals, youth sees a world of joy, of conquest, and success.

But it often fails to recognize the homely requisites that go to make success, chief of which is cleanliness. A clear, radiant skin, glowing with health, carries its possessor far towards the desired goal.

Resinol Soap has already been adopted by many of the mothers and business women of tomorrow because of its purity and its rich lather which refreshes the skin while cleansing it. Excellent for the bath and shampoo.

At all druggists and toilet goods counters

RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY - - - - BALTIMORE, MD.

Resinol Soap

Poldekin — *Continued from page 38*

MARIA — Do not speak!

(She puts the fingers of her left hand sharply upon her lips; with her right arm she makes an appealing gesture toward Podoff, though the appeal is to Poldekin.)

PODOFF — Why should he not speak? That is what I wish him to do — to speak. I wish to hear you speaking together.

SHE comes down; Poldekin comes toward her. They look at each other all the while.

PODOFF — I have heard that Poldekin speaks to you a great deal, Maria.

POLDEKIN — Yes, I am doing that now. I am speaking to her. I am saying a great deal to her.

PODOFF — Then it is strange that I cannot hear you.

POLDEKIN — It does not matter what any one else hears. She hears me. The very life of me is speaking to her and she knows it. That is enough.

PODOFF — What do you answer to that, Maria?

MARIA — Only that I am afraid.

PODOFF — Ah, now I need my eyes! I would understand this better. They tell me that he talks to you too much and I wanted to hear you answering, but it only makes a puzzle. Do you trust Poldekin, Maria?

MARIA — I do not understand him——

POLDEKIN — Not even now?

MARIA — No. Not even now. But better than I did.

PODOFF — I say, do you trust him?

MARIA — I trust him. I do trust him.

POLDEKIN — It is enough —for me!

(She gives him her hand. He bends over it)

PODOFF — Come where I can touch you, Maria.

(She goes and stands beside him; he takes her hand)

We are going to select a tyrant for war sacrifice. Your great day is coming; you know to what destiny you are going. You have not long to wait.

(Her head droops)

(Poldekin starts as a cold rage seizes him)

POLDEKIN — Podoff, when did your wife die, — Maria's mother?

PODOFF — I had no wife; Maria was born in freedom. Then I took her from the mother.

POLDEKIN — Even that you did not give her!

PODOFF — I consecrated her to sacrifice for humanity.

(Maria sinks to her knees beside him)

POLDEKIN — I would like to have seen you when you were a little boy, Podoff. You must have been a jolly boy to play with.

PODOFF — I live for the service of humanity.

POLDEKIN — No! No! No! For your idea! Humanity is something. You are something else. Humanity is not just something in your head.

PODOFF — They tell me you try to make Maria give up her black dress.

(He has taken a fold of her skirt, apparently by chance, in his fingers, and keeps running it through them.)

POLDEKIN — Nikolai need not have been to so much trouble. I will tell you that, myself. Yes, I want her to give up her black. I confess the crime!

PODOFF — Do you know what sign it would be to us if she did it?

POLDEKIN — I know what sign it would be to *me*, if she did it! It would be a sign that she was beginning to see that somewhere in the world there is sunshine again and a chance to live in it—a place where people are friendly and want peace and quiet work, instead of blood clots in the gutters. It would be a sign to me that she was beginning to see that life is not *meant* to be black—no, nor red! And that she could find a little bit of happiness just possible before her. For the first time, Podoff! For the first time!

PODOFF — Nothing but revolution is possible from now on. One after the other.

POLDEKIN — Yes, you offer mankind what you offer your own child. If mankind could not find a pleasanter program than yours, then mankind would deserve no better program than yours. But as for Maria — no! She does not deserve it and she shall not have it.

PODOFF — (with great, gloomy force) — You shall all have it! It is inevitable, there is nothing but that before you!

POLDEKIN — Maria shall lift her eyes above the ground and *see!*

PODOFF — Her day is coming. She is consecrated!

POLDEKIN — Yes; you have consecrated her to kill somebody and then be hanged to please her papa! This is the reward you plan for her womanhood: I wonder what you did for her on her birthdays when she was a little girl! If she was good all day I suppose in the evening you would let her hold a burning coal in her hand. What do you offer *anybody* except to be shot or hanged for the sake of becoming an ant in an ant-hill? —and an ant is a damn bug anyhow, and so are you, Podoff! By God, I will say it forever!

(A sound of fife and drum are heard in the distance)

PODOFF — *You* cannot change Maria's destiny.

POLDEKIN — You are looking at the ground, that is why you see the ants.

(Holding out his hand)

Maria, come with me. Let us look up into the air and see if the stars are not better than the ants! Come and look, Maria!

(The fife and drum are louder and the hum of voices: a sound of cheering in the distance. The fife is playing "Marching Through Georgia.")

MARIA — (brokenly) I can only see darkness yet.

POLDEKIN — That is because you have been afraid to look!

(Podoff utters a loud cry, and rises to his feet)

PODOFF — (almost striking Maria as he passes his hand down roughly on her shoulders and breast) It is true! You have done it! This is a new dress!

(Nikolai comes quickly in the gate followed by Mendel and Krimof. The music is louder.)

PODOFF — (thundering) Look at her! Look at her dress! Is it still black? No! I do not need my eyes!

(Raising both arms with quivering fists)

Now we know Poldekin!

NIKOLAI — We know him!

MENDEL — (as he seizes Nikolai) Not till his *job's* done!

POLDEKIN — Come and look up, Maria.

(Podoff's threatening hands seem to clutch for her; she goes gropingly to Poldekin.)

(The fife and drum are now close by; the cheering is closer. Poldekin and Maria move toward the steps.)

(Blanche and Endachieff burst out of the door, shouting)

BLANCHE — It's the ole G. A. R.! The ole veterans goin' to join the Decoration Day parade! Hurrah! Hurrah for the ole soldiers!

SHE jumps on a tub, jumping up and down and waving a handkerchief. Battle-scarred flags are seen, as they are borne by on high; the Stars and Stripes, and regimental flags, old and shot full of holes, but waving jauntily. The fife and drum mingled with cheers, are loud, now, in the street just outside; and far away a band is heard playing "Over There!")

ENDACHIEFF — (waving his hat madly and jumping up and down) Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

NIKOLAI — So, Endachieff!

(He strikes ferociously and knocks him down)

ENDACHIEFF — (crawling to the steps) Don't let 'em kill me, Poldekin!

(Poldekin and Maria are on the top step, Maria clinging to his hand. Endachieff, on the ground, reaches up toward him, imploring, plaintively, in a sick voice.)

BLANCHE — Hurrah fer the ole soldiers! Hurrah fer the ole soldiers! Hurrah fer the ole soldiers!

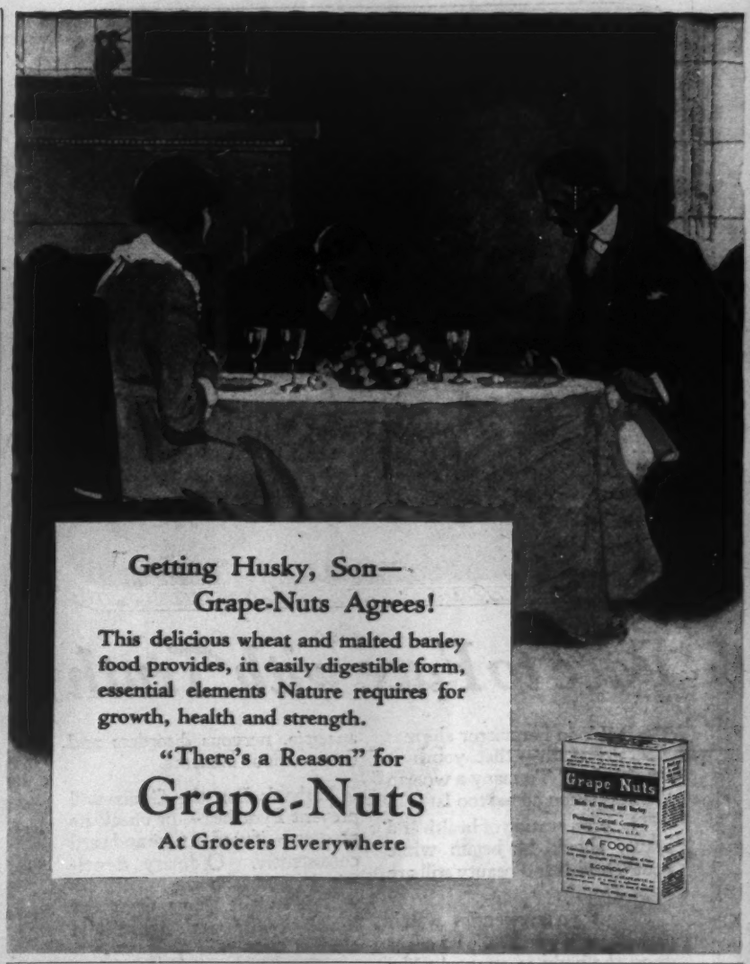
(As the flags go by, Poldekin lifts his hat and holds it at arm's length above his head —and remains in that posture.)

KRIMOF — What for do you take your hat off, Poldekin?

(Poldekin looks wonderingly up at his hat, then at Krimof; and speaks slowly, a little dazed)

POLDEKIN — I did not know that I did. Do you suppose it is because something is happening—inside of me?

[To be Continued]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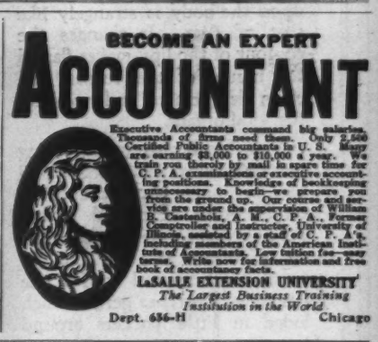
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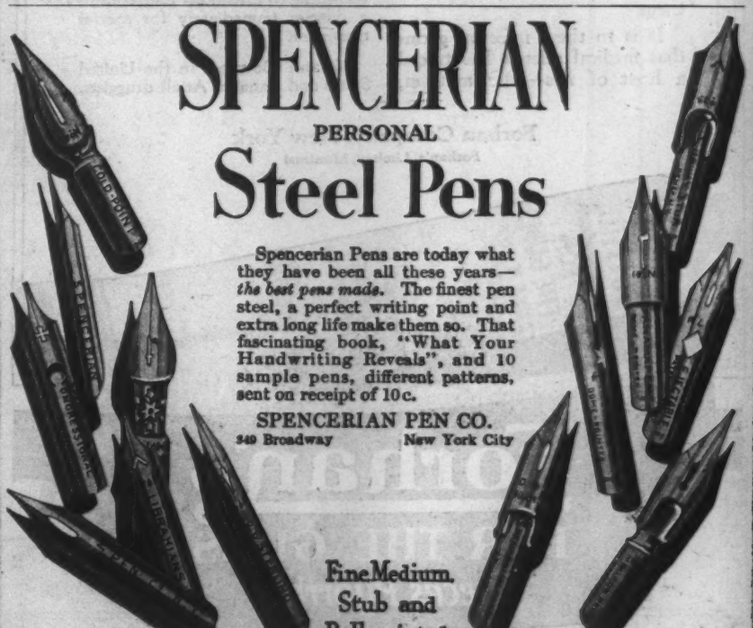
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The preservation of health and beauty should be begun while youth, health and beauty still are hers.

If past your twenties watch closely for Pyorrhea. Its effect upon the body is strangely like that of Age. It changes the contour of the lips, makes flaccid the tissues of the throat, and often degenerates and weakens the vital organs.

Pyorrhea begins with nothing more alarming than tender and bleeding gums, but it ends in toothlessness or ruined health. As the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of Pyorrhea germs which lodge in little pockets around them.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

The Girl in the Sampan

[*Continued from page 23*]

He laughed again, and rising to his feet held out his silver cigarette case with a low bow. "Have a smoke, sister," he said, "and hurry along with our trip; this is no honeymoon, I assure you."

The woman did not put forth a hand to take the cigarette, which surprised me so that I really looked at her for the first time. She was more slender than the regulation sampan woman, and though she wore the usual flapping trousers and straight jumper, I noticed with interest that her head was covered, contrary to custom, with a cowl-like hood. Doc was no less surprised than I at a sampan woman's not grabbing at a cigarette. I remember he stepped quite close to her and peered under her hood with that mocking smile he so often had with women. And then—"By Heaven, she's white!" he said, and stood perfectly still.

The woman swayed for a moment on her long oar and said nothing, but suddenly she cast back her hood and answered in clear tones, "Why not?"

I saw even in the starlight that she was beautiful, aggressively beautiful. Doc must have seen it, too, for suddenly a match flashed on the silver case, and while lighting his cigarette he held up the wavering flame, and their eyes met, her face gleaming out like some rich picture in the night. I could see the golden shadows in her hair and the mould of a chin that made a man's hand tremble to go under it. She stood and answered Doc's gaze with long and level blue eyes, and then the match went out.

"Why not, indeed," he said, but I felt his tones were a bit shaken.

Suddenly the woman sat down in the stern of the boat. "I am tired of sculling," she said simply.

"What better place to rest than in the middle of Hong Kong Harbor on a hot night?" His tone was flippant, but still somewhat shaken.

"I find none better," she said slowly, and looked for the first time at me. "Your friend?" she asked; they seemed to take it for granted that they knew one another, but I was the strange element.

"Mr. Mackenzie, Chief Engineer on the Scottish freighter *Glasgow*, yonder in the harbor, and I, Dr. Burke of Quebec. Yourself?"

"Call me the "white junk woman." That is what I am known as amongst the Chinamen."

"You navigate a junk as well as a sampan? You're a wonder—a Venus, fresh risen from the sea."

"My Chinese sailors navigate my junk, but I live on it free and happy," she answered. Her voice was a lady's.

"My dear young woman," said I, "you don't mean to tell me that you live alone with Chinamen on one of these big junks?"

"Why not? They are faithful; I am happy, and I have no fear of them." She looked at me rather distrustfully, as if she resented my practical curiosity breaking into the romantic aura that seemed to be circling between herself and Doc; but for my part, that was just what I intended to do. I had no idea of sitting out in the middle of Hong Kong Harbor and conversing with a white junk woman—of all preposterous things!—in flapping trousers and long translucent jade earrings.

"YOU had best not trust yourself to the Yellow Peril too far," I said grimly.

She laughed and leaned back, her hands clasped about her knees "I love that old junk and its inhabitants better than anything in the world. I shall not leave it for many a day."

Again Doc lit a cigarette and again the light flashed for a moment on that wonderful face; again she looked at him with that leveling of her strange eyes, head tilted back, lips smiling and earrings gleaming.

"Suppose you let us take you home instead of your taking us; then we can have a look at your sea palace." Doc wanted to work the adventure for all it was worth; I could hear that in his tones.

"Indeed, no," she said laughing, yet very firmly. "I am a true junk woman. I see my passengers home and then vanish in the harbor."

"But not forever?"

"Who knows?"

"I know." Doc moved nearer and there was a world of pleading in his voice. "You will let me come and visit you to-morrow?"

"Never," she said again, in a tone so decided that I was surprised, for what kind of woman could this be masquerading in a Chinaman's suit? "It would never do for my coolies to know I allowed any one on the junk," she added. "You can see that must be my first rule for safety."

"But I shall see you to-morrow." He said this in his own determined way.

"Who knows?" she said again, and jumping up began to scull swiftly. But Doc was up, too; the hot night, the call of the Tropics, the woman's beauty, and the strangeness of the situation were upon him. I knew he would never let her vanish in the night as she had come. He laid hold of the oar.

"Not another foot do we move until you promise." There was the devil's own ring in his laugh, but strange to relate it did not seem to challenge her mettle. She looked away from him this time, and then said in those clear, cool tones of hers, as if she had planned it all out, "Why not? I shall like to see some one of my own kind again."

"I'll see to it you like it," laughed Doc, loosing the oar.

"ONE thing you must do," she said. "I know from hearing you talk that you are a doctor. You must agree to teach me something of nursing. In the life work I plan I shall have need of it."

Doc hesitated. He hated to talk medicine to a woman—besides he had been strictly ordered to let it alone. But something in her firm voice seemed to decide him. "As you wish; but if it's France you're after, you'd better enter a nurses' school first."

And then it seemed that a silence fell on the three of us as we slipped toward the growing lights of the *Glasgow*. Doc smoked in nervous puffs, the woman sculled easily, and I wondered where this weird adventure would land my hot-blooded friend.

As we slipped around the stern lights of the *Glasgow* the woman looked at me and spoke, "I shall come by at nine to-morrow morning; we will go for a sail in the harbor. You, of course, will come, too."

"You'll have to excuse me—" I began.

"Then I don't come," she said, swinging the sampan up to the gangplank.

"He'll come," said Doc, "I'll guarantee that; and we'll be ready at nine." He stretched out his hand to her as he rose to leave. She hesitated, then pulling her hood over her head with her left hand laid her right in his. The quartermaster sleepily swung down his lantern to light the step, and I turned and looked back at the two figures so solemnly standing there hand to hand.

"He's in for it this time," I said to myself.

I ventured to tell him as much when we reached my cabin. "You're crazy, taking up with an Oriental adventuress in this fashion; you'll be robbed and murdered and dropped in the harbor, and there'll be the end of you."

"Chief," he said calmly, "the only thing I can't understand is why in the world she wants you along, too."

And that was something I could not solve during those few days we spent together. For certainly that girl insisted on my going, too, for all the world as if she were an Edinburgh débutante and I a dowager chaperone. I used to get rather tired of sitting off in the corner of the sampan, neglected for hours, while those two sat and talked. But it was interesting at times. My, what a brain the woman had! What a turn for medicine! She made Doc talk and talk; and although, as I said, medicine was a thing he had a great objection to airing before the ladies (indeed I think he doubted their being able to understand much about it), yet he knew he would never get so many interviews with the girl if it were not for that.

How she followed him—her wide blue eyes seemed to stare into the very soul of him while she listened. I remember, particularly, one hot day when we had sailed over to Dumbbell Island and taken our supper, and Doc and the white junk woman sat until the stars were out discussing a strange case that he had once treated. I remember how the girl drew him on to tell of it till he seemed inspired by her to live it over again. I never heard him lay bare the working of his

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marvelously analytical brain as he did that night. I remember the girl cried out, "And the man lived!" She sprang to her feet and stood there, head thrown back with hands clasped behind it, a weird figure enough in her Chinese costume.

Suddenly she turned to Doc who had risen and was standing close to her. "You saved him," she said gently. "You saved him."

In Doc's eyes there came that tender look I had never seen there until lately. I rose decidedly to my feet; after all, the woman must be some sort of an adventuress, and I had grown fond of Doc. I never really trusted her. "It's time to go home," I said drily.

The woman nodded, "The Chief is right."

Doc seized her hands. I trembled for his next utterance, there was such an air of wildness about him. I knew I should have gone down to the Sampan — but I stood by my guns.

"Little comrade," he said. "You're the only woman in the world that understands those things." Then he broke off. "When are you going to leave these charming China clothes and be yourself? Do something for me. To-morrow night is St Andrew's Ball; the Chief and I are going, but we know no one. Come dressed as the real American girl that you are, dance for one hour with me and then you may vanish — if you wish."

So handsome and forceful he looked, that I wondered the woman did not offer on the spot to follow him forever. She did seem carried away — more by the thought of something else than of Doc, however. "Why, I'd love to go," she said, "to dance again after a year of waiting." She looked away from Doc at the stars, "I shall love it."

So it was agreed we were to go to St. Andrew's Ball on the following evening. I don't think Doc slept any that night. I know he raved about her in my cabin until a late hour; and long after I had turned in and lay by my open port, I could hear the soft pad, pad, of his rubber-soled shoes.

We went to the Ball rather late, and there was a large crowd as we stepped from our chairs before the great Court House. About the statue in front clung the Chinese children and coolies, staring at the wide scarlet-carpeted stairs up which the Master of Ceremonies conducted a stream of guests. The halls and anterooms glittered with as brilliant an assemblage as I ever looked upon.

But even in this crowd I could see that Doc's companion attracted attention because of her singular beauty. She wore an evening gown of very plain white, which seemed to emphasize the brilliant gold of her hair, her tanned face, and wonderful violet-black eyes. Men turned to watch her as she passed. As for Doc, I could see he was gone. So perfectly they danced together that it was as if the ballroom revolved about that one mad young couple; the very music seemed to center its notes about that glowing hair of hers.

I was standing on the balcony of the second ballroom, watching the swirl of the couples through the great arched windows, when two men came up and stood by me.

"I could swear it was she," said one. "You watch; they will dance by in a moment."

"What if it is, since it's not he," said the other, keen-eyed and business-like.

"Bah, one means the other — there, look —" Just then Doc and the woman swayed by, framed for a laughing moment in the great window.

"You're right," answered the other fellow.

I hurried toward the ballroom, determined to keep close to Doc. The dance had ended, and they were standing in the great hall. Doc was talking earnestly to her, but her eyes were on the crowd. Suddenly her face turned dead white. I followed her glance; the two men I had seen on the balcony had entered at a far door. They did not see her for the moment. She turned and spoke with pale lips to Doc, and they hurried out.

When I got through the crowd to the stairs, I caught one glimpse of her long black cloak flying down the scarlet way, and Doc was beside her. I rushed down and caught up with them. "Where are you going?" I said.

"Be quiet; she is in danger; we must leave quickly!" He signaled our chairs.

"You're mad if you go with her," I burst out. "For Heaven's sake, stop somewhere. This is apt to be serious. You don't know the woman."

He turned on me a look of hot scorn and jumped into his chair. I followed. We Scotchmen have not your crazy notions about women, but we never desert a friend.

The girl had given her orders to the coolies, for they tore off at a terrific rate toward Happy Valley. In a few minutes I realized that we were being followed. I could hear the rapid beat of other coolies' steps far behind. I remembered now that the girl had ordered our coolies for us that evening, and I knew from the mad speed at which they were going they must be trusted servants of hers. As we came to the outskirts of Happy Valley the pursuers were behind. On our right lay the fragrant silence of the great cemetery. Suddenly my coolie stopped. The girl's chair had stopped ahead of his, and she was standing in the road giving quick orders in Chinese to her coolie. He dashed on at the same furious rate with the empty chair.

"Go, both of you. Leave me," she cried, and swung open the great grilled gate.

"I will never leave you," said Doc, springing out, his eyes shining terribly in the dim light. I had no choice. I stepped out cursing. Like a flash the coolies rushed on, their lanterns bobbing wildly along the winding roads of Happy Valley.

She drew us within the gate, and the three of us crouched silently behind a huge tomb. The starlight seemed brighter in here reflected from the marble monuments. Doc moved and put his arm around the girl; she crouched silent, white, listening. There was no noise except when a large red poinsettia snapped from its stem and fell like a splash of blood on the white of her dress. Then we heard the pursuers go panting by, Her ruse had worked.

In some way she rushed us from the cemetery to a night rickshaw stand, and we rattled along through crowded streets to the wharf, There one of her own coolies awaited her in a sampan. As we pushed off she gave a shudder of relief, and for the first time since she had looked at those two men the color came back to her face. Her eyes were shining strangely; she threw back her cloak, drawing deep breaths. "Saved!" was all she said softly, exultantly.

Doc took her hand; his voice sounded tense to the snapping point. "Yes, we are saved," he answered, "and I want you to marry me to-night and end forever this hateful mystery. I do not ask you any question — but one — will you marry me?"

I was paralyzed. The fool had done it. Silence. The lamps on the distant peak winked on in their sinister, tropical way. But I need have no fear it seemed, the girl was speaking:

"Marry you — Marry you — Oh, what have I done! Never!"

Doc's pride was stung to the quick.

"Then you don't know what love is," he cried out. "Are you like all the rest, pushing blindly by the big things in your path to chase some phantom? Haven't you tested my love? Do I ask one question about to-night? Not one — and I don't care! All I say is I love you."

It broke my heart to see the proud young fellow brought so low. When excited the brogue comes on me strong. I heard my own voice burst out angrily, "Woman, what wad ye ha'?"

She rose as if challenged. Her cloak fell at her feet; her beauty was electrical. "My husband's life," she answered.

There was only the ripple of the scull to answer.

She took up her words with a sob. "You say I don't know anything about love. Is it love to run away in the night with a husband accused of embezzling great sums; to follow him to a foreign land; to hide with him for a year on an old junk with no one but natives to help you care for him in a terrible sickness; to win him half-way back to life by sheer love and faith? Love — why that broken man out there on that junk shall be healed because I love; he knows freedom because I love; he lives because I love! I have sacrificed all to it; I sacrificed *you*, so that I might learn better how to care for him; I have sacrificed everything — even the World's respect, and I'm glad, glad, *glad!*"

The sampan slid up to the side of an old Chinese sailing junk. One moment and she was up the rope-ladder and on her knees beside a long deck chair on which lay a figure wrapped in rugs.

"Oh, my dear," we heard her say, and her voice was as one kneeling at a shrine, "they saw me to-night — we must sail at once——"

Curtly I ordered the coolie to put out for the *Glasgow*. The breath of dawn was coming over the harbor. I saw the strange, ribbed sails of the old junk creep up dimly. I did not speak to Doc, nor look at him; for even if I am Scotch I know how it is with a man when he remembers eyes like hers.

The Real Meaning of *"Best in the Long Run"*

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN" is a slogan that is almost as old as the history of tires. It grew out of the performance of Goodrich Tires on bicycles, and it grew into the *dependability* of Goodrich rubber products of all kinds.

It is not just a catch phrase. It is a plain statement of fact.

It is really a mirroring of the confidence placed in Goodrich products by their users. In five words it crystallizes the ideals, the policies, the principles of Goodrich.

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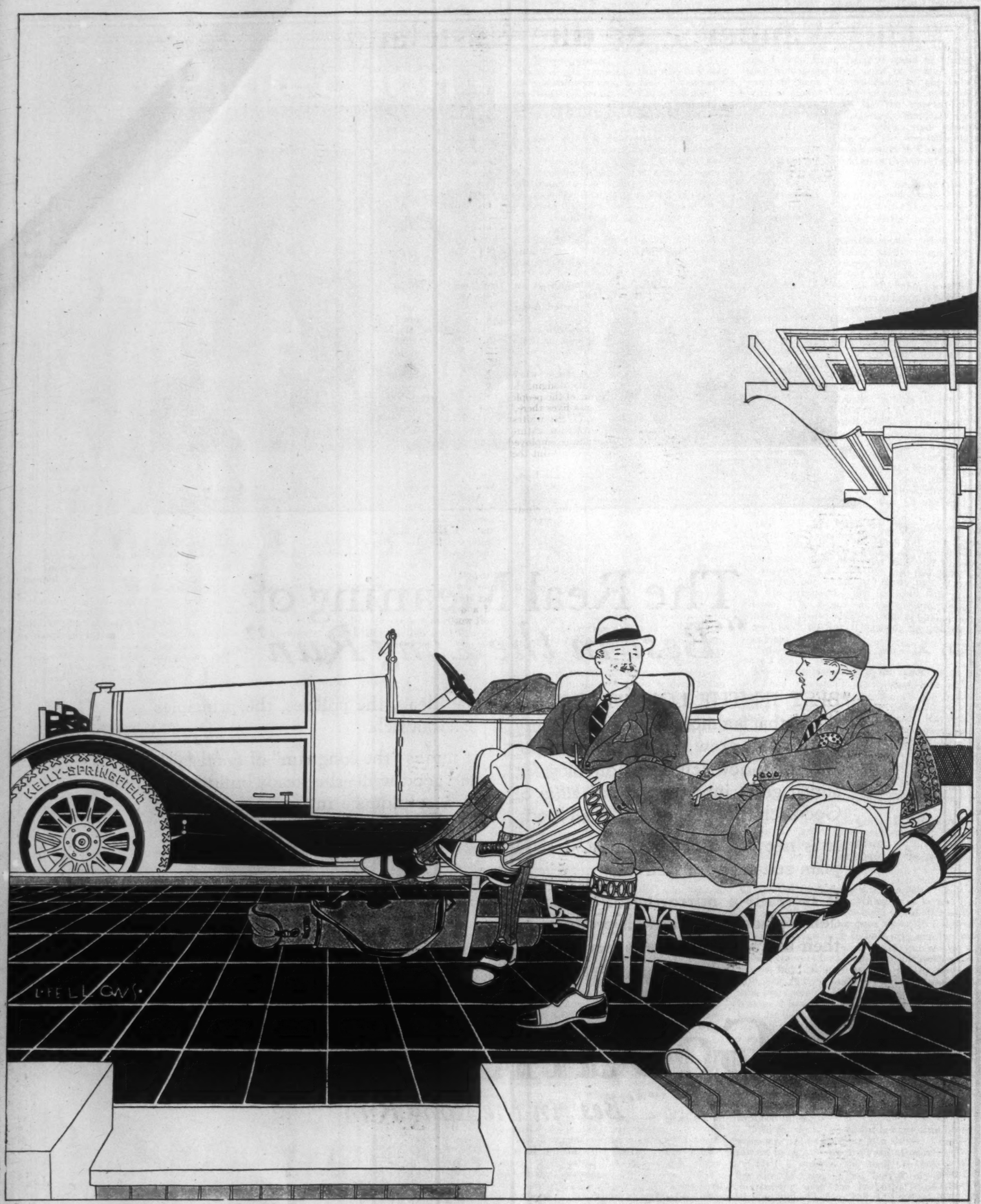

"What mileage do you get out of those tires?"
"Mileage? You don't reckon the life of a Kelly-Springfield by miles—you reckon it by years."

The Wanderer of the Wasteland—*Continued from page 11*

at Picacho in 1864. In 1872 the mill was erected near the river and the ore was mined five miles up the canyon and hauled down on a narrow-gauge railroad. The machinery and construction for this great enterprise, together with all supplies, were brought by San Francisco steamers round into the Gulf of California, loaded on smaller steamers and carried up the Colorado River to Picacho. These steamers also hauled supplies to Yuma and Ehrenberg, where they were freighted by wagon-trains into the interior. At the present time, 1878, the mine was paying well and there were between five and six hundred men employed. The camp was always full of adventurers and gamblers, with a few bad women whose capacity for making trouble magnified their number.

"The gamblin'-hells are all up at the camp, where, in fact, everybody goes of an evenin'," Merryvale went on. "I'm the night-watchman at the mill, an' all hours I hear the men come whistlin' an' singin' an' cussin' home. It's a life I'm not likin' to see a young feller take to. But then I'm no judge to advise. Lord knows I've bucked the tiger in every gold camp in California. There's a fever grips a man. I never seen the good of gold to the man thet dug it. . . . So, son, if you're askin' me for a hunch, let me tell you: drink little an' gamble light an' fight shy of the females!"

"MERRYVALE, I'm more of a tenderfoot than I look, I guess," replied Adam. "You'd hardly believe I never drank till I started west a few months ago. I can't stand much liquor. And I'm absolutely the poorest gambler that ever made a fool of himself. I can't savvy gambling. You pretend to have what you haven't — you bet on a lie. I don't care for games like that. And as for the females, as you call them, well ——"

Adam's face lost its brightness, and his eyes shadowed, though they held frankly to Merryvale's curious gaze. Then he laughed, but did not conclude his speech.

"Son, you're a strappin' youngster an' you've got looks no woman will pass by," said Merryvale. "An' in this country the preference of women brings trouble. Wal, for thet matter all the trouble anywheres is made by them. But in the desert, where it's wild an' hot, an' there's few females of any species, the fightin' gets bloody."

"Women have been the least of my fights or troubles," rejoined Adam. "I've had a few crazy love affairs — calf love, the father of one of my girls kindly called it. Then lately I had a — a little more serious affair — that ended suddenly before I fell in deep."

"Lordy, son, you'll be a lamb among wolves!" broke in Merryvale. "See here, I'm goin' to start you right. This country is no place for a nice clean boy, more's the shame an' pity. Every man who gets on in the west, let alone in the desert where the west is magnified, has got to live up to the standard. He must work, he must endure, he must fight men, he must measure up to women. I ain't sayin' it's a fine standard, but it's the one by which men have survived in a hard country at a hard time.

"You can never tell what's in a man till he's been tried. Son, I've known desert men whose lives were beyond all understandin'. But not one man in a thousand can live on the desert. Thet has to do with his mind first — then his endurance. But to come back here to this Picacho. I'd not be afraid to back you against it if you meet it right."

"How is that?"

"Lordy, son, I wish I could say the right word," returned Merryvale, in pathetic earnestness. "You ain't to be turned back?"

"No. I'm here for better or worse. I hope it's for the better. Back home I had my hopes, my dreams, like any boy. They're gone — vanished."

"Wal, wal, you talk like you look," replied Merryvale. Then he paused, taking a deep breath, as if his concluding speech involved somehow his faith in himself and his good will to a stranger. "Be a man with your body! Don't shirk work or play or fight. Eat an' drink an' be merry, but don't live jest for thet. Lend a helpin' hand — be generous with your gold. Put aside a third of your earnin's for gamblin' an' look to lose it. Don't ever get drunk. An' as for fightin'— tell me, can you handle a gun?"

"Friend, that's the only qualification I've got," replied Adam, with pride. He pulled his gun, and smiling, rubbed at the newness of it. "Will you be convinced if I cut your fishing line in one shot?"

"Convinced? Lordy, boy, I'll be stumped, an' sure tickled, too. But you can't do thet."

Adam extended the gun and aimed at the fishing line. His hand quivered finer and finer until it seemed to set immovably. Then he fired. Merryvale's rod jerked up and the line slacked. It had parted near the water.

"I *am* stumped! If you didn't do it!" he ejaculated, in admiration. "Wal, boy, don't you ever be afraid of a fight — only get to your gun first. . . . An' now to finish your education for Picacho. You can't steer clear of women, good or bad. An' the only way is to be game an' kind an' square. Thet's what gets the women."

"Game — kind — square," mused Adam, thoughtfully.

"Wal, I'll need a new fishin' line, an' thet's a fact," said Merryvale, as he pulled in his rod. "We'll go up to the store an' then I'll take you to the mill."

While passing the adobe house where Adam had engaged board and lodging he asked his companion the name of the people.

"Arallanes — Juan Arallanes lives there," replied Merryvale. "An' he's the whitest greaser I ever seen, both in color an' nature. He's a foreman of the Mexicans employed at the mill. His wife is nice, too. But thet black-eyed hussy, Margarita ——"

Merryvale shook his grizzled head, but did not complete his dubious beginning. The suggestion piqued Adam's curiosity.

Presently Merryvale pointed out a cluster of huts and cabins, and one rather pretentious stone house, low and square with windows. Both white and dark-skinned children were playing on the sand in the shady places. Idle men lounged in front of the stone house, which Merryvale said was the store.

From this point a sandy road led down the river, winding through a dense thicket of arrow-weed and willow and then up a steep ridge of hard, bare ground. Higher still and back on this ridge stood the huge structure of stone and iron and wood that Adam had espied from far up the river. The rusty boilers, standing as on stone stilts and open all around, gave a crude unfinished look to this engine house. It was situated considerably higher than the square stone building that Merryvale said was the mill.

Merryvale evidently was seeking the manager, for he passed so quickly through the several huge barn-like apartments that Adam got only a confused impression of thick walls, heavy timbers, strange machinery, sluices and shafts, bustling laborers, all together with a hum and roar and vibration.

His guide climbed another slope to a level where Adam's eyes met a scene that, interesting as it was, seemed to him to be a sordid blot upon the vast colored ridges which sloped down from the rugged range to the river. Crude adobe structures glared in the sunlight; an immense water-tank, unshapely and battered, loomed high; the boilers hissed and steamed; smoke belched from a leaning chimney of sheet-iron; huge stacks of firewood stood near-by; a train-load of ore had just come in on the narrow-gauge railroad, and the dinky engine was puffing its harsh importance; workmen, the majority of them Mexicans, were toiling and sweating under the hot sun.

ADAM'S attention, however, was drawn by Merryvale, who had succeeded in finding the person he wanted. Adam saw a man of medium height, powerfully built, with an unshaven broad face, strong and ruddy. He wore a red flannel shirt, wet with sweat, a gun at his belt, overalls thrust into cowhide boots; and altogether he looked a rough and practical miner.

"Mac, shake hands with my young friend here," said Merryvale. "He wants a job."

"Howdy," replied the other, proffering a big hand that Adam felt belonged to a man. Also he was aware of one quick all-embracing glance. "Are you good at figures?"

"Why, yes," answered Adam, "but I want to work."

"All right. You can help me in the office where I'm stuck. An' I'll give you outside work besides. To-morrow." And with this brusk promise the manager strode away.

"Mac don't get time to eat," explained Merryvale. "Wal, he'll give you good wages. For there ain't one man in a hundred thet can help him in the office. An' if it's hard work of hand you're hankerin' after, wal, you'll get your belly full of thet."

Adam had to laugh at the incident. Here he had been recommended by a stranger, engaged to work for a man whose name he had not heard and who had not asked his, and no mention made of wages. Adam liked this simplicity. A man must pass in this country for what he was. He felt that, though he could not yet understand why.

MERRYVALE went his way then, leaving Adam alone. It seemed to Adam, as he pondered there, that his impressions of that gold mill did not augur well for a satisfaction with his job. He had no distaste for hard labor, though to bend over a desk did not appeal to him. But a noisy dirty environment like this would never hold him, any length of time.

It was action he needed. Work, play, hunting, exploring, even gold-digging, anything with change of scene and movement of muscle,— these things that he had instinctively felt to be the need of his body, now seemed equally the need of his soul.

Arallanes, the foreman, did not strike Adam as being typical of the Mexicans among whom he lived. He was not a little runt of a swarthy-skinned man, but well-built, of a clean olive complexion and regular features, bearing some resemblance to a Greek that Adam had met once.

After supper, Arallanes invited Adam to ride up to the camp. Whereupon Margarita asked to be taken. Arallanes laughed, and then talked so fast that Adam could not understand. He gathered, however, that the empty ore-train traveled up the canyon to the camp, there to remain until morning. Also Adam perceived that Margarita did not get along well with this man who was her stepfather. They appeared on the verge of a quarrel. But the *Señora* spoke a few soft words that worked magic upon Arallanes, though they did not change the passion of the girl. How swiftly she had paled! Her black eyes burned with a dusky fire. When she turned them upon Adam it was certain that he had a new sensation.

"Will not the gracious *Señor* take Margarita to the dance?"

That was how Adam translated her swift, eloquent words. Embarrassed and hesitating, he felt that he cut a rather sorry figure before her. Then he realized the singular beauty of her big eyes, sloe-black and brilliant, neither half-veiled nor shy now, but bold and wide and burning, as if the issue at stake was not trivial.

Arallanes put a hand on Adam. "No, *Señor*," he said. "Some other time you may take Margarita."

"I — I shall be pleased," stammered Adam, as he backed away with a bow.

The girl's red lips curled in pouting scorn, and with a wonderful dusky flash of eyes she whirled away.

Outside Arallenes led Adam across the sands, still with that familiar hand upon him.

"Boy," he said, in English, "that girl — she no blood of mine. She damn leetle wild-cat — mucha Indian — on fire all time."

If ever Adam had felt the certainty of his youthful years, it had been during those last few moments. His collar was hot and tight. A sense of shock remained with him. He had not fortified himself at all, nor had he surrendered himself to recklessness. But to think of going to a dance this very night, in a mining-camp, with a dusky-eyed little Spanish girl who appeared exactly what Arallanes had called her — the very idea took Adam's breath with the surprise of it, the wildness of it, the strange appeal to him.

"*Señor* verre beeg, but young — like colt," said Arallanes, with good nature "Tenderfeet, the gamblers say. . . . He mos' dam sure have tough feet soon!"

"Well, Arallanes, that can't come too soon for me," declared Adam.

They climbed to the track where the ore-train stood, already with laborers in almost every car, evidently bound for an evening's excitement at the camp. Arallanes found a seat for himself and Adam on the front of the engine. After a little wait that seemed long to the impatient Adam the train started, winding round the bluff to strike into the canyon half a mile above its mouth. The track was built some few feet above the sand, but showed signs of having been submerged, and in fact washed out in places. The grade did not appear to be steep, for the engine clattered along at a rate that made Adam hold fast.

It developed, however, that there was a considerable up-grade. The engine slowed a little and puffed harder. That seemed a long five miles to Adam. But finally the canyon opened out wide and flat; tracks and cars and sheds directed his gaze to a bulging embankment that must have been débris from the mine. The train halted.

Arallanes led Adam up a long winding path, quite steep; and the other men followed in single file. When Adam reached a level once more, Arallanes called out: "Picacho!" and waved his arm impressively.

But he certainly could not have meant the wide gravelly plateau with its squalid huts, its adobe shacks, its rambling square of low flat buildings, like a stockade-fort roofed with poles. Arallanes meant the mountain that dominated the place—Picacho, the Peak.

Adam faced the west as the sun was setting. A ruddy haze, shading the blue, filled the canyons and the spaces. Picacho seemed grand there, towering to the sky, crowned in gold, aloof, unscalable.

Arallanes laughed at Adam, then sauntered on. Mexicans jabbered as they passed; and some of the white men made jocular comment at the boy standing there so wide-eyed and still. A weazened little Irishman gaped at Adam and said to a comrade: "Begorra, he's after seein' a peanut atop ole Picacho. . . . What-th-hell now, me young frind! Come, hev a drink."

The crowd passed on, and Arallanes lingered, making himself a cigarette.

Adam had not been prepared for such a spectacle of grandeur and desolation. It stunned him. He seemed to feel himself a mite flung there, encompassed by colossal and immeasurable fragments of upheaved rock, jagged and jutted, with never a softening curve, and all steeped in vivid and intense light. The range to the left bore a crimson crest, and it lost itself in a region of a thousand peaks. The range to the right was cold pure purple and it ended in a dim infinity. Between these ranges, far flung across the Colorado, loomed now with exquisite clearness in Adam's sight the mountain world he had gotten a glimpse of from below. But now he perceived its all-embracing immensity, magnified by the transparent light, its limitless horizon line an illusion, its thin purple distances unbelievable.

A hand fell upon Adam's shoulder.

"Come, let us look at games of gold and women," said Arallanes.

BEFORE they reached the doors of the wide rambling jumble of shacks, into which the crowd was pouring, a couple of laborers intercepted Arallanes. They appeared pale and excited; they jabbered unintelligibly, as far as Adam was concerned. But he gathered that something was amiss. Whatever their information or warning, Arallanes treated it with scorn.

Then he led Adam into a big, poorly-lighted, low-ceiled place, as crudely constructed as a shed, and full of noise and smoke. The attraction seemed to be a rude bar, various gambling games, and some hawk-faced ghastly spectacles of women, drinking with the men. From an adjoining apartment came discordant music.

It developed that Arallanes liked to drink, and talk loud, and laugh, and to take a bold chance at a gambling game. But Adam refused, and meant to avoid drinking as long as he could, without being churlish or aloof. He wandered around by himself, to find that everybody was merry and friendly, even the cold-faced gamblers eying him with interest. Adam tried not to look at any of the women while they looked at him. The apartment from which came the music was merely a bare canvas-covered room with a board floor. Dancing was going on. Adam watched a little while, long enough to be glad that he had not brought Margarita.

Adam's aimless steps finally led him back to the sand-floored hall, where he became absorbed in watching the gambling games, one of which was composed of half-tipsy laborers. The little Irishman who had accosted Adam outside formed one of this

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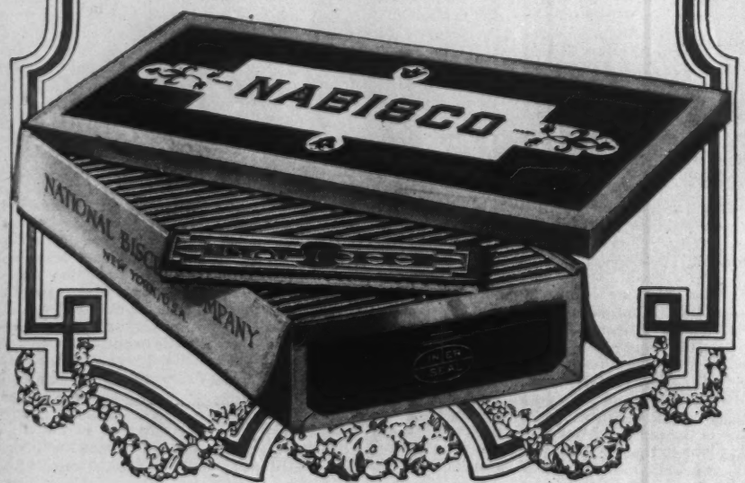


group, and recognizing him he invited him to take part in the game. Adam politely declined. Whereupon the little man added: "Mon, I'm sure skinnin' me friends here an' I'll lind you money if you're busted."

Adam laid a hand on the Irishman's shoulder. "Thanks. I'll play sometime but not to-night. What's your name?"

"Moine's Pat Regan. Phwat's yours?"

When Adam told him, Regan blinked solemnly at him. "You're a foine fellar. Hang around an' we'll git dhrunk togither."

Adam felt the better for even the half-drunken Irishman's warmth and freedom. This frontier seemed a place of quick friendships. Then Adam sauntered on, and presently was attracted by a quarrel among some Mexicans. To his surprise, it apparently concerned Arallanes. All of them showed the effects of liquor, and after the manner of their kind they were gesticulating and talking excitedly. Suddenly one of them drew a knife and lunged toward Arallanes. Adam saw the movement, and then the long shining blade before he saw what the man looked like. That action silenced the little group.

The outstretched hand, quivering with the skewer-like dagger, paused as in its sweep it reached a point opposite Adam. Instinctively he leaped, and quick as a flash he caught the wrist in a grip so hard that the fellow yelled. Adam, now that he possessed the menacing hand, did not know what to do with it. But he was frightened. With a powerful jerk he pulled the Mexican off his feet, and then, exerting his strength to its utmost, he swung him round, knocking over men and tables, until the Mexican's hold on the knife loosened. The knife flew one way and the Mexican the other. He lay where he fell. Arallanes and his comrades made much of Adam. The incident, however, so far as Adam could see, did not attract any particular attention.

"We are friends. You will drink with me," said Arallanes, grandly.

Though no one would have suspected it, Adam was really in need of something bracing. The violence he had exerted had been the result of fright — the sudden necessity of getting rid of that wicked knife. But Arallanes took the action to be one of valor. Adam drank, and the liquor seemed like flowing fire.

"*Señor* is only a boy, but he has an arm," said Arallanes, as he clutched Adam's shoulder and biceps with a nervous hand. "Feel that, my friend! . . . When *Señor* becomes a man he will be a giant."

Adam's next change of emotion was from fright to a sense of foolishness at his standing there, victim of the admiring words and grasps of these excited and vainglorious Mexicans. Then he had another drink, and after that his feelings changed again, and for that matter the whole complexion of everything changed. Certain it was that if it had not been for a sane desire on the part of Arallanes to quit the place, Adam would have gotten drunk. As it was he escaped with a whirling brain and a rather disturbed sense of equilibrium.

HE never could have found the narrow path leading down into the canyon. Arallanes was his guide. Walking on the sandy floor of the canyon was slow hard work and made Adam sweat. The loose sand and gravel dragged at his feet. Not long was it before he had walked off the effects of the strong liquor. He became curious as to why the Mexican had threatened Arallanes, and was told that during the day the foreman had discharged this fellow, who had a bad reputation and was an indifferent laborer; and his motive evidently was revenge.

"He ran after Margarita," added Arallanes, "and I kicked him out. The women, *Señor*! Ah! they do not mind what a man is! . . . Have a care of Margarita. If she falls really in love with you that might be good for her. But that girl! She has as many loves and lives as a spotted she-cat."

For the most part, however, the two men were silent on this laborious walk down the canyon. Adam was occupied between his thoughts of what had happened, and the speculations aroused in him by Margarita. He would stay away from Picacho, for one thing. As for Margarita, she had piqued his interest. He liked her looks. Her strange charm of eyes, of movements, lingered in his memory. She was Spanish. It did not worry him that her stepfather had labeled her dangerous.

By and by the canyon widened out so that Adam could view the great expanse of sky, fretted with fire, and the mountain spurs, rising on all sides, cold and dark against the blue. He had seen nothing so soft, misty and shadowy as the desert shrubbery growing in the canyon. These little trees did not seem real. But when in the gloom he happened to brush against one of them to receive a stinging stab of thorns then there was indeed reality about them.

At last Arallanes announced that they were home. Adam had not seen a single house in the gray shadows. A few more steps, however, brought tangible substance of walls to Adam's touch. Arallanes bade him good night and went into the dark house. Adam had to guess at the direction of his own quarters, and he did not hit it the first time. The gloom under the mesquites was thick; besides, he had to stoop to avoid the low branches and thorns. It seemed strange, yet how glad he was to get there! Sitting down he pulled back the canvas and blankets, made a pillow of his coat, put his gun and belt under it, and crawled into bed.

THEN he drew a long deep breath and realized how tired he was. The darkness gradually changed from pitch black to a pale obscurity. He could see dim spectral outlines of mesquites, and a star shining through. At first the night appeared to be absolutely silent, but after a while, by straining his ears, he heard a rustling of mice or ground squirrels in the adobe walls. The sound comforted him, somehow, and when one of them, or at least some little animal, ran softly over his bed the feeling of utter loneliness was broken.

"I've begun it," he whispered, and meant the lonely life that was to be his.

"But I'm glad," he burst out, as if telling his secret to the darkness. "Glad to be rid of Guerd — damn him and his meanness! . . . Glad to be alone! . . . Glad to come into this wild desert! . . . Glad that girl made eyes at me! I'll not lie to myself. I wanted to hug her — to kiss her — and I'll do it if she'll let me. . . . That gambling-hell disgusted me — and the sight of the greaser's knife scared me cold. Yet when I got hold of him — felt my strength — how helpless he was — that I could have cracked his bones — scared as I was, I felt a strange wild something that is not gone yet . . . I'm changing. It's a different life. I've got to meet things as they come, and be game."

Next morning Adam went to work. The matter of figures that evidently had been a nightmare for Mackay did not present any difficulty to Adam. It developed that part of Adam's work was to copy Mackay's lead-pencil scrawls, and after that was done to keep accurate account of ore mined and operated, of the gold assayed, of the supplies ordered and received, of the laborer's hours and wages — in fact, every detail incident to the running of a big plant.

Several days passed before Adam caught up with his work to the hour. Then Mackay, true to his word, said he would set him on a man's job part of the time. Adam was curious and pleased. Already the occupation of his time had effected a better frame of mind.

The job, upon which Mackay put Adam, was no less than keeping up the fire under the huge boilers. As wood had to be used for fuel, and as it was consumed rapidly, the task of stoking was not easy. Besides, hot as the furnace was, it seemed the sun was hotter. Adam perspired till he could wring water out of his shirt. But he always liked heat, and though this was far from pleasant, he found that he could endure it.

That night he made certain Mackay was playing a joke on him. Arallanes confirmed this intelligence, and even Margarita had been let into the secret. Mackay had many laborers for the hard work, and he wanted to cure the tenderfoot of his desire for a man's job, such as he had asked for. It was all good-natured, and amused Adam. He imagined he knew what he needed, and while he was trying to find it, he could have just as much fun as Mackay. He determined that he would not be the one to be fooled.

Much to Mackay's surprise, Adam presented himself next afternoon, in boots, overalls and undershirt, to go on with this job of firing the engine.

"Wasn't yesterday enough?" queried the boss.

"I like it," replied Adam.

"Humph! Say, boy, you'll get sunstruck."

"Not much. I can stand the sun."

Then it pleased Adam to see a considerable evidence of respect, as well as concern, in the rough mill-operator's expression. For a week Adam kept up with his office work and labored each afternoon at the stoking job. No one suspected that he suffered, though it was plain enough that he lost flesh and was exceedingly fatigued. But he stuck to

When they come down stairs

greet them with Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, served with cream and sugar—the supreme breakfast dainty.

When they go up stairs

let the good-night dish be Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat puffed to flavory bubbles.

The Love of Bubble Grains

Millions get them, morning, noon and night

CONSIDER how children love Puffed Grains. Then think how good Puffed Grains are for them.

Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs are the three finest grain foods in existence. Two are whole grains puffed to bubbles. One is toasted corn hearts puffed to raindrop size.

All are fascinating morsels, both in texture and in taste. All are fitted for digestion as grain foods never were before.

You know how your folks enjoy them. But do they get all three kinds, and do they get enough?

Puffed by steam explosions

All shot from guns

Use like nut meats

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in a fearful heat.

The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam. When the guns are shot a hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel—one for every food cell.

The object is to break all food cells so they easily digest. Ordinary cooking breaks only part of them.

Prof. Anderson's process makes every granule feed. One gets whole-grain nutrition. Digestion is easy and complete. And, as these foods don't tax the stomach, they are ideal all-hour foods.

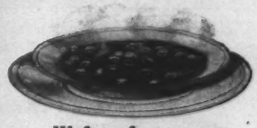
There is no way known to serve Wheat, Rice or Corn that compares with Puffed Grains. No other process makes them so delightful or so hygienic.

Seem like food confections

Yet scientific foods

The steam explosions puff these grains to eight times normal size. They come out as bubbles, thin, flimsy, flaky. And the fearful heat makes them taste like toasted nuts.

They seem like food confections—like tidbits made to be enticing. Yet they are simply grain foods—two are whole grains—cooked as grains were never cooked before.



Wafers for soups

Food experts consider these the ideal grain foods. Most children like them best. Then why not serve all three kinds in all the ways you can?

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with any fruit. For luncheons or suppers float in bowls of milk.

Use like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish on ice cream. They form thin, toasted wafers for your soups.

For after school

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children to eat like peanuts. Puffed grains are far better for them than cookies or confections. Some serve at breakfast with melted butter instead of cream and sugar.

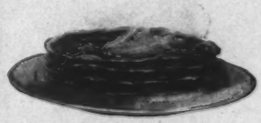
Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3378



Nut-like pancakes

Now we make a Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is an ideal pancake flour, self-raising, mixed with ground Puffed Rice. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy and gives them a nut-like taste. You never tasted pancakes half so good. Ask your grocer for it.

From a Photograph by courtesy of Norma Talmadge Film Company

The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

Bringing eventful school commencements and important weddings—June, the loveliest of the months, is here. There must be chosen presents reflecting good wishes and good taste. To select an appropriate gift (once a task) is now a pleasure.

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Sonora
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gives years of enjoyment. The Sonora has a magnificent, pure, rich, mellow tone, "clear as a bell." It is peerless in gracefulness and artistry of design and is unrivalled in vital exclusive features. There is a pride of possession in owning the wonderfully beautiful Sonora.

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the job. His rewards were many, among them signs of forthcoming proof that the joke would be on Mackay — a sense of satisfaction with himself — a liberation of energy that called deep to the nameless physical feeling which had been growing stronger of late. Then Margarita's reception of him, when he trudged home, was sweet despite the fact that he tried to repudiate its sweetness. Once she put a little brown hand on his blistered arm, and her touch held the tenderness of woman.

The following week Mackay took a laborer off a strenuous job and put Adam in his place. Mackay maintained his good humor, but he had acquired a little grimness. This long-limbed tenderfoot was a hard nut to crack. Adam began to sense a spirit that must have been peculiarly western. It seemed to him that now Mackay, trying to break him, had begun to have a secret pride in this development.

If the other job had been toil for Adam, this new one was pain. He learned there what labor meant. Also he learned how there was only one thing that common men understood and respected in a co-laborer, and it was the grit and muscle to stand the grind. He realized, too, that those long hours of toil at which he stubbornly stuck had set his spirit in some immeasurable and unquenchable relation to the strange life that he divined was to be his.

Two weeks and more went by. Mackay, in proportion to the growth of his admiration and friendship for Adam, gradually weakened on his joke. And one day, when banteringly he dared Adam to tip a car of ore that two Mexicans were laboring at, and Adam in a single heave sent the tons of ore roaring into the shaft — Mackay gave up, and in true western fashion, swore his defeat and shook hands with the boy.

So in those few days Adam made friends who changed the color and direction of his life. From Merryvale he learned the legend and history of the frontier. Mackay opened his eyes to the great health for mind and body in sheer toil. Arallanes represented a warmth of friendship that came unsought. Margarita was still an unknown quantity in Adam's development. Their acquaintance had gone on mostly under the eyes of the *Señora*, or Arallanes. Sometimes at sunset Adam had sat with her on the sand of the river bank. Her charm grew. Adam had worked too hard and been too weary in leisure hours to find out any reason why Arallanes had ninted to him to have a care of Margarita. Nevertheless he had watched to see if any men came to see her, or if she went out of her way to meet any. And he had been compelled to admit that she stayed at home, and worked, and always was there to meet him and greet him with a smile. He felt that she was drawn to him, and the knowledge pleased and disturbed him.

THEN the unexpected happened — that thing of chance no man could foresee; that which made life different for Adam from what it might have been. In this case it was the shutting down of the mill. A break occurred in the machinery.

Adam seemed to be thrown back upon his own resources. He did not know what to do with himself. Arallanes advised him not to go panning for gold in the canyons, and to be cautious if he went up to Picacho, for the Mexican Adam had so roughly handled was the ringleader in a bad gang that it would be well to avoid. Adam fished with Merryvale until he got so tired waiting for the bite which never came that he went to sleep holding the pole. Then he hunted wild-fowl in the breaks of willow and arrow-weed. This might have been sport if the birds had not been so tame. All things conspired, it seemed, to throw Adam into the company of Margarita, who always waited around the corner of every hour, watching with her dusky eyes.

(To be continued)

The Devastations of Dora

[Continued from page 26]

looking at the bill Harry had just given him.

"I was," replied Harry, grinning, "but I told Uncle when he came home last night that I was turning over a new leaf and everything's all right now."

The idea of referring her two admirers to a court of arbitration in order to establish their worthiness appealed to Dora when Abie had made it clear to her.

"I'll go along with them," he explained, "so they don't get into a fight. I'll make each of them tell the Rabbi why he thinks he's good enough for you and I'll bet the old man will pick out the right one."

"Did Harry — I mean Mr. Hyman — say whether he's coming back this afternoon?" asked Dora.

"He didn't say anything about it. But don't you get stuck on him, Dora. He's got to marry a rich girl some day or his uncle will be terribly mad."

Dora tossed her head, disdainfully.

"I wouldn't get stuck on the best man what ever lived," she said.

"NOT even on me?" asked Abie, playfully; "if I was young and rich and good-looking?"

"Maybe," said Dora, "if you was rich."

That afternoon Fishel, the baker, and Moritz, the head-waiter, arrived almost simultaneously, a few minutes before the boat left the landing.

"Where's that Rabbi?" asked Moritz, the moment he beheld Abie.

"How should I know?" asked Abie.

Moritz, with a grunt of disgust, purchased two tickets, leaving his rival to buy his own.

"Here's a ticket for you," he said to Abie. "Now you go and find that Rabbi quickly."

The two men followed Abie on board and seated themselves a few chairs apart, at a convenient distance for glaring at each other, while Abie went in search of the Rabbi. Abie's search was slow but thorough, yet he found no Rabbi.

"Maybe," he said to Moritz, "he missed the boat and will get on by the next stop."

"Find out what the next stop is," demanded Moritz.

Abie consulted the man who was collecting the tickets and returned to Moritz.

"He says there ain't no stops," Abie reported. "The boat keeps going for three hours until it comes back to the Battery."

"Three hours!" cried Fishel, who had been listening. "I got to be back in my bakery at three o'clock or I lose a big order."

"On your left," they suddenly heard a stentorian voice, calling through a megaphone from the bow of the boat, "you see the tower of the Woolworth Building is sev-un hun-dred and fifty feet high and has fifty-one stories. It cost —"

"Tell him to stop the boat!" cried Moritz. "I got to get off."

"Sh-h-h!" said Abie. "I want to listen to what he says."

It is a delightful ride up and down the rivers and harbor of the metropolis; but Moritz and Fishel, furious and nervous, cursing the Rabbi, Abie and even Dora, found no enjoyment in it. Abie, on the other hand, not only enjoyed himself but acquired a great fund of statistics regarding the height and cost of buildings, the history of landmarks and the topography of Greater New York. He was actually sorry when the trip was over.

When the boat landed, Fishel and Moritz hastened off in different directions, leaving Abie to return by himself.

"Them ain't the right fellows for Dora," was Abie's uppermost thought. "They got a bad temper. I won't even bother the Rabbi about them."

When he reached Susskind's he found, to his surprise, Mrs. Susskind standing behind the counter in Dora's place.

"Where's Dora?" was his first question.

Mrs. Susskind attempted to smile, but the rage in her heart shone in her dark eyes.

"She has suddenly went away," she explained, with an ill-concealed sneer. "She is getting married with that good-for-nothing Harry Hyman what lives on his uncle."

"Harry Hyman!" repeated Abie, nonplused.

Then Mrs. Susskind's suppressed emotions burst forth. "Yes, Harry Hyman," she cried. "That false-faced, bleached blonde what you men thought was so fine. Good riddance with bad rubbishes is all I got to say!"

Abie sank weakly into a chair and rubbed his head. Slowly and vaguely incident after incident became linked together in his mind.

"I suppose you can't understand it," said Mrs. Susskind, sarcastically

"Not yet," murmured Abie, "but it commences to get translucent!"

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This is the sign that identifies dealers showing the Eveready Daylo $10,000 Contest Picture. Look for this sign on dealers' windows

Three Thousand Dollars For Somebody. *YOU?*

THREE thousand dollars in cash for one person; a thousand dollars for another; five hundred for each of three other people and ninety-nine other cash prizes two hundred to ten dollars. *Ten thousand dollars* in all! How much for YOU?

This latest Eveready Daylo Contest will break all contest records. Anyone may enter—it costs nothing; there is no obligation of any kind. Men, women, boys and girls all have equal chances for any of the 104 cash prizes.

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display the new Daylo Contest Picture in their windows. Go to the store of a Daylo dealer and study the picture. Secure a contest blank, which the dealer will give you, and write on it what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive $3000.00 in cash.

Get an early look at the picture. Submit as many answers as you wish. Contest blanks are free at all Daylo dealers. All answers must be mailed before Midnight, August 1st, 1920.

A-2114

$10,000.00 In Cash Prizes

1	First Prize		$3000.00
1	Second Prize		1000.00
3	Prizes	$500.00 each	1500.00
4	Prizes	$250.00 each	1000.00
5	Prizes	$200.00 each	1000.00
10	Prizes	$100.00 each	1000.00
10	Prizes	$ 50.00 each	500.00
20	Prizes	$ 25.00 each	500.00
50	Prizes	$ 10.00 each	500.00
104	Prizes	Total	$10,000.00

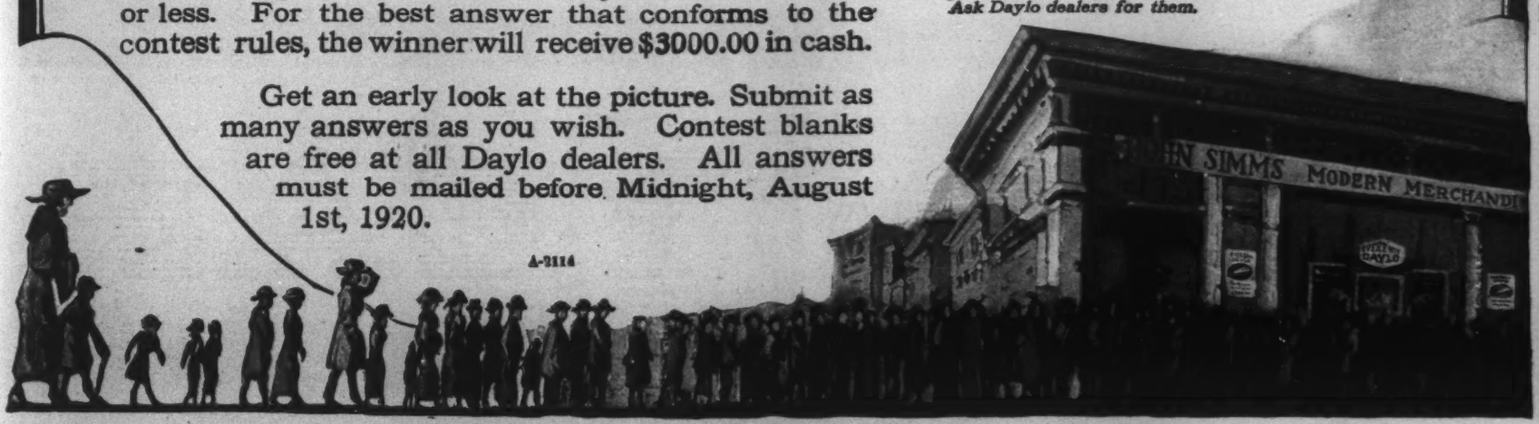
Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and contestants must abide by their judgment.

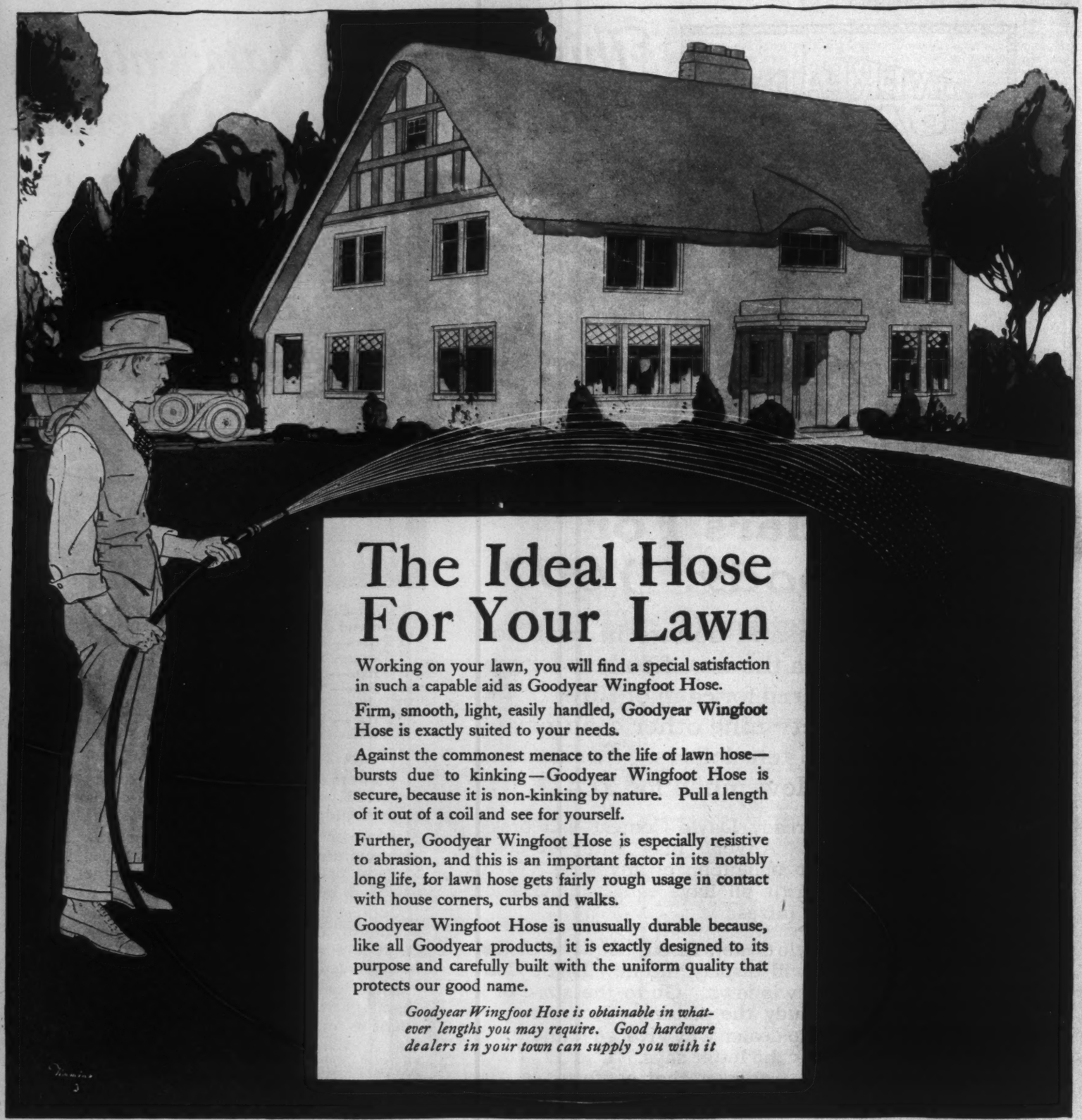
If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmarks on letters will determine if letter has been mailed before close of contest.

Answers must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

Complete Contest Rules are printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo dealers for them.





The Ideal Hose For Your Lawn

Working on your lawn, you will find a special satisfaction in such a capable aid as Goodyear Wingfoot Hose.

Firm, smooth, light, easily handled, **Goodyear Wingfoot** Hose is exactly suited to your needs.

Against the commonest menace to the life of lawn hose—bursts due to kinking—Goodyear Wingfoot Hose is secure, because it is non-kinking by nature. Pull a length of it out of a coil and see for yourself.

Further, Goodyear Wingfoot Hose is especially resistive to abrasion, and this is an important factor in its notably long life, for lawn hose gets fairly rough usage in contact with house corners, curbs and walks.

Goodyear Wingfoot Hose is unusually durable because, like all Goodyear products, it is exactly designed to its purpose and carefully built with the uniform quality that protects our good name.

Goodyear Wingfoot Hose is obtainable in whatever lengths you may require. Good hardware dealers in your town can supply you with it

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GOODYEAR

LAWN HOSE

Poor Old Spancake——*Continued from page 33*

to-night that was capital's trick for stealing from the poor."

"I wonder," I mused, "if it couldn't be used to steal from the rich. Now, if you only seemed like a rich man—" I began.

He laughed derisively.

"What is your name?" I asked suddenly.

"John D. Spancake," he answered, and I give you my word that for a full half-minute I was almost stunned by the beauty of it.

"John D. Spancake!" I repeated. "You will pardon me if I say that it is an ideal appellation for a multimillionaire. With such a name it is almost criminal not to be immensely rich."

He looked at me mildly, yet as if he thought *I* was moderately insane. I did not then, nor can I now blame him. And I was to give him more cause.

From now on I can offer neither explanation nor apology for my conduct. Fifth Avenue hummed in the summer night. I felt larkish and nineteen again. Folly seemed wisdom,—as indeed it sometimes is.

"I believe it would not require much money to make you seem like a rich man."

"About a million, I reckon," Mr. Spancake chuckled.

"No, I think I could do it on about a hundred, and I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll run over to the club and get the money."

"The club?" he murmured.

I waved my hand at the shining white marble palace across the avenue.

"I assure you that I am not, as you so justifiably think, a maniac. Wait for me till I come back."

I asked at the club for Channing Ransome. He is often there about that time. He was. He is often tolerant of me. He was now.

"I just dropped in to-night, Chan, to ask you what you'd say was the most obvious characteristic of a rich man."

"Which are you to-night, drunk or crazy?" he asked politely.

"FAIR to middling crazy, only," I said. "As to the other, I'm certainly not, though I'd accept a drink if the locker system has been successfully introduced into this club. Truly, however, I *did* come to ask that question: 'What's the most obvious characteristic of a rich man?'"

"Humph! stinginess, I'd say, if he's a very rich man, like—" He mentioned several eminent contemporary names.

"Yes, I believe you're right. Only," I added, smiling in manifest and mocking obsequiousness, "no one could ever accuse you of stinginess, my dear Channing."

His eyes lit with understanding. He is the very best fellow in the world. He paused only to make arrangements about delockering that drink, and then he came directly to the point.

"What tomfoolery do you want money for now?"

"I have a friend over there on a park bench whom I want to make seem like a rich man."

"In the old days," commented Channing, "that could be done for the price of a drink."

"Yes, but I'm not talking of the old days, nor of quite that kind of thing. Seriously, I want to try an experiment——"

"Well, having any money at all is little more than an experiment these days."

Channing Ransome is one of the rare members of the class so despised by Jim Graal and The *Dawn*, who quite realize that the world is changing.

"I think this will amuse you, Chan," I said, "and I think we can do it on about a hundred or two."

We did it on that. Perhaps the reader will be more in touch with my narrative, if he will read the brilliant, though long, nineteenth chapter in my book just out, "Credit Based on Presupposition of Wealth." Perhaps not. In any case the scene may as well be shifted to Tinner's Cove.

Tinner's Cove is the most delectable spot along the Sound's shore. It is the tiniest, most absurd fisherman's and boatman's village. Even the New York people and the New York bungalows that lie along the shore on either side cannot take away the smell of fish and tar. The little path that goes along the shore in front of the summer residences in the fashion of the more lordly Cliff Walk at Newport dips down as it comes to the "native" settlement and quite forgets New York. It crosses Tinner's Creek, which comes into the Cove here, by an agreeably rickety wooden foot-bridge with a draw manipulated by a great wooden wheel so that boats which are going to hibernate up the little stream can pass through. It is frequented by bronzed and salted gentlemen in blue jerseys. It is congested with small craft and in its immediate vicinity new boats are built and old boats sometimes rot to pieces in the sun. There had been, for all the ten years that I had known the Cove, a small snub-nosed houseboat which had been put out of the way far above the water. It looked as if a small tidal wave had lifted it up and tucked it away under a maple tree. It tilted at an angle. Its windows had been smashed. It looked disconsolate, as if it saw itself as kindling wood in the not far distant future. It was the butt of waterside jests. Poor *Belle of the Bay* as it was rather cruelly called.

You may imagine if the Cove was amused when one morning an elderly man and woman were discovered unpacking a disreputable looking old trunk and apparently moving into the *Belle*.

"A man's got to live somewhere, ain't he?" was the reply to inquiries. "Are millionaires the only ones allowed to breathe the sea air?"

They slung up two frayed hammocks, and produced some rather mangy bedding from their luggage. The old man lit a fire on the sand slope and the old woman borrowed from old Joe Ashby, who tended the draw-bridge, sold live bait and pursued all such nautical callings, a rusty disused old coffee pot and a skillet with a broken handle. Joe never got them back, let it be said.

Some few people felt vaguely indignant at the squatters and I took it upon myself to write to the *Belle's* owner, who hadn't been to the Cove for twelve years. But when I reported that he had replied that any one so hard up as to be willing to live aboard a God-forsaken houseboat was welcome to, public opinion became almost solid in pitying proverty-stricken "old Johnny Spancake," as he was familiarly known.

Two or three local chauffeurs offered to help him jack up the boat to something like a level, though he explained that when you slept in a hammock, you couldn't fall out of bed. The boys had offered their services without any idea of reward, but here John D., as he was also sometimes called, suddenly displayed a strangely ungracious side.

"What are you going to charge me for doing it? I ain't going to accept help unless I know what it's going to cost me."

When he learned it was going to cost nothing he thawed. But feeling was divided for a day as to whether he was cantankerous and stingy or just pitiably poor. We are, however, a kindly race at the Cove, and none of us long doubted that the Spancakes were poor as church mice.

SOON people were contributing odds and ends from their attics to furnish the houseboat, and we even went so far as to smuggle food in to Mrs. Spancake. Old Mrs. Livermore, who is of an old-fashioned delicacy of feelings, carried down two mutton chops one day hidden away in a bunch of yellow snap-dragons, so that no one's pride should be hurt. No one's pride was hurt.

At first it certainly seemed that there was no concealment about the new arrivals. It was soon known that Mr. Spancake was an inventor. Indeed, he promptly fitted up a little workroom at the stern of the boat where he tinkered. And he told me one afternoon—of course, I, too, like everyone else at the Cove, had made his acquaintance—that he was perfecting something called the Auto-Aero-Meter.

We laughed about it that evening at the Golf Club. Jeff Everett said it must be a machine for measuring hot air, and he advised Ed Whelan to get one. The general feeling about Spancake was that he was a kind of joke, a dreamy, inefficient failure. The proof of the pudding seemed to be that at his age he had made no money and was forced to this preposterous and miserable existence on board the *Belle*.

Of his poverty there could be no doubt. The expedients these wretched old creatures were driven to were almost fabulous. Mrs. Austin, for example, had given them an old kitchen chair; she found it two days later in an antique shop at Tinnerstown, where they said they had bought it of an old gentleman who had walked from the Cove to sell it and had received the princely sum of a dollar and a quarter for it. Of course, Mrs. Austin had vaguely expected her chair would be given back to her in the autumn, and somehow there seemed a moral point at issue somewhere. Yet, one could forgive anything in human beings so driven by stern necessity.

"Somehow it don't seem like pa and me," protested Mrs. Spancake to me, over the washtub.

"That's all right," I laughed. "That's how you'll be when you're rich."

"Don't say that. You almost make me want never to be rich."

"You've got to be rich," I answered. "You've got to be, so that I can prove my point."

AND then the old man and I consulted and I gave him his orders.

In the next few days there came to pass the episode of the Hamburg steak.

The particular kind of chopped beef which Mr. Tandy, our local butcher, dispensed, was priced at twenty-five cents a pound. John D. Spancake said that he'd take half a pound. But when Mr. Tandy prepared to take thirteen cents for it he objected vigorously, though the white-coated tradesman protested, in self-defense, that it was merely an immemorial custom to take thirteen instead of twelve when a legal twelve and a half was in question.

A considerable debate ensued. Finally a compromise was proposed, thirteen cents now and twelve cents when the next Hamburg was bought. But this was rejected by John Spancake, who insisted on twelve cents now and thirteen cents later. This *protocol* was established. Mr. Tandy was inclined to laugh at Mr. Spancake's seriousness over a cent, but he felt "riled" as he put it, when on Saturday the old gentleman came in and said that somehow the Hamburg hadn't "agreed" with his wife and he guessed he wouldn't take that other half pound.

The yarn had great success that night at the Club. We roared with laughter at Spancake's delicious shrewdness and gladly blinked at the ethical obliquity of his behavior. But then, being good and tender-hearted and Covish, we saw the other side.

"A man must have to be mighty poor to do a thing like that," some one said.

And in the pause that followed I inserted the thin edge of the wedge.

"Yes," I mused, "or mighty rich."

I lit a cigarette, trying to do so with that air of detachment which it is so agreeable to observe in villains in moments of great tension upon the stage.

"Why, by golly, you don't think——?"

"Certainly I don't think," I answered, "but you know as well as I do how a lot of them get rich. Why, Channing Ransome was saying just the other night at the Metropolitan Club, that on the whole he thought the richest men were the stingiest."

"And Ransome would have known some," commented Theodore Allen, who is always fascinated by the rich.

"But, of course," I went on, "this is all nonsense; it's almost a libel on poor old John D. I withdraw the theory."

It is, however, as I should have realized, not so easy to withdraw a theory.

"I don't know that the episode is particularly creditable to me," began old Mr. Farquhar, slowly and deliberately, "but I'll tell it for all that, as oddly enough it seems suddenly to have assumed significance. The other morning, as I went by the *Belle* on my way to the Post Office, Mrs. Spancake asked me if I'd bring back their mail. I did, and here is my shame. I examined the letters. I don't mean I opened them, but I looked at the exterior of the envelopes carefully."

"Of course you did," broke in Theodore.

Old Mr. Farquhar seemed to examine Theodore carefully for a moment, like a specimen of some inferior insect, then——

"Of course I did!" he went on. "And oddly enough one of the letters was from Mr. Channing Ransome! There, I've told it, and I don't feel quite like a gentleman."

"Was Sherlock Holmes a gentleman?" I inquired, mildly.

"Ransome's a friend of yours, isn't he?" asked some one. "Did you know he knew John D.?"

"I did not," I replied. "But I shall know. Channing telephoned to-day to say I was to get him a room at the Inn. He's coming down to spend the week-end with me."

"With you? Is he?" asked Theodore.

At that I went away. I thought, if I may vary the metaphor earlier employed, that I had dropped subtle poison in the cup.

It didn't exactly surprise me when I went along the shore-path the following morning to find Theodore sitting, very idle and very amiable, on the little deck-porch of the *Belle*. I am in a position to know something of the interview.

There was, of course, a decent prelude, then——

"I suppose some chaps have made a good lot out of inventions," he ventured genially.

"I have money!" snapped old Mr. Spancake. "No one ain't seen me beggin' around here, have they?"

As a matter of fact, we had, almost. But Theodore, with unusual tact, denied it.

"Yes—there's money in inventions," went on the old man—"if you keep it to yourself."

Theodore appeared chilled by this. He rose to go.

"Oh, of course, if a man's in a position to finance things himself——"

"I ain't saying that—" began Spancake with a frightened, hunted air. "A fellow that has to have his wife do all the work——"

Theodore, again amazingly tactful, changed the subject.

"We're all interested in the Auto-Aero-Meter," he said, with great heartiness, "because you're a Covite, and Covites stand together."

Channing Ransome came and went.

Sunday morning he was observed on the deck-porch of the *Belle*. The path was popular that morning, and at lunch, at Mrs. Ed Whelan's, he recounted with much more sprightliness than is usual for him, his encounter at the draw-bridge with a queer old codger. There was for an instant an air of constraint at the table.

"Yes, of course, Mr. Ransome, you haven't been to the Cove before. You hadn't met our quiet local character."

"No, I hadn't," answered Channing. It was true; he hadn't. There was a pause in the conversation of even deeper meaning.

"Did he talk to you about the Auto-Aero-Meter?"

"I will say he did."

"How did it sound to you?"

"Oh, I don't know," Channing laughed with almost elaborate carelessness, "it may be a good thing. Who can tell——"

"I haven't had much luck in the street lately," said Theodore. "I'd like to find a good thing where I could get in on the ground floor."

"Why don't you try, Theo?" suggested Channing. "As for me, I'd rather keep my money."

When leaving on Monday Ransome asked, "How much has it cost me so far?"

"Fifty dollars and ninety-six cents so far," I answered. "And I think John D. Spancake is almost a millionaire in the Cove's eyes."

BRIGHT and early Theodore was down to see me. And bright and early he came to the point.

"Did Channing tell you anything?" he asked.

I fenced.

"Tell me anything!" I exclaimed. "I tell *him* things; I'm a professor!"

"Ah, I suppose you're in, too," was his retort.

It appeared he meant I was investing in A. A. M.

"Investing what?" I asked Theo. "Remember, I'm a professor." He disdained to reply.

"At any rate, I know *this*," he said, "old Spancake is taking some outside money in A. A. M."

"I should think he'd have to!" I exclaimed.

"Don't be a fool!" adjured Theodore. "Don't you realize that old John D. is a rich man, only the worst tightwad on record? If you don't, you *are* a professor."

It was the ultimate insult. Even a professor will turn.

"What do you really *know*, Theodore?"

And then he produced the telegram. He wouldn't say how he got it. Nor will I. Of course it was all wrong. The operator at

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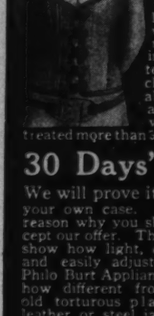

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Tinnerstown is an agreeable blonde and she may have enjoyed a run in Theo's car over to the Beach that evening, but that is no excuse. Anyhow, he appeared to know the substance of the telegram.

It appeared that old Spancake had walked over to Tinnerstown late Sunday afternoon to send it, although we have an office at the Cove. As though that made it safe! It was addressed to the Guaranty Trust Company at New York; and it said, "Go ahead with Zingo Valley project as originally planned. Buy control to-day using all available funds. May finance A. A. M. from outside sources." It was signed "S. D. J." and God in his wisdom alone knows what the Guaranty Trust may have thought about it, or where Zingo Valley may be. But Theodore bit and bit hard.

"It's the psychological moment," he said, "to get in. I'm going down to make an offer to him. Don't you want to get in?"

"How can I?" I asked.

"Well, I'll put in five hundred for you. After all, you *are* a professor. Would you like to come down with me? I've a special reason for wanting you along."

I had a very special reason for wanting to be along. But I must abridge the account of our interview.

"We've been talking you over at the club, Mr. Spancake." (I should say they had!) "We're pleased that a man like you should have chosen to spend the summer among us—a distinguished inventor like yourself. We are interested in the Auto-Aero-Meter. We'd like to think we had a part in it; as a sort of souvenir of the summer. And we've got together some money——"

"There ain't no need, so far as I know—" began John D.

"Oh, I know, I know—" interrupted Theo hastily. "But even a capitalist sometimes finds his fluid funds engaged——"

Theo furtively gave me a knowing look. I think John D. even more furtively gave me a more knowing one. He smiled. He seemed to admit all that Mr. Allen seemed to imply. But it is to be noted that he never for a moment asserted that he had a penny.

"As a matter of fact, it won't take such a powerful lot—" he began.

"It don't seem so to you," said Theodore, "and I don't suppose the whole question of the profit on your Auto-Aero-Meter seems very big to you."

"Oh," answered Mr. Spancake, "I like to make money out of my inventions."

He smiled. I never knew him more ingenuous and attractive. You forgot what a tightwad he was. Indeed he surpassed my fondest hopes. He blinked at the sun and he began nervously fingering a fish pole.

"I'd planned to try my luck this morning."

"Then you won't?" asked Theodore.

He shook his head, still smiling.

And suddenly Theodore seemed to become honester than usual, almost ingenuous himself.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it's all right. Business is business. We're not rich people down here, like some others—and we're hit by the H. C. of L. and I suppose we just wanted a chance to make some money."

The moment had come and Mr. Spancake took advantage of it. Somehow the episode grew real, grew touching, not just the joke I'd planned. I know my eyes were a little wet. But, after all, I'm only a professor.

"You want to help me, don't you?" asked John D., trembling a little. "Well, come in with me to a patent lawyer's in New York and we'll see if we can fix up a deal."

THE crash came soon enough. John D. took up to town, the next morning, a most appalling grip-sack with paper and plans, and we all repaired to the office of Stephen Elmer, eminent patent authority. Mr. Spancake turned over a mass of plans and specifications to the attorney to examine and meanwhile he and Theodore had a preliminary skirmish over the business.

"If the machine, in Mr. Elmer's opinion and such experts as we'll later call in, will do what you say it will, we're prepared to put in the sum I mentioned and take a half-stock interest."

They debated this awhile and suddenly I became conscious of Mr. Elmer. His mouth was set tight and his eyes grew harder as he glanced from his papers to John D. Spancake. Suddenly he broke out.

"I haven't had the honor to know you before, Mr. Spancake. But if you imagine my time is to be taken up with jokes, you are mistaken. If you've any knowledge of science, you've scarcely taken the trouble to make these plans look as if they'd work."

I stared in horror at old Mr. Spancake. He made no answer. He looked, so I thought, merely crumpled up and bewildered. I cursed my folly. So this was what I'd done. Laboriously built up my credit structure—for a sheer incompetent—for a blithering old fool of an inventor. This was, I told myself, what came of being a romantic ass, a mere professor.

I looked at John D. I thought his lips twitched as if he were about to speak. I expected some babbling, senile defense of that wretched A. A. M.

"So it isn't any good," blurted out Theodore. His face looked white and he had a hunted air, as if in his financial condition A. A. M. had meant a good deal more to him than I had guessed. It made old Spancake and me even more pitiable figures. I determined in that moment to stick to lecturing in Cambridge. I swore I'd never come near New York again. I could scarcely force myself to look at my confederate.

When I did, to my astonishment and horror, he winked at me.

"No, of course, it isn't any good!" he remarked lightly. His tone made the speech like a bomb. We all looked at him aghast.

When he went on it was to Mr. Elmer, and almost irrelevantly.

"JOKES seem to take up a lot of the time of your friends," and then he looked at me. I was angry.

"So far as you are concerned, Mr. Spancake, it was not a joke. Mr. Allen was ready to back you up seriously."

"Were you?" he asked Theo.

"Of course I was," replied Theodore, still white and spent-looking. "You're a rich man, it doesn't matter to you. But this might have been a matter of life and death with me."

"I want to know!" ejaculated John D.

"I haven't your sense of humor, Mr. Spancake," said I, with what I hoped was angry irony. But he paid no attention to me. He turned again to Theo.

"Would you have been willing to have backed me up if I hadn't been a rich man?" he asked.

"I don't say I would. That gave me confidence in your invention."

"That's the theory of credit," I explained; my spirits were recovering. "If you had read my Chapter XIX, a very brilliant one——"

"Well, then, I reckon I'd better stay a rich man," smiled John D., and again he winked openly and outrageously at me.

He bent over the appalling grip-sack.

"Here," he said, "these *are* some good," holding out another lot of papers. "And I got the patents already taken out on it. I been sewed up so often by you hyenas of finance," and he nodded amiably to Theo, (who looked very little like a hyena) "I got to be careful," he finished.

I took Theodore a little aside.

"He isn't rich, Theo. That's just one of my elaborate jokes. I'm telling you this because I see the investment is serious with you. If the invention turns out all right, it doesn't matter your having been spoofed over John D.'s wealth, does it?"

"No, it doesn't matter," said Theo wearily. "Only now I know he's poor, I know he has always failed and he'll fail now."

Yes, he'd always failed, and, I added to myself, I'd always fail. Was I, after all, what the young men in my class room would probably describe as a poor fish? I hoped in humility, that that was how they did describe me.

And then Mr. Elmer, on his side of the room, almost went up in the air. He gripped old John D.'s hand,

"I believe you've got it, sir."

"He calls me 'sir,' now," replied my old gentleman. "Of course, I've got it."

And he had. I need offer no proofs. Those who hold Auto-Aero-Meter shares roll lightly in their limousines. Mrs. John D. looks magnificent in hers, though I must say she is nothing to Mrs. Theo.

I did very well, myself, but, after all, I am only a professor. I think my old gentleman was prepared to go almost any length in generosity. I had to restrain him. You don't want to spoil a good joke by making it too profitable. I had to remind him of Ransome's statement—that stinginess was the most marked characteristic of a rich man.

"I don't think I'm as rich as that," protested Mr. Spancake.

"Well, then, my job isn't finished," I answered. "I want everybody to think you are a multimillionaire. Tighten your belt."

And I reminded him of another of Channing's statements, that having money at all is little more than an experiment these days.

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Some T. R. Talks About Men

From Intimate Conversations Repeated

by

John J. Leary, Jr.

His Friend Arthur Woods

"IF you'll promise to mail this promptly," said Colonel Roosevelt one day in 1918, "I'll let you in on a State secret. Our friend Arthur Woods is going to France on a special assignment. This contains some letters I am giving him to Clemenceau and others he may wish to meet. He is an excellent fellow, and I'd like to help him."

"He made a good Police Commissioner, Colonel," I observed.

"The best New York ever had," came the prompt answer. "I used to think that honor belonged to me, but it no longer does — Woods has been a better man than I was. If that letter were not sealed, you'd find I say so in one of the enclosures. You like Woods?"

"Yes, he's a friend of mine — he tried to help me get into the army."

"Didn't you like his police work?"

"Yes, sir, though until you had spoken I would not have ranked him quite so high. I always felt that niche was permanently filled by you."

"I did myself, but to be entirely honest another has done everything I did as well as I ever did it, and he's done other things much better. In some respects his work was easier, but this, I think, was more than offset by the changed conditions, the growth of the city and a large increase in the potentially criminal classes.

"Woods is the sort of man I have always said should be in that office — he's a non-partisan, no politician had any strings on him. To get the best results the head of the New York Police Department should be as nearly permanent as any public officer ever is, and he should be of the same non-partisan type that Woods has been while in office. The theory that a temporary Commissioner can get the best results from a permanent police force is unsound. It is this condition that was the life of what has been called 'the system.' We've all heard that the system is dead. I don't believe it. I don't think Woods believes that. It has not been active, been visible to the naked eye under Woods, but I think you'll find it has only been asleep.

"Woods was a splendid executive. In all his work that I am familiar with he made one error that I consider serious. That was with Enright — now in his place. I told him, and I maintain now, that it was a serious error of judgment on his part, as it was on the part of others, not to give Enright the captaincy his place on the Civil Service list entitled him to. As I told Woods, the just thing to do was to give him his promotion and see what he did with it. I did not think his activity in department-politics so long as there was nothing against him should be allowed to keep from him the place in the department that it was admitted he was competent to fill.

"The police of New York, man for man, have always been a splendid lot. They've been just as honest as the administration and the head of the department wished them to be. There was more truth than poetry in what a captain or inspector — I think it was Herlihy — is said to have told Bingham: 'Put all your cards on the table. I'm a cop and I'll do what I'm told to do, only let me know whether you mean what you say when you say it.' It was something like that. That is the real spirit of the police — they'll be just as honest as the head of the department wishes them to be. If he's honest and not influenced by dishonest politicians they will run straight. If dishonesty is favored or expected, the weaker ones most exposed to temptation, will be dishonest.

"Woods, of course, was honest and he was not tempted by politicians and others. Temperamentally he was admirably fitted for the place. Mitchel left him a free hand. Hence his success.

"When he comes out of the army I expect he will go into some sort of business. His great executive ability will be in demand. I do not suppose he will ever return to the police department. He would hardly care to. He never should have been allowed to leave it. Some day you may be called upon for your opinion of police commissioners. If you are, put Arthur Woods first; if you wish, and feel that way, put me second.

"And if any one asks your authority, say I told you so."

Lodge's Other Side

"YOU do not mean that? Why that is even better than I thought. You know the papers said the pacifist struck the first blow."

I had returned to Oyster Bay from Washington by way of Boston, and had the "inside" story of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's fist fight with a pacifist, and the effect it had had on the Senator's constituents.

"The folks down Massachusetts way are amazed and pleased," I told the Colonel. "If Lodge were a candidate for anything to-morrow, he'd even carry South Boston — and that, normally, is 6 to 1 Democratic."

"That's splendid. Do I understand you right — Lodge hit this fellow immediately after he called him a coward, is that right?"

"Yes, sir, as I get it, and I'm sure of my facts, he got in the first wallop. That is why he refused to prosecute the man.

"The funniest thing is Lodge's home paper, the *Lynn Item*, which has always been a sort of organ of his, treating him with respect almost to the point of awe. Since the row it has been picturing him in ring togs as 'the Nahant Kid,' with huskies removing his victim by head and heels. Everybody is tickled silly with the idea of the senator developing a wallop in his old age."

"I must say that I share their sentiments though I am not exactly surprised at his resenting an insult," said the Colonel. "And I'm sure his people wouldn't be if they knew Lodge as well as they think they do. If they did, to use your irreverent phrase, they'd know him to be 'a regular fellow' in pretty much everything.

"Lodge, you know, has always rather cultivated that 'scholar in politics' tradition. He's been the scholar and he's been in politics, but he's a mighty practical man at that. Of course I know they have never seen Lodge when he did not look the scholar part. If there was any fault in his make-up, he was too well groomed. He has, however, been, to use once more your irreverent description, a 'regular fellow' and he has taken good care of his physical self. He does not look the athlete, but he's more powerful physically than he looks.

"The 'scholar' tradition about Lodge has always amused me. He's no bookworm. He is the student, yes, but he's also the senator from Massachusetts, — do not forget that. I do not suppose your friends at home ever think of Lodge running about on errands for his constituents as other senators and representatives have to. Well, he does as much of that as any man I know. When I was president he'd come to me on all sorts of errands for Democrats and Republicans alike.

"Lodge and I were friends long before he went to the senate or I to the White House. He was helpful to me before I was president, but more so after I became president. I could depend on him to think clearly and to give me of his best. He was absolutely unselfish about it, too. Some persons were foolish enough to think we would break because he suppofted Taft in 1912. There never was the remotest chance for that. I knew where Lodge stood and respected his position; he knew my situation and respected it. Have you heard what Lodge thinks of the response at home?"

"Yes," said I. "He has a room full of letters and telegrams commending him. Publicly he deprecates the affair; privately I think he is pleased. However, here's what he told one Boston man:

"'It's a remarkable commentary on American public opinion that after a lifetime spent in public service and about the time I am ready to pass on, satisfied that I have done some things my children won't be ashamed of, the public suddenly discovers I am a great man when I commit a breach of the peace.'"

"The dear old Brahmin," explained the Colonel, "that's just like him. The scholar in politics simply couldn't bring himself to say that he had indulged in a fist-fight."

Why Alger Escaped

STUDENTS of Spanish War history may recall that however Colonel Roosevelt may have criticized war department officials at that time, General Russell A. Alger, then Secretary of War, was one of those who escaped. For this there was a reason — the T. R. policy of a lifetime of sticking to a friend wherever it was humanly possible to do so.

"Some persons may have wondered," he remarked one day, "why it was I never criticized General Alger. The explanation is simple: Whenever I found myself up against some foolish bureau chief whose love for red tape would block me in fitting out my regiment, I'd go to Alger and he'd give me what I wanted. Thus, I wanted modern rifles using smokeless powder. The then chief of ordnance advised that I take the old-fashioned Springfield using black powder. He said the smoke would hide us from the enemy.

"I could not convince him this was bad judgment so I went to Alger. He fixed us up immediately. That is why you never heard of my saying anything against the old General. Anyway others said enough."

The Colonel and John L.

IT seems fitting that Roosevelt and John L. Sullivan should have been friends.

"Old John L. has been a greater power for good in this country than many a highly respectable person who would scorn to meet him on terms of equality," said the Colonel. "He has been my friend many years, and I am proud to be his."

The old champion, who in his later years knew the pinch of need, had come to New York to see the Colonel and had had an hour of his time while persons of real political and social importance waited in an anteroom. His object in coming was to offer his aid in "getting over" the Colonel's division. When he left it was to return to Boston to hold a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall to protest against delay in the granting of permission to begin recruiting.

"I can't do much," he said, "but I guess we can rock old Faneuil Hall just to show that Boston's heart is still in the right place."

"It was mighty decent of old John L. to come over to see me," said the Colonel after the meeting. "He wants to help. I more than half suspect he needs help himself, but I would not for the life of me insult him by even a hint of an offer. Old John has many excellent qualities including a high degree of self-respect. He also has a large measure of native ability. I know that his former profession is not a very exalted one, but he was a fair fighter, he never threw a fight and, in his way, he did his best to uphold American supremacy. Do you remember his little speech when Corbett defeated him — gratification that it was an American who whipped him?

"John's best fight, however, was made after he lost to Corbett. I mean his whipping John Barleycorn. That was a real victory and I am proud of him for having made it. Since then I believe he has been the most effective temperance lecturer I have known. He was effective because he could appeal to classes of men and boys, others, however gifted, could never hope to reach. His hold on the public has been longer maintained than any other champion I ever heard of. I like John for his contribution to good citizenship.

"He used to call at the White House occasionally just as he sometimes calls at Sagamore Hill. Once he called at the White House on a personal matter — he told my secretary it was personal and I saw him at once. After we had shaken hands, he laid a heavy black cigar on the desk.

"'Have a cigar, Mr. President,' he said.

"I told him I did not smoke.

"'Have another — give 'em to a friend,' he replied, laying another on the desk.

"The social amenities having been attended to, I asked what I could do for him.

"'I come to see you about a nephew,' said he, 'my favorite nephew. He is in the navy and in trouble.'

"John explained that he had enlisted in the Marines, got into trouble of some sort and deserted for which he was sentenced to a dishonorable discharge.

"'Now, Colonel,' said he, 'that's something we can't have. We don't want anything like that in our family. He's a good boy, Colonel, just a trifle wild. I wish you could have him in hand a little while. You'd fix him.

"'It's a tough case, too, Colonel,' he went on. 'Here's this boy, my favorite nephew, I've done everything for him, but he doesn't do anything for himself. He even went and took up music.'

"John did not explain whether he had taken up violin or barrel organ, but he left no doubt that he felt this was beneath the Sullivan dignity."

"What became of the boy, Colonel," I asked.

"The boy was all right. I was glad to do what I could for John. Since then he's told me the boy has done well. I failed to ask, however, if he persisted in music."

On another occasion I called at the Harvard Club by appointment to get the news of the day as regarded the "division."

"I have had but two visitors to-day," he said, "Archbishop John Ireland and John L. Sullivan, both, as you know, old friends.

"It might interest you to know that old John and the Archbishop are rather good friends. Their common interest is temperance, and they had a real good chat. John thinks the Archbishop is all right, and the Archbishop respects John's good qualities. Under other conditions, the Archbishop thinks John might have made a splendid churchman. I don't. John was intended for a prize-fighter, and it would have been too bad to spoil the best fighter of them all and make, perhaps, a second-rate clergyman, with, as it has developed, less real power for good than old John has exercised. I told His Grace this, but, of course, he could not be expected to concede as much as that. He does, however, think well of John.

"The secret of John's holding his own with the public was his rugged honesty and the fact that he was a champion who was always willing to fight.

"After all, there is a lot of the primal man in most of us."

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An Artist at the Wheel

by Lane Doyle

LAST week we sold a car to an artist. He wore a small cap on the front half of his head. He was a disciple of Truth, even when speaking of himself and his relation to Art.

As an instructor, I had to teach the artist to operate the car. He was quite naïve, and began telling me of himself soon after our introduction.

"My father requested me to get out and hustle for myself. He could not fathom my love for Art, and thought that hunger would bring me to a materialistic basis. Do you observe that my nose is quite red?"

I hesitated. "Speak the truth," he admonished.

"Well, it does sort of resemble a tail-light," I admitted.

"It is my badge of courage." He spoke proudly. "I lived on canned corn for almost a year, and my nose daily became more red. Father waited for me to succumb to materialism, but I stuck to canned corn and Art."

"And then you sold a picture, and ——?"

He smiled sadly. "Ah, no. This is the age of commercialism. My uncle disliked father, so when uncle died he left me his money. I am buying a car so that I may roam between mountains and sea, painting master landscapes of California."

I smiled in sympathy. We were seated in the car, so I began the lesson at once.

"Have you ever driven a car?" I asked.

"Not an automobile," he replied.

"Then watch everything I do. If you don't understand my explanations, ask questions. The first thing I do is to put the key into the switch."

"Is that necessary?"

"Very. Now, I make sure that the spark is in its proper position. This is done by pulling down this lever."

He nodded profoundly.

"Then I adjust the throttle lever so that the motor will have plenty of gasoline. Now, I step on the starter."

The motor started promptly. He smiled, and was plainly delighted. "Well! I never dreamed it was that simple! When shall we begin to move?"

"To make it move we must put it in gear. First, I throw out, or disengage, the clutch. I step on the left pedal, thus throwing out the clutch. I move the gear shift lever into low gear position. At the same time I allow the clutch pedal to rise slowly, I step on the accelerator, or foot throttle."

"But I thought the throttle was on the steering-wheel."

"Either one will do. The foot throttle is more convenient."

"If you use both of them, I suppose you can go twice as fast?"

"Oh, no! Now the car starts. We pick up. I again step on the clutch, and shift into second. We gain speed."

"Do you have to continue stepping on the clutch in order to go faster?"

"Only one more shift is necessary. This time we go into high, or third gear."

The motor whirred nicely, and we sped toward the edge of the city. The artist sighed happily. "It's a great automobile, and it seems very simple to run. When may I take the wheel?"

"You may have it now. I'll stop the car, and let you perform the entire operation of starting."

We exchanged seats. He got one narrow knee on each side of the steering column, and paused to think. It was evident that he was not going to plunge recklessly into this driving business. After a moment of deliberation his countenance suddenly glowed with inspiration. He stepped on the accelerator, and leaned forward to listen intently.

He was puzzled. "It's a very quiet engine, isn't it? I can not seem to hear it."

"You are stepping on the throttle," I told him gently.

He blushed. "Why, how absurd of me! I knew something was wrong."

He found the starter button and let his long foot drop upon it. The starter hummed without response from the motor. Again he thought deeply. He inspected the speedometer dial carefully, but could discover no irregularity. He put more weight on the starter, and I sympathized with the battery.

"Turn on your ignition," I suggested.

He promptly reached forward and turned on the lights. Once more his foot dropped upon the starter, but with no success. The painter of landscapes listened.

"You'll exhaust the battery. You didn't turn on the ignition. You turned on the lights. The switches are marked."

HIS hand trembled as he turned the ignition switch to "on." This time the starter got results, but he held his foot firmly on the button.

"Take your foot off!" I exclaimed rather abruptly.

He jerked his foot away.

My smile was by this time merely a professional mask. "Now step on your clutch and move the lever into low gear. Let the clutch in very slowly."

He nonchalantly stepped on the service-brake pedal, and pulled the emergency brake lever as far back as it would go! He grasped the steering-wheel with rigid determination, while his breath came in painful gasps. He allowed the foot-brake pedal to rise slowly. It resumed its usual position, and he waited for the car to start. The motor idled quietly. Serene quietude reigned o'er the fields, but all was tumult in that artistic heart. My own pulse was running like an electric fan.

Suddenly the artist glared at me. "Have I been cheated? Why will this automobile not run?"

"It isn't in gear. If any car could run in neutral, this one could. But cars can't."

He pointed toward the hand brake, set in its last notch. "Is not that low gear?"

"No, that's the hand brake. You stepped on one brake and set the other. Now, if you'll step on the clutch, and use the gear shift lever, we will undoubtedly move."

"I fear that I am quite slow in acquiring the technique of driving."

He disengaged the clutch properly, while I released the hand brake. He shoved the gear lever into reverse, and permitted the clutch to take hold. I looked quickly around, and saw that the fields were almost as smooth as the road. Going backward would cause no trouble.

His cap fell over his eyes as we started in reverse, for his foot was heavy. I removed the blindfold, and beheld a face from which all hope had fled. He feared to turn his eyes toward me, and I was cruelly silent. He probably decided that I was paralyzed by fear. His elbow accidentally touched the horn-button, and the sudden screech of warning so startled him that he let go of everything. We stopped.

He slumped down by the wheel, while his nose, his badge of courage, faded to a delicate shade of pink. In a moment he revived, and seemed to understand that he had not passed over the great divide. He even attempted humor.

"Landscapes are beautiful, but I have no wish to become an inanimate part of one."

I smiled, which was very reasonable of me.

"Does the automobile act that way very often?" he asked.

"Only when you put it in reverse," I told him.

He pulled himself together by a strong effort of the will which had enabled him to stick to Art and canned corn for a year. "The automobile is not injured, is it?"

"Not at all. The worst is over. There are only a few more mistakes possible, unless you invent some new ones."

Reassured by my kind words, he set about getting the car in motion. After a few moments of careful experimentation he was successful. She moved, and the artist wore an expression such as must have transfigured the face of Robert Fulton when his steamboat began its historic journey.

For several hours we went here and there, now upon the road, and then into a field or truck garden. Once we speeded, the speedometer showing seventeen miles an hour. This pace was more than the painter could stand, so I took the wheel, and we went into town again. In front of his bungalow we stopped, and I waited rather uncertainly.

"You need have no fear," he assured me, "I am confident now. It was a terrible experience at first, but that is a part of the past."

"Whenever in doubt, use the brakes. Keep out of downtown traffic for several years. Drive slowly. Always say 'sir' to a policeman. Call me up if you need help. And most important of all, *never* trust drivers of other cars! They never obey laws intentionally. If you have the right of way, don't take it."

I gave him this advice from the bottom of my heart, and he listened in awe. He assimilated it, and I left him.

It was last Saturday that I taught the artist to drive. I was reading the Sunday paper when I beheld a picture which knocked me off my chair. There he was, my friend the artist, with his little cap removed and his hair waving in the wind! Standing with an arm affectionately curled around the radiator cap, and this legend below his feet:

"Eric Robinson, distinguished landscape artist, who enthusiastically declares that the Sachem Six is the best car it has been his pleasure to own. Mr. Robinson is one of America's greatest landscape painters, and will start to-morrow on a working tour through Southern California."

A press-agent knows no laws.

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Automobile Editor, McClure's Magazine
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(634)

How You Can Have a Winning Personality

Secret of Woman's Success

So many women, and girls reaching the threshold of Womanhood, imagine that *charm* is a rare gift accorded by the fairies at birth. If the gay sprites have put their mark of favor upon you, you are singularly fortunate, but if they passed you by you are just plain unlucky, and there is nothing you can do about it. This is wrong, so wrong. The secret of charm, of a winning personality, of a presence which draws others to you as the magnet draws the needle, can be gained by any woman who truly wishes it.

Why I Know

I make this statement confidently, for I know whereof I speak. During my years, both here in America and abroad, I had boundless opportunity to study intimately women in all walks of life, women of high and low degree, the grande dame wrapped in priceless furs, motoring in the Bois du Boulogne, and the chic little milliner from the specialty shop on the Rue de la Paix. **So many wonderful things have come out of France** that it is scarcely surprising that her women have the ability to enwrap life and those about them with a rose-colored glow which is one of the many secrets of the **French woman's irresistible attraction.**

The Magic Wand

If you had the ability to remake yourself, if you could wave a wand and be just what you have always dreamed, would you do it? I am sure you would. Now, I have this wand, this magic stick which has so often transformed the ugliest duckling into a beautiful swan. I may be the Fairy Godmother to your dearest dreams. Possibly it is some trifling habit that stands in the way of your having a truly winning personality. If you only put the proper rules into use you should improve amazingly.

You no longer need to envy other women. You have it in your power to obtain admiration, to command attention, to become winsome—to succeed in your aims.

How to Hold the Interest of Men

Juliette Fara

For all they are so confident and masterful, men are "only boys grown tall." They are not so hard to please—if you know how! Often you will hear some one ask: "What do big men see in those tiny fluffy women?" The tiny fluffy women have, possibly, the gift of adaptability. They know how to fit into a man's moods—to hearten him when he's down, to charm him when he is glum.

The French Woman's Allure

This ability is native born with most French girls and is another of their secrets of attraction. What they have done and do is possible for you, also. It does not require any great skill or expense. It takes only two things—the desire to accomplish plus understanding. The desire to accomplish must come from you. The understanding I can give you, if you will let me.

How to Win

You should adopt some of these secrets of the French women. They are easily acquired. Remember, I refer to winsome ways which the most modest and respectable person may use. And I am sure this includes you, dear reader.

Important! To obtain Madame Fara's little book, "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send it in; or you may write by letter or post card requesting it. Address as below:

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43rd St., 136-A, New York, N. Y.

You Can Be Attractive

It is not necessary to be a great beauty or to possess a brilliant mind or to wear stunning clothes to have this power of fascination. How many times in your own experience have you watched a really homely woman, surrounded by men, the very center of attention? How many times have you seen a self-made girl, one who has perhaps only just managed to finish grammar school, the most feted and courted girl of your acquaintance? Can't you recall the first time you saw Emily Deane, who, apparently without effort, became engaged to the most eligible young man in town? You looked at her and remarked cuttingly: "Why, she hasn't even clothes. She's only a plain little thing! How did she get him?"

Oh, yes! Emily was a plain little thing; she wore a skirt that was shiny, but she had that something which is greater than beauty, or brains or clothes. She had the charm of an attractive personality.

Cultivate Winsomeness

So often I have seen possibilities in some woman, some young girl, that needed only a hint to bring out all the best qualities in her. Dozens of times I have felt like going up to some woman and saying: "I know a secret which will completely change your whole life! Will you let me tell it to you?" But I couldn't very well so accost a stranger, could I?

But, oh! I do so want to share my knowledge with the hosts of eager-eyed girls and women in this America that I love. I want to let you profit by my experience. I know it will benefit you and make you happier and more alive, as well as markedly successful.

The Value of Personality

I have been astounded at the difference in outlook, in opportunity, that the absence of personality makes in the lives of those who, lacking this one necessary attribute, really lack everything. I have made an exhaustive study of this subject—in railway carriages, on board ship, in the dining-rooms of the great hotels, not only in England and on the Continent, but right here in our own America. I know that there are hundreds of women who need certain private information to change from wall flowers and failures to popularity and success.

Overcome Your Imperfections

If you are shy and bashful I can show you how to overcome these failings.

If you are aggressive and brusque I can show you how to tone down so that you will attract where heretofore you have repelled. If you are vain or boisterous, or one of those who, without earning it, demand that you be the center of attention, I can give you a friendly, helping hand, so that you will be sought after rather than snubbed.

A Book FREE To You

I have put some of my secrets into a little book called **"How"** that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send without delay for this free book **"How."** I know that you want to possess happiness and contentment and gain all those good things of life which come to you as the result of having a winning personality. **"How"** will show you the way.

Juliette Fara

Mail the Coupon for Free Book

Free Book Coupon

Simply cut out this coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to us, with your name and address written very plainly, and we will send you Madame Juliette Fara's little book, entitled "How." Address

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43rd St., 136-A, New York, N. Y.

A Mixed Threesome

[Continued from page 17]

explanation. Think what this means, my boy. Think how you will feel every time your wife says she is going out to do a little shopping! Think of yourself, left alone at home, watching the clock, saying to yourself, 'Now she is lifting a pair of silk stockings!' — 'Now she is hiding gloves in her umbrella!' — 'Just about this moment she is getting away with a pearl necklace! . . .'"

"Would she do that?"

"She would! She could not help herself. Or, rather, she could not refrain from helping herself. How about it, my boy?"

"It only draws us closer together," he said.

I was touched, I own. My scheme had failed, but it had proved Mortimer Sturgis to be of pure gold.

"By the way," he said meditatively, "I wonder if the dear girl ever goes to any of those sales — those auction-sales, you know, where you're allowed to inspect the things the day before? They often have some pretty decent vases . . ."

He broke off and fell into a reverie.

From this point onward, Mortimer Sturgis proved the truth of what I said to you about the perils of taking up golf at an advanced age. A lifetime of observing my fellow-creatures has convinced me that Nature intended us all to be golfers. In every human being the germ of golf is implanted at birth, and suppression causes it to grow and grow till — it may be at forty, fifty, sixty,— it suddenly bursts its bonds and sweeps over the victim like a tidal wave. The wise man, who begins to play in childhood, is enabled to let the poison exude gradually from his system, with no harmful results. But a man like Mortimer Sturgis, with thirty-eight golfless years behind him, is swept off his feet. He loses all sense of proportion.

Mortimer Sturgis gave himself up without a struggle to an orgy of golf such as I have never witnessed in any man. Within two days of that first lesson he had accumulated a collection of clubs large enough to have enabled him to open a shop: and he went on buying them at the rate of two and three a day. On Sundays, when it was impossible to buy clubs, he was like a lost spirit. True, he would do his regular four rounds on the day of rest, but he never felt happy. The thought, as he sliced into the rough, that the patent wooden-faced cleek which he intended to purchase next morning might have made all the difference, completely spoiled his enjoyment.

I remember him calling me up on the telephone at three o'clock one morning to tell me that he had solved the problem of putting. He intended, in future, he said, to use a croquet mallet, and he wondered that no one had ever thought of it before. The sound of his broken groan when I informed him that croquet mallets were against the rules haunted me for days.

His golf library kept pace with his collection of clubs. He bought all the standard works, subscribed to all the golfing papers, and, when he came across a paragraph in a magazine to the effect that Mr. Hutchings, an ex-amateur champion of Great Britain, did not begin to play till he was past forty, he had it engraved on vellum and framed and hung up behind his shaving-mirror.

AND Betty, meanwhile? She, poor child, stared down the years into a bleak future, in which she saw herself parted forever from the man she loved and the golf-widow of another for whom — even when he won a medal for lowest net at a weekly handicap with a score of a hundred-and-twenty-three minus forty-six — she could feel nothing warmer than respect. Those were dreary days for Betty. We three — she and I and Eddie Denton — often talked over Mortimer's strange obsession. Denton said that, except that Mortimer had not come out in pink spots, his symptoms were almost identical with those of the dreaded *mongo-mongo*, the scourge of the West African hinterland. Poor Denton! He had already booked his passage for Africa, and spent hours looking in the atlas for good deserts.

In every fever of human affairs there comes at last the crisis. We may emerge from it healed or we may plunge into still deeper depths of soul-sickness: but always the crisis comes. I was privileged to be present when it came in the affairs of Mortimer Sturgis and Betty Weston.

I had gone into the club-house one afternoon at an hour when it is usually empty, and the first thing I saw, as I entered the main room, which looks out on the ninth green, was Mortimer. He was groveling on the floor, and I confess that, when I caught sight of him, my heart stood still. I feared that his reason, sapped by dissipation, had given way. I knew that for weeks, day in and day out, the niblick had hardly ever been out of his hand, and no constitution can stand that.

He looked up as he heard my footsteps.

"Hullo," he said. "Can you see a ball anywhere?"

"A ball?" I backed away, reaching for the door-handle. "My dear boy," I said soothingly, "you have made a mistake. Quite a natural mistake. One anybody would have made. But, as a matter of fact, this is the club-house. The links are outside there. Why not come away with me quite quietly and let us see if we can't find some balls on the links? If you will wait a moment, I will call up Doctor Smithson. He was telling me this morning that he wanted a good spell of ball-hunting to put him in shape. You don't mind if he joins us?"

"IT was a Sure-Shot Fifty with my initials on it," Mortimer went on, not heeding me. "I got on the ninth green in eleven with a nice mashie-niblick, but my approach putt was a little too strong. It came in through that window."

I perceived for the first time that one of the windows facing the course was broken, and my relief was great. I went down on my knees, and helped him in his search. We ran the ball to earth inside the piano.

"What's the local rule?" inquired Mortimer. "Must I play it where it lies, or may I tee up and lose a stroke? If I have to play it where it lies, I suppose a niblick would be the club?"

It was at this moment that Betty came in. One glance at her pale, set face told me there was to be a scene, and I would have retired, but that she was between me and the door.

"Hullo, dear," said Mortimer, greeting her with a friendly waggle of his niblick. "I'm bunkered in the piano. My approach-putt was a little strong, and I over-ran the green."

"Mortimer," said the girl tensely, "I want to ask you one question."

"Yes, dear? I wish, darling, you could have seen my drive just now. It was a pip!"

"Are we engaged," she said, looking at him steadily, "or are we not?"

"Engaged? Oh, to be married? Why, of course. I tried the open stance for a change, and . . ."

"This morning you promised to take me for a ride. You never appeared. Where were you?"

"Just playing golf."

"Golf! I'm sick of the very name!"

A spasm shook Mortimer.

"You mustn't let people hear you saying things like that!" he said. "I somehow felt, the moment I began my up-swing, that everything was going to be all right. I . . ."

"I'll give you one more chance. Will you take me for a drive in your car this evening?"

"I can't."

"Why not? What are you doing?"

"Just playing golf!"

"I'm tired of being neglected like this!" cried Betty, stamping her foot. Poor girl, I saw her point of view. It was bad enough for her, being engaged to the wrong man, without having him treat her as a mere acquaintance. Her conscience, fighting with her love for Eddie Denton, had kept her true to Mortimer, and Mortimer accepted the sacrifice with an absent-minded carelessness which would have been galling to any girl. "We might just as well not be engaged at all. You never take me anywhere."

"I asked you to come with me to watch the Open Championship."

"Why don't you ever take me to dances?"

"I can't dance."

"You could learn."

"But I'm not sure if dancing is good for a fellow's game. You never hear of any first-class pro. dancing. James Braid doesn't dance."

"Well, my mind's made up. Mortimer, you must choose between golf and me."

"But, darling, I went round in a hundred

and eighteen yesterday. You can't expect a fellow to give up golf when he's at the top of his game."

"Very well. I have nothing more to say. Our engagement is at an end."

"Don't throw me over, Betty," pleaded Mortimer, and there was that in his voice which cut me to the heart. "You'll make me so miserable. And, when I'm miserable, I always slice my approach-shots."

Betty Weston drew herself up.

"Here is your ring!" she said, and swept from the room.

For a moment after she had gone, Mortimer remained very still, looking at the glistening circle in his hand. I stole across the room and patted his shoulder.

"Bear up, my boy, bear up!" I said.

He looked at me piteously.

"Stymied!" he muttered.

"Be brave!"

He went on, speaking as if to himself: "I had pictured—ah, how often I had pictured!—our little home! Hers and mine! She sewing in her armchair, I practising putts on the hearth-rug . . ." He choked. "While in the corner, little Walter Hagen Sturgis played with little Chick Evans Sturgis. And round the room . . reading, busy with their childish tasks . . . little Francis Ouimet Sturgis, James Barnes Sturgis, Jerome Travers Sturgis, Mike Brady Sturgis, John Hutchinson Sturgis, and little George McLean Sturgis . . . ."

"My boy! My boy!" I cried.

"What's the matter?"

"Weren't you giving yourself rather a large family?" He shook his head moodily. "Was?" he said dully. "I don't know. What's bogey?" There was a silence.

"And yet . . ." he said at last in a low voice. He paused. An odd, bright look had come into his eyes. He seemed suddenly to be himself again, the old, happy Mortimer Sturgis I had known so well. "And yet," he said, "Who knows? Perhaps it is all for the best. They might all have turned out tennis-players!" He raised his niblick again, his face aglow. "Playing thirteen!" he said. "I think the game here would be to chip out through the door and work round the club-house to the green, don't you?"

Little remains to be told. Betty and Eddie have been happily married for years. Mortimer's handicap is now down to eighteen, and he is improving all the time. He was not present at the wedding, being unavoidably detained by a medal tournament: but, if you turn up the files and look at the list of presents, which were both numerous and costly, you will see — somewhere in the middle of the column, the words:—

STURGIS, J MORTIMER—

Two dozen Sure-Shot Golf-balls and one patent Sturgis Aluminum Self-adjusting Self-Compensating Putting-Cleek.

What Junk Has Done

[*Continued from page 29*]

them and became an automobile manufacturer.

That man is Charles Kriser, a Hungarian, who is as fine a credit to this country as any man who ever stepped off the Mayflower. From a dealer in scrap machinery he has become a dealer in whole plants. He keeps manufacturing establishments on the shelf, as it were. Do you want an ice-making plant? Kriser will probably be able to sell you a brewery that had to go out of business and that might well answer the purpose. Or a paper mill? Or a typewriter plant? He will look over his stock and tell you, "Yes, I think I have what you want." What is more, he will run the plant for you, place it on a sound footing, even finance it, if your credit is good. Banks engage him to appraise factories. He has but to walk through a machine-shop in order to tell within one thousand dollars what it is worth as so much scrap or as a going business. When the government offered for sale the seventy-five million dollar West Virginia nitrate plant which it had built to make explosives, Kriser was one of half a dozen dealers in scrap machinery who tried to buy it. The bidding was keen. Men who came to this country not more than a dozen years ago had no hesitation in competing with the Duponts, and they gave way only when the City of Charleston came forward with an offer of eight millions in municipal bonds. They would gladly buy the whole German navy as so much scrap if they were given the chance. As it is, they have combed the battlefields of France and purchased all that is worth carting away.

These are the halcyon days of junk. War is the greatest of all scrap producers. Airplanes, typewriters, motors, trucks, lumber, tools, motorcycles, everything from screw-eyes to stove-bolts has been sold off by the army. Where were you and I when the army sold off ten million dollars' worth of French Gnome airplane engines, weighing, all told, about two thousand tons, at prices that ranged from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a ton? In the division of military aeronautics the lists of scrapped material comprised no less than twelve hundred major items and included all told more than fifty thousand separate items. And who bought them? The swarthy sons of Italy, the downtrodden refugees of Russia.

Sometimes the waste dealer's resourcefulness leads him into strange by-paths. He sees possibilities in junk that are hidden to our guileless eyes. Fussy government inspectors rejected thousands of shrapnel and shell cases during the War. A scrap metal dealer bought them, but, instead of selling them as junk, converted them into cocktail shakers and beverage holders, in which form they were sold in Fifth Avenue shops at the price of ten dollars each.

Counterpanes must be so cut that the corners will fit around bedposts. One manufacturer lost several hundred thousand dollars a year because he did not know what to do with the waste corners. But the rag-dealer who bought the clippings was not so witless. He sold them to baby-bib makers for one hundred times as much as a paper mill would have paid for them.

"All wool and a yard wide"—you have heard the phrase. But if that ready-made fifty-dollar overcoat of yours were "all wool" in the sense of being virgin wool, do you know what it would cost you? At least three hundred, possibly five hundred dollars. All the virgin wool in an "all wool" coat comprises about enough to make a pair of bathing trunks. The rest is shoddy — the shoddy that you have been foolishly and wickedly taught to despise.

This shoddy became a necessity about the year 1885. And it was the immigrant rag-picker who made a mighty industry of exploring ash-barrels for the cast-offs so far beyond repair that even an old-clothes man could not refurbish them and sell them over again to the less fastidious. If shoddy were only called "reclaimed wool," much of the odium that clings to it would evaporate; for reclaimed wool it is and nothing else.

Copper-wire scrap by the thousands of tons is annually gathered, the insulation burned off, and the whole remelted and cast again into ingots and bars from which new wire is drawn. Brass, bronze, coppered tin of unknown composition are gathered in endless variety,— bases of electric lamps, brass and copper turnings, and shavings of cartridge shells, broken and battered household goods, old pipe, molding sand from brass foundries, concentrates of ashes from brass furnaces, copper paint sludge and flue dust. All is briquetted and melted up in the furnace. Thus, a single smelter near New York recovers as much as 10,000,000 pounds of copper a year from junk.

What an eye for values these dealers have, and what a knowledge of industries! Worn-out saws contain steel of the highest quality. They are sold, melted up carefully into ingots and resold to manufacturers who need high-grade steel — among them makers of wringers. The waste broken glass of a show-case manufacturer is sold at an enormous profit to the company that needs just such small pieces to make the leaded glass of bookcases. Two triangular pieces are cut from steel to make automobile springs. What shall be done with the droppings? The junk-man sells them to a manufacturer of agricultural implements who fashions them into spring-tooth harrows. Damaged bolts are cut down and rethreaded, to be sold anew. Broken drills are cut off and repointed. Five broken monkey-wrenches are taken apart and reassembled to make three good

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Try for ten days this new method of teeth cleaning, then note the results.

The whiter teeth you see then will mean cleaner teeth, and safer. They will show that the film-coat—the great tooth destroyer—is now efficiently combated.

Film ruins teeth

Dental science finds that film causes most tooth troubles. Film is that viscous coat you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so much of it escapes the tooth brush. So for months between your dental cleanings it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is that film-coat which discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So very few people escape these troubles, despite the daily brushing.

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This film-coat has been a many-year study. And now dental science has found a way to combat it. Able authorities have proved the method by many careful tests. The results are so evident that leading dentists everywhere now urge this new way of teeth cleaning.

Now the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—made to meet all modern dental requirements. And we urge you to learn what it does.

Millions made this test

Millions have proved this method. Wherever you look you see the results in teeth you envy, probably. Now watch the result on your own teeth.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method. Active pepsin can be daily applied. And this, with two other Pepsodent ingredients, has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

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Customer: *No! I don't think I'll take that corset. It hasn't the Velvet Grip Hose Supporters.*

Corsetiere: *We can easily change those for Velvet Grip "Sew-Ons"—put them on gladly for you. Many of our best customers are requesting this done.*

VELVET GRIP "Sew-Ons" can be attached to any corset—the easiest thing in the world to do.

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Pills, laxatives, saline waters and purgatives will not cure that constipated habit—you ought to know it by this time. Be sensible—you have been whipping your bowels shamelessly into action, and weakening their natural functioning more and more Now you are full of ailments—your system is upset—your blood is poisoned—you are sluggish and dull witted—your food will not digest well—you lack stamina—you are nervous, listless, lack ambition—have no energy—no vitality—it's all your own fault No matter what your condition or ailment may be—under my method of physical and health upbuilding known as

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WHEN ANSWERING ADS. MENTION McCLURE'S

wrenches. Locomotive tire steel becomes the raw material out of which sledges, flatteners, pinchers, chisels, and other blacksmith tools are made. Scrap pump pistons become anvils and cutting blocks. Broken pieces of asbestos boiler-lagging are pulverized and mixed with water to lag air-pumps, locomotive cylinders, and fire-boxes. Scraps of leather are patiently gathered and sold to manufacturers of printing inks, dark pigments and blacking, or, at the worst, to the glue-maker.

"I can't look at a tin can without thinking that it is so much money," said one of the shrewdest bargainers to me. "Do you know what becomes of tin cans? The tin is only a coating; but it's worth recovering. Most of the glossy silks worn by women have been weighted with tin that came from old tin cans. Five thousand tons of tin are used every year for no other purpose. As for the rest of the can, that is melted up into window-sash weights."

The worst factories have the biggest scrap-piles. "Show me the scrap-pile of a factory," he continued, "and I'll tell you whether it is well managed or not I would rather see the scrap-pile than the books, if I were going to put money into it. A scrap-pile is to me what the tongue is to a doctor. One look is enough."

He proceeded to explain just what "one look" may mean in dollars and cents.

"In most sugar refineries, and for that matter in most factories, scrap is turned over to the purchasing agent to be sold. One of these agents offered me a pump which was of no further use and was in the way.

"'How much?' says he to me.

"I looked the thing over. It weighs over a hundred tons. Scrap-iron is worth about twenty-five dollars a ton The purchasing agent knows it, and I know it, too. So I say, 'I'll give you three thousand dollars.'

"'I'll take it,' he says, and I see that he is tickled to death because I offer a price slightly over the market. It is a high price—for scrap-iron. But then that agent doesn't know what one look tells me That pump contained three tons of composite metal worth four hundred dollars a ton. I made about ten thousand dollars on that particular deal,

"There was a steel mill in the middle west that collected enormous quantities of cast iron chips and borings. They were worth about eight dollars a ton, and I bought them at that price. The factory had tried to use them, all the more so because pig-iron was worth forty-eight dollars a ton then. It was impossible to melt the chips and borings; they were so small that they simply burned up. Well, I bought them, not knowing just what to do with them. I pressed them into briquettes, and in that form I found that they could be melted up readily enough. That netted me $93.75 a day. Afterward, the mill found out what I was doing, kept its scraps, and briquetted them itself."

To such shrewd eyes, a glance is almost as good as a rough chemical analysis. The eye alone tells whether a bronze is a copper and tin or a copper and zinc alloy. An artist's appreciation for the gradation of bronzes to brasses is cultivated.

You notice at once that Americans are conspicuously absent in this business. The names are Russian, Polish or Italian. Is it the nature of the material dealt in? Hardly. In the middle of the last century the junk-dealer was a Yankee. He drove his horse from farmhouse to farmhouse and swapped pieces of new tinware for old bottles and scrap-metal. You may still see him in the south. The Italian and the Russian have taken his place in the north and have piled up riches. Why?

"IT takes a born trader to succeed in this business," explained one of the kings of junk to me. "A man must be a persistent, nagging haggler, impervious to insults, if he deals in waste materials." He was speaking of the push-cart type and the small dealer. The big companies conduct their affairs with the "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude of the mighty corporations that they are. I realized that what he said was true when I witnessed a transaction in waste-paper between Burgone and Revitzky—small fry. Burgone was buying the paper from Revitzky. It was a good waste paper, according to Revitzky, and he wanted three and one-half cents a pound for it.

"I'll give you three and one-eighth," said Burgone.

"You will ruin me," complained Revitzky.

"Three and one-eighth," repeated Burgone, lighting a cheap cigar, utterly indifferent to this notion of ruining another because of a matter of three-eighths of a cent.

"I can't stay in business. Make it three and a quarter," pleaded Revitzky.

"Three and one eighth," commented Burgone, pursing his lips and blowing rings of smoke very skilfully.

Revitzky threw up his eyes and beseeched heaven, cajoled, and almost wept. Couldn't Burgone see that three and one-eighth was impossible? Couldn't he figure out for himself what it cost to collect and sort, and what had to be paid for labor?

"Three and one eighth," was the only price and the only response that could be extracted from Burgone.

For fully fifteen minutes this drama of apparently heartless indifference and lachrymose pleading was played. Finally, Revitzky surrendered with theatrical suddenness.

"All right. Three and one-eighth," blithely said the man who but a minute previously saw only bankruptcy before him. And he parted from Burgone with many shakings of the hand and smiles, the very impersonation of satisfaction.

THE whole system takes one back to the East. This is the Oriental method of bargaining, still practised in Russia and southern Italy. No wonder an American would be at a disadvantage if he were to start out in New York or Chicago with a junk-wagon and try to compete with these highly-trained hagglers. His nerves would give way in a week. Besides, it is not in him to talk with his hands and his feet, to beat his breast in feigned anguish, or to shed stage tears.

Why do they become delvers in ash-barrels, these argonauts from Europe? Because it is the easiest thing to do when you are thrown on your own resources in a rich country that flings values upon the dump with a prodigal gesture and because junk collection requires no capital. Treptowitch's story is characteristic. It was told to me by a bank president.

Treptowitch, which is not his right name, came into the bank one day to borrow two hundred thousand dollars. He was good for a million, dealer in cotton rags though he was. The papers were drawn up and presented to him for his signature. He proceeded to tuck them into his pocket.

"Why don't you sign them now?" the president asked.

"I think I'll take them with me."

"But why waste time? You can't get the money until you sign. Do it now."

"I can't," he reluctantly admitted.

"Why?"

"Well, my bookkeeper signs all my contracts and checks."

"Why don't you sign them yourself?"

"I don't know how."

Here was a man whose income tax amounted to half a million dollars, and he couldn't read or write!

"You've been in this country twenty years, Treptowitch. You have had every opportunity to learn how to write your own name."

Then Treptowitch told his story

"Lissen," he began. He has the "lissen" and the "understan' me" habit highly developed. "Lissen. When I landed here from Russia, I had nuthin' and I knew nuthin'. I didn't care what I did for a livin'. But I did want to live A feller what slept in the same cellar mit me heard about a church what was lookin' for a janitor. 'Maybe,' he says, 'you better go 'round and see about it. As fer me, I don't want it!' he says. So I went round. I seemed to suit, at least, there was nuthin' personal said about me, although I wasn't dressed exactly stylish. Twenty dollars a mont', they says I was to get. I held the job for a mont', understan' me? They found out that I couldn't read or write. I don't see now what readin' and writin' has to do mit' cleanin' out furnaces. Well, they fired me. They must have somebody what can read and write, understan'?"

In sheer desperation Treptowitch became a rag-picker and junk-dealer. It was not long, however, before he rented a dark squalid hovel in which he piled and sorted his gatherings.

"It was my first store," he said. "You can still see it in Orchard Street, right in the Ghetto. After I made a little money I bought rags from others."

And so, little by little, he grew and grew, until at last he became the richest rag-dealer in the country.

"Maybe," he concluded his autobiography, "maybe if I knew how to read and write I might still be a janitor in the church. Eh?"

To become a Treptowitch, a successful dealer in wastes, you must not only be a born bargainer but you must acquire an occult sense of values. Because there are no trustworthy statistics, there is no real market price for junk. "Hunches," intuitions, determine the prices that shall rule among those who buy from the junk-wagon driver Apparently an angel from heaven whispers in the ear of every dealer in woolen rags that shoddy is going up half a cent a pound next week. Nobody knows just why, but everybody in the woolen rag business thinks so and vociferously says so. Lo! The prices of woolen rags miraculously do rise by exactly half a cent a pound. A market price has been created by mere talk.

The large companies know exactly how much material they buy and sell in a year; their business is as systematically conducted as that of any well-managed enterprise. But the little dealer—his notions of bookkeeping go back to the time of Abraham. Cost-accounting? Books? Typewriters? Adding machines? Card catalogues? He will have none of these modern devices He doesn't even bother about numbering his checks. At the end of the day he counts the money in his pocket or in his safe, casts up what he has in the bank, and knows exactly where he stands Each deal stands on its own feet. He puts into it all the lung-power, all the physical motion, all the eloquence, all the histrionic ability that he can command, whether it involves five dollars profit or five hundred.

When wits are matched against wits to make the most of even the fraction of a cent, it stands to reason that bargains that smack of Esau's should not be uncommon. And yet, in this business of selling scrap-metal or rags, a man's word is everything. If he promises to pay he pays inevitably, even though there may not be so much as the scratch of a pen to bind him.

Sometimes the transactions assume so speculative a character that they are hardly to be distinguished from gambling. In all this trading, there is an element of risk. But whoever heard of a gambler forgetting his promise to pay? Only your respectable, church-going, top-hatted pillar of society can afford to repudiate an unwritten contract—a speculator in junk, never. You may drive hard bargains; you may be crafty; you may even be just a little tricky in this business of dealing in other people's cast-offs. But you may never be dishonest. Your honor is your chief capital. The dealers who buy from the junk-wagon drivers are almost feudally loyal to the large companies. Good will is the big dealer's chief asset

I sat in the New York office of the largest company in America that makes a business of buying and recovering scrap-metal. The telephone rang. Some one at the other end offered carloads of old brass

"MAKE it a quarter of a cent less, and I'll take it," said the man at my end.

Apparently the man at the other end did make it a quarter of a cent less. The telephone receiver was hung up with evident satisfaction.

"How much did that transaction involve?" I asked.

"About fifteen thousand dollars."

"When do you pay him? On delivery, I suppose?"

"He will get ninety per cent. of his money now—the rest when delivery is made."

"But why do you pay him before he delivers anything?"

"It's the custom of the trade The chances are that he hasn't a pound of the metal that he sold me He has merely an option on a lot of it. If we didn't finance the transaction the game would be that much harder to play There certainly would not be the same incentive for the small man to ransack the country for wastes."

"But suppose he cashes your check and decamps?"

"He won't."

"Why won't he?"

"Because in the fifty-two years during which we have been dealers on a large scale, our losses through dishonesty have been negligible. What is more, we never see the scrap that we buy until it arrives at one of our yards or warehouses."

By the powers! Here is business that is considered so far beneath the dignity of Americans that few of them engage in it and then only in the more polite scrap-iron branches of it. And yet, over all its fumes, its rust, its cough-breeding dust, hangs the mantle of honesty.

Amplifying Chamber

The sounds carried from the reproducer through the tone arm are given volume and resonance in a scientifically designed amplifying chamber or horn. This chamber is built of carefully seasoned wood, and, like the sounding board of a fine violin, imparts to the reclaimed sound vibrations sweetness and resonance.

The Reproducer

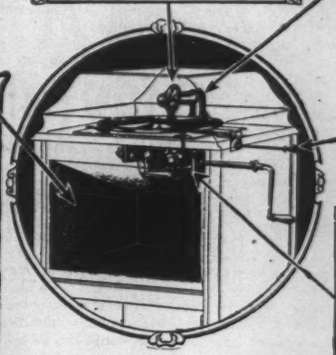
Tone quality is dependent upon the reproducer, tone arm and amplifying chamber. Each must be designed and harmonized in its relation to the other two in order to produce a sweet, pleasing tone. The SILVERTONE reproducer restores every sound vibration. Designed so that all scratching and mechanical noises are reduced to the minimum.

Plays All Disc Records

The SILVERTONE convertible tone arm permits the playing of any make of disc record. A universal joint in the tone arm makes it possible to adjust the reproducer at will so that it will play either vertical or lateral cut records. It is almost as easy to adjust the reproducer for different types of records as it is to change needles.

Silvertone

The Better Phonograph For Less Money



Tone Control

The tone modulator with which each SILVERTONE is equipped gives complete control over the volume of sound. You may set the modulator at any desired point, thus giving a uniform volume of sound, or the modulator may be manipulated while a selection is being played, thus enabling you to impart your own interpretation to the music.

Powerful, Silent Motor

Every part of the SILVERTONE motor is made and fitted with care and precision, and gears mesh silently. Powerful springs furnish an abundance of power, and a perfectly designed governor keeps the turntable speed absolutely uniform. The motor is equipped with a silent winding device and cranks with very little effort.

$6.00 A Month

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Mahogany or Walnut
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Model XVI — Price, $195.00

Dimensions over all, 50⅝ inches high, 24¾ inches wide and 24¾ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 130 pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. Assortment of needles included.

Louis Seize Period Design

Mahogany or Walnut
Gold Plated Metal Parts

Model XV — Price, $175.00

$5.50 A Month

Dimensions over all, 49⅝ inches high, 23 inches wide and 23½ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 108 pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. An assortment of needles included.

Louis Quinze Period Design

Mahogany, Walnut or Fumed Oak. Gold Plated Metal Parts

Model XI — Price, $145.00

$5.00 A Month

Dimensions over all, 48¼ in. high, 19½ in. wide and 21¼ in. deep. Net weight, ready to play, 82½ lbs. in mahogany or walnut, and 87½ lbs. in oak. All visible metal parts are heavily gold plated. An assortment of needles included.

Heppelwhite Period Design

Mahogany, Fumed or Golden Oak

Model IX — Price, $100.00

$4.50 A Month

Dimensions over all, 48⅝ inches high, 20 inches wide and 22 in. deep. Net weight, ready to play, 69 lbs. in mahogany and 74 pounds in either fumed or golden oak. Metal parts are heavily nickel plated and polished. An assortment of needles included.

Adam Period Design

Fumed Oak.

Model VIII — Price, $80.00

$4.00 A Month

Dimensions over all, 43¾ inches high, 19⅛ inches wide and 22 inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 76¼ pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated and polished. An assortment of needles included.

Queen Anne Period Design

$3.50 A Month

Mahogany

Model VII — Price, $57.00

Dimensions over all, 14¾ inches high, 19¾ inches wide and 23⅛ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 39¼ pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated. Assortment of needles included.

Golden Oak

Model VI — Price, $48.00

Dimensions over all, 14⅝ inches high, 18⅛ inches wide and 22⅛ inches deep. Net weight, ready to play, 42¼ pounds. All visible metal parts are heavily nickel plated. Assortment of needles included.

$3.00 A Month

Send No Money

THE SILVERTONE Phonograph was designed and built to meet the demand for a good phonograph at a reasonable price. That it succeeded in fulfilling these requirements is proved by the fact that over two hundred and fifty thousand satisfied owners are unanimous in their praise of the SILVERTONE.

No effort or expense has been spared to make the SILVERTONE the best phonograph we could build. Experts in acoustics and mechanics have been kept constantly at work developing and perfecting new and better phonograph devices and mechanisms for use in the SILVERTONE. Skilled furniture designers have created cabinets worthy of SILVERTONE quality—artistic, harmonious and dignified. None but the finest of woods and other materials enter into SILVERTONE phonograph construction, and they are fitted and finished with exquisite care and perfection. SILVERTONE quality is supreme.

And we have kept the price of SILVERTONE Phonographs within the reach of all. Building phonographs in enormous quantities, as we have to do to meet the requirements of our six million customers, has enabled us to reduce the manufacturing cost per phonograph to the very minimum. And selling them direct from factory to customer makes it possible for us to offer SILVERTONE Phonographs at prices which are much lower than those of any other instrument of the same high quality.

We believe that when you see the SILVERTONE and hear it play, you will be convinced of the truth of our claims for it. That is why we are making this liberal trial offer. We want you to try a SILVERTONE in your home for two weeks without the payment of one cent, and without obligating you in any way. Here is the offer:

No Money Down—Two Weeks' Trial

Select any SILVERTONE Phonograph shown on this page, fill in the order blank at the bottom of this page, and mail it to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill. **Send no money with it!** We ship SILVERTONE Phonographs on two weeks' trial. This trial will not cost you one cent, nor obligate you in any way. All we ask you to do is to give the phonograph a thorough trial. Examine its mechanical features, cabinet work and finish. Try it with any records you desire and note its beauty of tone, how faithfully and accurately it restores every delicate shading of tone quality, every minute variation of volume, every sound vibration. Give it every test necessary to prove the truth of our claims for it. And then compare the price of the SILVERTONE with that of any other phonograph of the same size, quality and musical excellence. If at the end of this two weeks' trial you are not fully satisfied with the phonograph, if you do not believe that mechanically, musically and in workmanship, material and finish it is the equal of any other phonograph on the market selling at from 25 per cent to 50 per cent higher in price, simply notify us and we will take away the phonograph at our own expense, and will return any transportation or cartage charges you have paid.

Small Monthly Payments

If, at the end of two weeks' trial, you are fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE and desire to keep it, send us the price of the phonograph you have selected in equal monthly payments until the total is paid. The amount of the monthly payment is shown under the illustrations of the various models. There is no interest or extras of any kind to pay.

Fill out the order blank today, before this paper gets out of your hands, and let us send you one of these beautiful 1920 SILVERTONE models for two weeks' trial in your home, without having to pay a cent down on the phonograph, and without obligating you in any way. You are to be the sole judge of the quality and value of the SILVERTONE.

Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago

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Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago.

Date _____ 19____

You may ship me the SILVERTONE Phonograph which I have marked with an [X] for two weeks' trial.

If, after two weeks' trial, I decide to keep and use the instrument, I will send you the first payment for the phonograph and pay the same amount each month, until paid in full; then the SILVERTONE becomes my property.

Should I decide, after two weeks' trial, that the SILVERTONE is not satisfactory, I will notify you, and you are to give me instructions so that I may send it back at your expense. You are also to return to me any transportation and cartage charges I have paid.

I have always been faithful in paying my obligations and am making this statement for the purpose of inducing you to grant me these terms, and I give you my pledge that you may feel safe in trusting me to pay as agreed.

Sign Here _____

(Sign your name here plainly and carefully. If under age, some member of your family who is of age and responsible should sign this order with you.)

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Shipping Point _____ State _____

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My business, occupation or profession is _____

Please give name of head of household to prevent mistakes and simplify the keeping of our records.

Name of head of household _____

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☐ **Model VII Mahogany.** Price, $57.00 $3.50 a Month.

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☐ **Model XI Walnut.** Price, $145.00 $5.00 a Month.

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Buy a SHUMATE RAZOR and use it, not only a few times, but as long as you like. If you decide after an exacting trial, that you don't like it, we'll exchange it for a new one without a word.

Ever recline in a barber's chair and almost go to sleep as you experienced that delightful, soothing sensation when his razor swept your face clean? And have you said to yourself "I wish I had a razor that would perform like that"? A SHUMATE will do it and -- keep on doing it.

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Your Child's Education The future of your boy or girl depends very largely on the school you select for him. McClure's School Bureau will put you in touch with schools and colleges equipped to develop the fullest moral mental and physical capacities of your son and daughter.

The Good Old Stock

[*Continued from page 14*]

the fat watch that lived in her belt. "I — you shouldn't — I was only dozing," she murmured, and answered a low knock at the door.

"Didn't you have the day to sleep in?" he demanded. His voice was strained, his breath uneven.

"No," she answered simply, "they're very short, just now. I was on duty in the children's ward. And last night I was specialing, too. I had a nap after lunch, though."

"Bosh!" he said.

"Are you in pain?"

"Very much so, thank you."

"You may have a hypodermic, you know. The doctor said to call Dr. Bergmann any time. Shall I send for him?"

"No. I'm good for it, probably. It's much better if I don't, you know."

"But if you're suffering ——"

"I tell you I don't want it. You heard what he said. I know, anyway. I sha'n't sleep, anyhow, so you might as well. Make yourself comfortable — I'll call you."

"But ——"

"Put your feet up and leave me alone!"

She uttered a soft, tired, snoring little sigh, and her head drooped. In the dim light the white triangle of her face gleamed more foreign than ever. Her blue cotton blouse fitted smoothly over broad, well-sloped shoulders, but her breasts were slight. Her waist was not small.

The night closed down and everything was still. Very little street traffic came that way. Pain bored into his legs and ground his back.

"By this time to-morrow it will be over," he muttered. It seemed that he smelled ether suddenly . . .

"You have to keep your head, you know — you can always have that dope . . ." he reminded himself.

Later, when a little blue light began to pour in, he called the nurse softly.

"Wake up, now — they're coming along!"

AT five, he fell asleep suddenly. The dark nurse greeted him.

"I see you had a pretty fair night, Mr. Higginson," she said.

"So-so, thanks," he answered.

"Pain bad?"

"Pretty hellish, in spots. Game's called for eleven, isn't it?"

"I think I'm to get you ready, now," she said. "I'm afraid you can't have any breakfast . . ."

A white draped ghoul shook hands with him.

"Oh," said the ghoul, "those plates, by the way — did I tell you they were better than we thought? I consider that you have a fifty-fifty chance on that leg, Mr. Higginson."

"Good work," he answered; but he knew, now, that there was no chance for it. It had become clear to him that there must be just so many people . . . just so many . . . and he was one of them. Well, why not? Thank God, there was nobody to hurt, now.

"Mother would have been awfully cut up," he mused, "she was so darned proud of the healthy Higginson stock, mother was!

"'Straight and clean for eight generations, Thay, dear. Remember, it's good stock, sonbaby. You'll never spoil it, will you?'

"They're so sweet and funny, women, when they try to keep you decent," he thought. "It must be awfully hard for them, sometimes. Gosh, wasn't she furious when Cousin Elwood Ames married that livery-stable girl! I can see her mouth, now . . ."

"Take it easy—breathe naturally — take your time," said one of the ghouls. "Where's that nurse gone? Oh, here you are, Miss Washburn — take this pulse, please . . ."

Under her pale hair her gray eyes smiled kindly at him. She had a faint color, now: she looked rested.

"Washburn — that's a good Massachusetts name," he pondered. "Queer Scandinavian effect . . . no national type, really, over here . . . good thoroughbred hands she has . . . I'm glad it's she, and not that Jewess . . . well, here's where we're off—good luck, old Thay!"

He was gone.

He opened his eyes on the round red sun shining through the mists at sea. Masts and sails were there . . . but they melted into white curtains. He was in his bed.

"Hello, old scout! How goes it?"

This was Ames Higginson, speaking lightly, looking worried.

"Oh, it's Amesy. Hello, there! All right, so far as I know (Mustn't give way or let them know how much be cared. Be a sport! Many a man rides a bicycle with one leg . .) Mighty nice of you to see me through . . ."

"Shut up, Thay. I'm only in for a second, to tell you the good news. I'll come back later. Legs are all right, Thay. Couple of months, and you'll be hopping about."

"You mean the right leg . . ."

"I mean both legs, old son. It's a record case. You're full of silver plates, but you're good as new. Now you're supposed to take a nap or something. We just wanted you to know."

Thayer closed his eyes, fumbled for the sheet, and pulled it over his head . . .

After a few minutes a slow, terrible doubt crept up like a mist in him: if it should be a lie? If they had cut it off and he wasn't supposed to be able to bear the shock? Probably they always lied to you.

He twisted uneasily and groaned and his hand slipped out from under the sheet: a warm, strong hand met and held it firmly.

"It's great, isn't it?" said Miss Washburn. "I'm so glad!"

"It's not true, is it?" he demanded, muffled still. "Did they amputate?"

"Good gracious, no!" she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "The doctor gave you two months, but he said it might be less than that — five weeks, he said, perhaps."

"You feel like a fool," he muttered, gripping her hand.

"I know," she said.

"You know," the surgeon told him that evening, "you're a very interesting young man. Your leg's going into print."

"Well, well," said Thayer comfortably.

He was shaved and bathed and he had his own pajamas and handkerchiefs. Somebody had sent in a little orange-tree in a green pot, and Miss Washburn was mending his dressing-gown.

"Double and single fracture, you see, and we have both tibia and fibula involved."

"Ah!" said Thayer.

"You see, with complete rupture of the internal lateral ligament — but I don't know if this means much to you, Mr. Higginson . . ."

"Sure it does," said Thayer. "I was explaining it to this alleged nurse, here."

He passed over to the surgeon a rough sketch of a skeleton. "About like this, wasn't it?"

"But I thought you were a business man?" said the surgeon, amazed.

"Advertising," he answered briefly. "Two years of medical, but I wasn't good for it. Never lost my interest, though. Anatomy, specially."

"Then you'll enjoy these X-rays," said the surgeon with enthusiasm. "Here's the plate — see, and the screws — four of 'em."

"Very pretty," Thayer commented appreciatively. "Do you think they can cook eggplant in this hospital?"

"It'll hurt, you know, from time to time," warned the surgeon.

"Oh, well . . ." Thayer smiled at the nurse, "I've taught her how to handle it — I can't have the other one *look* at the cast even — she jars it. I can have this one, can't I?"

"We'll see what we can do."

"She doesn't know much, but, at least, she doesn't snuffle," said Thayer. "Did you get me that *Pendennis*, Miss Washburn?"

"Don't let him bully you, nurse," said the surgeon, from the door.

"Oh, I don't mind," Miss Washburn answered seriously. "Mr. Thay — Mr. Higginson's all right, doctor."

When you have made up your mind to be a cripple for life, the knowledge that you needn't be one is quite enough to keep you contented for five weeks — even in a plaster cast. They dropped in every day or so from the office and the Harvard Club, and women sent flowers, which Thayer hated, ungratefully, because they made him feel dead, he complained. He sent them to the children's ward and dictated polite notes about them, which Miss Washburn took on a little blunt-

nosed typewriter, very efficiently. She mended all his clothes, too, and several times cooked him special messes of mushrooms in sweet butter, a complicated and luscious spaghetti, a pink-skinned baked apple with cinnamon and sugar buried mysteriously in the middle.

"You seem to know how to do a great many things," he remarked one afternoon. "I thought women didn't go in for all these things, nowadays."

"What did you think they went in for?" she inquired impersonally.

She was as impersonal as she was effective: if she understood you thoroughly, she never exacted the corresponding toll of intimacy. This, it occurred to him, was precisely the course an able woman should contrive to steer.

"Oh, well," he said, smiling thankfully at the slippery napkin she had disentangled from the counterpane, "you people with a special training . . . "

"I wasn't born a nurse," she reminded him. "Would you like the other leg shifted a little?"

She had no natural gift for these nice adjustments of weight and pose, but she was infinitely patient at experiment and had learned to make the tiny changes of his posture that turned increasing torture to comparative comfort.

"Where were you born?" he inquired idly. "It was in Massachusetts, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she answered.

"That's the main thing," he assured her comfortably. "If you can't manage that, try Virginia, I always say."

"My father was English," she added.

"Was he a doctor?"

"He was a captain in the Army."

"Ah, yes! Then you are really not an American at all, are you?"

"My people are all dead," she said. "I feel very American, Mr. Higginson."

"But now that I know, I can see you're not," he answered thoughtfully. "You're not so hard as our girls — certainly not so hard as our nurses."

"It's not a soft life — nursing," she reminded him.

"By Jove, it's not!" he agreed "The things I've heard nurses laugh at . . . !"

"I know."

She shook her head, remembering.

"Once, when I was just beginning, I heard two of them laughing in the maternity ward. Actually . . it was a poor Finnish woman . . they *laughed!*

"I was furious — it was all new to me.

"'You stop that this moment, or I'll leave!' — I nearly hit the ceiling!

"And then they laughed at *me.*

"'I'll go — I'll break my training! I'll not stay here!' I screamed at them. To laugh at a woman . . . that way . . . "

"I know, it's like medical students," he said gently. "They seem too brutal to believe. And yet doctors, as a rule, are the kindest of men, don't you think?"

She nodded.

"You know," Thayer went on, half to her, half to himself, "I worked it all out, after I left the whole shop. I think it's this way, Miss Washburn. If you don't coarsen up a bit and laugh and make horrible jokes, you couldn't stand it . . you know? You'd go off your head with it all. You have to grow an extra skin. If you didn't kick those bodies around, you couldn't stand 'em, probably. You've got to choose between obscenity and . . . insanity, more or less. And, of course, a healthy young cub chooses obscenity. It would be too ghastly . . . "

SHE flashed a deep look at him, and her eyes were nearly black.

"I see what you mean," she said. "That must be it, Mr. Thay — Mr. Higginson."

"And, after all, the nurses can't be too hard," he mused, "for forty per cent. of 'em marry doctors — or is it forty per cent. of doctors that marry nurses? A chum of mine, in the old days, had that all worked out: his statistics were more reliable than his anatomy, poor old Joe!"

She smiled.

"I suppose all your patients propose to you?" he suggested casually.

She inclined her pale head.

"Usually," she said; "but I don't mind. It never makes any difference to me."

"Wouldn't it, if I did?" said Thayer.

She never lifted her eyes from her work, but her breasts rose quickly and her wide nostrils dilated.

"I think I'd rather you didn't," she said, "if you don't mind, Mr. Thay — "

"Why not let it go at 'Thay'?" he asked. "It would save so much time. 'Mr. — Thay — Mr. — Higginson' takes so long!"

"You're very clever," she answered, "but you're awfully childish, Mr. . . . Higginson! I'm surprised at you. Really! Would you like an orange, or anything? It's nearly five."

"Of course you can do this any way you like," he said cheerfully. "(Do you realize that I can wiggle my toes — and feel them?) And if you'd rather I didn't propose to you, of course, I won't. I never propose to people who'd rather I didn't. Only, it's the only way I know of finding out whether or not you'll marry me. Suppose we consider it done — shall we?"

She sewed in silence. A little orange dropped with a plump from the tree.

"Well?" he urged patiently, "it's your move, isn't it?"

"I wish you wouldn't," she begged, very low.

"Well, I didn't, did I? Take your time, anyway. I have to, heaven knows! Only, my dear girl, although there's no reason *why* you should propose to a woman, just because she happens to be a nurse (and I've known lots of nurses and never dreamed of proposing to one — honestly!) surely there's no reason why you *shouldn't*, just because she's one! Be reasonable. It's not your nurse-ness — it's your, your you-ness!"

"You know nothing about me," she said.

"THAT'S not quite true," he answered steadily, his eyes fixed on hers. "I've lived in this room with you for nearly a month. And I'm not a fool. You're an educated woman, obviously, and you come of good stock. So far as I'm concerned, that's the principal thing. And I happen to have fallen in love with you, my dear."

"Yes," she said, "you happen to have fallen in love with me."

She came to the bed and stood by him.

"Your . . . I think it is your old godfather who is coming at six?" she asked.

"Uncle John — yes," he answered. "I want him to meet you."

"I have nursed for him," she said. "Everybody knows Dr. John Wentworth. Before he comes, Mr. Higginson, I am going to tell you a few things. After that, I am going off duty for a day or two: you won't mind Miss Wehlenberg for a little while. I'm tired. I'd rather you didn't talk to me, now — I'll come back. There'll be no difference, if you wish me, while you stay here."

"If I wish you —— "

"Wait," she said.

They looked straight at each other and both were very pale.

"Captain Washburn was an English officer," she began. "He was a Surrey man. My mother was a Danish dancer, of the Royal Opera Company at Copenhagen. I don't remember her at all because she ran away when I was a baby. She died a few years later. My father was always very harsh with me and so strict that I was practically a prisoner at home, so that I couldn't bear it and ran away, myself. I told him that I was going to, unless he would promise to be kind and fair to me, and then he told me that I was not his child at all."

"Please sit down," said Thayer suddenly.

She put out her hand and sat quickly down at the foot of the bed.

"I think I will," she said.

"He showed me his marriage certificate and my birth registration. He had no idea who my father was. He had never liked me. He was willing to support me, he said, till I was of a reasonable age, but he could not trust me, and we must go on living as we always had. I was just fifteen."

"Good God!"

"Yes. So I ran away. I worked as a child's nurse and the family was very kind to me and helped me to study. The woman got me a scholarship at Vassar, and I took up nursing, even before I left: it seemed the best way to help the — the kind of people I wanted to help. I am not sure, now, that I was right, but it seemed so, then. So I stayed in it."

"Does your father —— "

"I have no father," she said. "Captain Washburn died, I believe."

There was silence.

"And so, you see," she added, rising and moving to the door, "I am not, from your point of view, a very advisable person to fall in love with, Mr. . . . Higginson."

"Your mother," he said, and hesitated.

"My mother was a good dancer," she replied, one hand on the door-knob, "but I do not know that she was a good woman. I will send Miss Wehlenberg, now. You can ring, if you want anything."

Thayer lay alone in the room, staring at the wall.

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An hour later, the keen-faced old physician who faced him, blue-veined hands wrapped about thin knees, leaned over and patted his shoulder.

"This is hard, Thay, very hard," he said gently. "It takes it out of you, doesn't it, boy?"

"You understand, Uncle John, don't you? It isn't only me — it's all of them, back behind me . . . mother fed it into me, so!

"Why, I believe the only thing she ever asked me to promise — except the things they always try to get you to promise — was about when I married.

"'Remember what you came from, Thay, dear — never mind money or beauty or great place, son, but keep the stock pure! Hand it down as we gave it to you!'

"And Granny Thayer, too — they cared for it so!"

Dr. Wentworth studied the drawn face against the pillow.

"You're a queer mixture, Thay," he said slowly. "I believe you'll do what not one man in a hundred is good for: you are capable of acting on your principles."

Thayer's face hardened.

"One man's feelings don't matter so much, after all, sir, do they?" he said.

"You love this girl?"

"Yes," said Thayer.

"Does she love you back?"

"She hasn't said, Uncle John."

"Does she love you back, Thay?"

Thayer glanced about the room and, scowled, then met the old wise eyes defiantly.

"I — I . . . Yes, she does!" he declared.

"What's her name?"

"Washburn."

"Very fair hair? Tall, fine figure? About thirty?"

"That's it."

"Curious Scandinavian hint about her isn't there? That the one?"

"Her mother was Danish."

"Ah, yes! I remember her well. She's nursed for me. A fine girl, I should say."

Thayer groaned.

"But you're thinking about her children, aren't you, boy? Like your mother. *I* know."

"Uncle John, can you say that my mother hadn't the right to urge me to make my child at least as . . . as certain as hers was that ——"

The old man unclasped his knees abruptly.

"I never knew your mother, Thay," he said.

"You? Nonsense, Uncle John, you knew her as well as anybody in this world! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I never saw your mother."

Thayer scowled and leaned forward, winced and sank back.

"This damned leg . . . " he muttered. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Thay, boy," said the old man quietly, "your father told me thirty . . . what is it? — four? — five? — yes, five — thirty-five years ago, to use my judgment in this matter, and I'm going to use it. You're going to get a very serious shock, but I never administered but two shocks that weren't justified, and at my age you act quickly, if you act at all. That's why I stopped operating, twenty years ago.

"Your mother had two still-born children in the first four years of her marriage, and the second nearly broke her heart. She was strongly advised against having any more, but she wanted a child more than anything: I never saw a woman so plucky. She was in a tremendously nervous state before the third, and your father and I were worried to death about her.

"'Prentice,' I remember saying to him, 'Prentice, I tell you frankly, I don't know about this . . . I don't know at all.'

"The Thayers were worn out, Thay, and that's the whole of it. A nervous, inbred stock — the War played the deuce with that generation, you know . . .

"Two days before the event was expected, I had to tell him.

"'The child's dead,' I said, 'and now, what shall we do? She'll never get over it. I'll give you a day to make up your mind.'

"'Do?' he said to me. 'Good God, Jack, what *can* we do?'

"'We can do this,' I said, 'we can give her another, in its place. There's a baby, just born, left this morning in St. Vincent's crèche — a beautiful healthy boy. It was wrapped in a blanket and a bit of paper pinned to the blanket said,

"'*This child's parents are dead. Pray for their souls.*'

"'Not another sign nor word.'

"'It I take that child to-night and guarantee to place it, St. Vincent's will give it to me.

"'If I place it beside your wife, to-morrow morning, nobody but you and me and Miss Fayerwether will ever know it in the world, and if Miss Fayerwether had wanted to put me in State's Prison halt a dozen times, she could have done it before now.'

"'Never!' he spluttered at me, and I said,

"'That's all right, Jack, let's say no more about it.'

"'Do you think she'll die?' he said, and I said,

"'Probably not. But I won't guarantee anything further.'

"'This child,' he began, and I said, speaking very short,

"'The child's a magnificent specimen.'

"So he went off by himself for a couple of hours and came back and told me to arrange it. And I arranged it. And that's why I said I never knew your mother, Thay."

Thayer wet his lips.

"My mother knew ——"

"Never. We thought of it from time to time, but we always decided not. She was perfectly happy. What was the use?"

"Nobody ——"

"Nobody in the world. I made your father sign a couple of papers for me and Miss Fayerwether witnessed 'em. Now that they're both dead, there's only me. I left 'em to you in my will, once, but when you were twenty-one, I put 'em in a packet to be destroyed at my death."

"I don't know . . . I can't seem to think . . . then I'm nobody: nobody at all, Uncle John?"

"You're yourself," said Dr. Wentworth.

"And my father may be ——"

"Anybody in God's world. Will you have a drink?"

"Yes," said Thayer, "I will."

After he had had it he laughed shakily.

"Poor mother!" he said, "poor mother!"

"'Poor'?" Uncle John repeated sharply. "'Poor'? She was a proud and happy mother, Thayer Higginson, and she had a fine son!"

Thayer's lips bent and the muscles of his chin refused to obey him.

"And a good son makes a good husband, Thay," said the old gentleman.

Thayer turned over into his pillow.

"I'll look in to-morrow," said Uncle John.

But to-morrow brought an ash-blonde head to his godson's shoulder and a soft, flushed cheek against his cheek, so that he was no longer lost and miserable but deeply happy and forever companioned.

"You understand that I am absolutely . . . that I have nobody, really ——"

"You have me," she said.

"But I may be — *anything!*"

"Be anything," she said — "as long as you are mine!"

Which was perhaps more Danish than of Massachusetts!

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Rainy Week — *Continued from page 22*

Leading Man's startled stare, and the song you had introduced so casually at the last moment in the last act proved to be the reforming point in the Villain's nefarious career, and the one character you had picked for "Comic Relief" turned out to be the *Tragedienne, — who in the world* was left for your elbow to nudge?

Swinging back to the Breakfast Room I heard the clock strike ten — only ten?

It was going to be a nice little Play all right! Starting off already with several quite unexpected situations! And it wouldn't be the first time by any means that in an emergency I had been obliged to "double" as Prompter and Stage Hand or Water Carrier and Critic. But how to double as Elbow-Nudger I couldn't quite figure.

"Let's go for a tramp on the beach!" suggested the Bridegroom. Always on the first rainy morning immediately after breakfast some restive business man suggests "a tramp on the beach!" Frankly we have reached a point where we quite depend on it for a cue.

Everybody hailed the proposition with delight except Allan John and Rollins. A zephyr would have blown Allan John from his footing. And Rollins had to stay in his room to catalogue shells. . . . Rollins was paid to stay in his room and catalogue shells!

Of the five Adventurers who essayed to sally forth, only one failed to clamor for oil-skins. You couldn't really blame the Pride for her lack of clamoring. . . . The Pride's trousseau was wonderful as all trousseaux are bound perforce to be that are made up of equal parts of Taste, — Money, — Fashion, — and Passion. No one who had "saved up" such a costume as the Bride had for the first rainy day together could reasonably be expected to doff it for yellow oil-skins. Of some priceless foreign composition, half cloth, half mist, — indescribably shimmering, almost indecently feminine, with the Frenchiest sort of a little hat gaily concocted of marsh-grass and white rubber pond-lilies, it gave her lovely, somewhat classic type, all the sudden audacious effect somehow of a water-proofed Valentine.

Young Kennilworth sensed the inherent contrast at once.

"Beside you," he protested, "we look like Yellow Telegrams! . . . Your Husband there is some Broker's Stock Quotation — sent 'Collect!' . . . Mr. Keets is a rather heavily-worded summons to address the Alumnae of Something-or-other College! . . . I am a Lunch Invitation to 'Miss Dancy-Prancy of the Sillies!' . . . And you, of course, Miss Davies," he quickened delightedly, "are a Night Letter because you are so long — and inconsequent — all about rabbits — and puppies — and kiddie things like checked gingham pinafores!"

Laughing, teasing, arguing, — jeering each other's oil-skins, — praising the Bride's splendor, — they swept, a young Hurricane of themselves, out into the bigger Hurricane of Sea and Sky, and still five abreast, still jostling, still teasing, still arguing, passed from sight around the storm-swept curve of the beach — while I stayed behind to read aloud to Allan John.

Not that Allan John listened at all. But merely because every time I stopped reading he struggled up from the lovely soggy depths of his big leather chair — and began to worry. We read two Garden Catalogues and a chapter on Insect Pests. We read a bit of Walter Pater, and five exceedingly scurrilous poems from a volume of Free Verse. It seemed to be the Latin names in the Garden Catalogues that soothed him most. And when we weren't reading, we drank malted milk. Allan John, it seemed, didn't care for cocoa.

But even if I hadn't had Allan John on my mind I shouldn't have gone walking on the Beach. We have always indeed made it a point not to walk on the beach with our guests on the first rainy, restive morning of their arrival. In a geographical environment where every slushy step of sand — every crisp rug of pebbles — every wind-tortured cedar root — every salt-gnawed crag — is as familiar to us as the palms of our own hands — it is almost beyond human nature not to try and steer one's visitors to the Preferable Places, while the whole point of this introductory expedition demands that the visitors shall steer themselves. In the inevitable mood of uneasiness and dismay that overwhelms most house party guests when first thrust into each other's unfamiliar faces, the initial gravitations that ensue are rather more than usually significant. To be perfectly explicit, for instance, people who start off five abreast on that first rainy walk never come home five abreast!

In the immediate case at hand, nobody came home at all until long after Allan John and I had finished our luncheon, and in the manner of that coming, George Keets had gravitated to leadership with the Bride and Bridegroom. Very palpably with the Bridegroom's assistance he seemed to be coaxing and urging the Bride's frankly jaded footsteps, while young Kennilworth and the May Girl brought up the rear staggering and lurching excitedly under the weight of a large and somewhat mysteriously colored wooden box.

The Bridegroom and George Keets and young Kennilworth and the May Girl were

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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes, —you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they **really learn to write** from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity!

Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" **Who says you can't?**

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as neat as yellow paint. But the poor Bride was ruined. Tattered and torn, her diaphanous glory had turned to real mist before the onslaught of wind and rain. Her hat was swamped, — her face, streaked with inharmonious colors. She was drenched to the skin. Her Bridegroom was distracted with anxiety — and astonishment.

Everybody was very much excited! Lured by some Will-o'-the-Wisp that lurks in waves and beaches they had lost their way it seems between one dune and another, — staggered up sand-hills, fallen down sand-hills, — sheltered themselves at last during the worst gust of all "in a sort of a cave in a sort of a cliff" and sustained life very comfortably "thank you" on some cakes of sweet chocolate which George Keets had discovered most opportunely in his big oil-skin pockets!

But most exciting of all they had found a wreck! "Yes, a real wreck! A perfectly lovely — beautiful — and quite sufficiently gruesome real wreck!" the May Girl reported.

Not exactly a whole wreck it had proved to be . . . Not shattered spars and masts and crumpled cabins with plush cushions floating messily about. But at least it was a real trunk from a real wreck! Mrs. Brenswick had spied it first. Just back of a long brown untidy line of flotsam and jetsam, — the sea-weeds, — the dead fish, — the old bales and boxes, that every storm brings to the beach, Mrs. Brenswick had spied the trunk lurching up half-imbedded in the sand. It must have come in on the biggest wave of all some time during the night. It was "awfully wet" and yet "not so awfully wet." Everybody agreed that is, that it wasn't water-logged,— that it hadn't, in short, been rolling around in the sea for weeks or months but bespoke a disaster as poignantly recent as last night, on the edge of this very storm indeed that they themselves were now frivoling in. For fully half an hour, it appeared before even so much as touching the trunk, they had raced up and down the beach hunting half hopefully, half fearfully for some added trace of wreckage, — the hunched body even of a survivor. But even with this shuddering apprehension once allayed, the original discovery had not proved an altogether facile adventure.

It had taken indeed at the last all their combined energies and ingenuities to open the trunk. The Bride had broken two finger nails. George Keets had lost his temper. Paul Brenswick in a final flare of desperation had kicked in the whole end with an abandon that seemed to have been somewhat of an astonishment to everybody. Even from the first young Kennilworth had contested "that the thing smelt dead." But this unhappy odor had been proved very fortunately to be nothing more nor less than the rain-sloughed coloring matter of the Bride's pond-lily hat.

"And here is what we found in the trunk!" thrilled the Bride. In the palm of her extended hand lay a garnet necklace, — fifty stones perhaps, flushing crimson-dark in a silver setting of such unique beauty and such unmistakable Florentine workmanship as stamped the whole trinket indisputably "precious,"—if not the stones themselves.

"And there were women's dresses in it," explained Paul Brenswick. "Rather queer-looking dresses and — "

"Oh, it was the — the — *funniest* trunk!" cried the May Girl. "All — " Her eyes were big with horror.

ANYBODY could have Sherlocked at a glance," sniffed young Kennilworth, "that it had been packed by a crazy person!"

"No, I don't agree to that at all!" protested the Bride whose own trunk-packing urgencies and emergencies were only too recent in her mind. "Anybody's liable to pack a trunk like that when he's moving! The last trunk of all! Every left-over thing that you thought was already packed or that you had planned to tuck into your suitcase and found suddenly that you couldn't."

"Why, there was an old-fashioned copper Chafing Dish!" sniffed young Kennilworth. "And the top-drawer of a sewing-table fairly rattling with spools!"

"And books!" frowned George Keets. "The weirdest little old edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress'!"

"And Toys!" quivered the May Girl. "A perfectly gorgeous brand new box of 'Toy Village'! As huge as — Oh it was awful!"

"As huge as — that!" kicked young Kennilworth wryfully against the box at his feet. "I wanted to bring the Chafing Dish," he scolded, "but nothing would satisfy this young idiot here except that we lug the 'Toy Village.'"

"One couldn't bring — everything all at once," deprecated the May Girl. "Perhaps to-morrow — if it isn't too far — and we ever could find it again — "

"But why such haste about the 'Toy Village'?" I questioned. "Why not the dresses? The — "

Hopelessly, but with her eyes like blue skies, her cheeks like apple-blossoms, the May Girl tried to justify her mental processes. "Probably I can't explain exactly," she admitted, "but books and dishes and dresses being just *things* wouldn't mind being drowned — but Toys, I think, would be frightened." With a frank expression of shock she stopped suddenly and stared all around her. "It doesn't quite make sense when you say it out loud, does it?" she reflected. "But when you just *feel* it — inside — "

"I brought the little 'Pilgrim's Progress' back with *me,*" confessed George Keets with the faintest possible smile. "Not exactly perhaps because I thought it would be 'frightened.' But *two* nights' shipwreck on a New England coast in this sort of weather — didn't seem absolutely necessary."

AND I brought the dinkiest little pearl-handled pistol," brightened Paul Brenswick. "It's a peach! Tucked into the pocket of an old blue cape it was! Wonder I ever found it!"

From a furious rummaging through her pockets the May Girl suddenly withdrew her hand.

"Of course, we'll have to watch the shipwreck news," said the May Girl. "Or even advertise, perhaps. So maybe there won't be any real treasure-trove after all. But just to show that I thought of you, Mrs. Delville," she dimpled, "here are four very damp spools of red sewing-silk for your own work-table drawer! Maybe they came all the way from China! And here's a — I don't know what it is, for Allan John — I think it's a whistle! And here's a little not-too-soggy real Morocco-bound blank book for Mr. Rollins when he comes down-stairs again! And — "

"And for Mr. Delville?" I teased. "And for Ann Woltor?"

With her hand slapped across her mouth in a gesture of childish dismay, the May Girl stared round at her companions.

"Oh dear — Oh dear — Oh *dear!*" she stammered. "None of us ever thought once of poor Mr. Delville and Miss Woltor!"

"It's hot eatments and drinkments that you'd better be thinking of now!" I warned them all with real concern. "And blanket-wrappers! And downy quilts! Be off to your rooms and I'll send your lunches up after you! And don't let one of you dare show his drenched face down-stairs again until supper-time!"

Then Allan John and I resumed our reading aloud. We read Longfellow this time, and a page or two of Marcus Aurelius, and half a Detective Story. And substituted orange juice very mercifully for what had grown to be a somewhat monotonous carousal in malted milk. Allan John seemed very much gratified with the little silver whistle from the shipwreck, and showed quite plainly by various pursings of his strained lips that he was fairly yearning to blow it but either hadn't the breath, or else wasn't sure that such a procedure would be considered polite. Really by six o'clock I had grown quite fond of Allan John. It was his haunted eyes, I think, and the lovely lean line of his cheek. But whether he was Animal, — Vegetable, — or Mineral, — *Spirituelle,* — or *Intellectuelle,* I, myself, was not yet prepared to say.

The Supper Hour passed fortunately without fresh complications. Everybody came down! Everybody's eyes were like stars! And everybody's complexion lashed into sheer gorgeousness by the morning's mad buffet of wind and wave! Best of all, no one sneezed.

Our little Bride was a *dream* again in a very straight, very severe gray velvet frock that sheathed her young suppleness like the suppleness of a young Crusader. Her regenerated beauty was an object-lesson to all young husbands' pocket-books for all time to come that Beauty like Love is infinitely more susceptible to Bad Weather than is either Homeliness or Hate, and as such must be cherished by a man's brain as well as by his brawn. Paul Brenswick, goodness knows, would never need to choose his Bride's clothes for her. But lusty young Beauty-Lover that he was by every right of clean heart and clean living, it was up to him to see that his Beloved was never financially hampered in her own choosing! A non-extravagant bride, wrecked as his bride had been by the morning's tempest, might not so readily have recovered her magic.

The May Girl as usual was like a spray of

Orchard Bloom in some white, frothy, Middy Blouse sort of effect. With the May Girl's peculiarly fragrant and insouciant type of youthfulness one never noted somehow just what she wore, nor rated one day's mood of loveliness against another. The essential miracle, as of May Time itself, lay merely in the fact that she was *here*.

Everybody talked, of course, about the shipwreck.

The Bride did not wear her necklace. "It was too ghosty," she felt. But she carried it in her hand and brooded over it with the tender, unshakable conviction that once at least it must have belonged to "another Bride."

Rollins, I thought, was rather unduly enthusiastic about his share of the booty. Yet no one who knew Rollins could ever possibly have questioned the absolute sincerity of him. Note-books, it appeared, were a special hobby of his! Morocco-bound note-books particularly! And when it came to faintly soggy Morocco-bound note-books, — words were inadequate it seemed to express his appreciation. Nothing would do but the May Girl must inscribe it for him. "Aberner Rollins," she wrote very carefully in her round, childish hand, with a giggly flourish at the tail-tip of each word. "For Aberner Rollins from his friend May Davies. Awful Shipwreck Time, May 10th, 1919." Rollins used an inestimable number of note-books it appeared in the collection of his statistics. 'The collection of statistics was the consuming passion of his life,' he confided to everybody. 'The Consuming Passion!' he reiterated emphatically. 'Already,' he affirmed, 'he had revised and reaudited the whole Fresh-Egg-Account of his own family for the last three generations! In a single slender tome,' he bragged, 'he held listed the favorite flowers of all living novelists both of America and England! Another tome bulged with the evidence that would-be suicides invariably waited for pleasant weather in which to accomplish their self-destruction! In regard to the little black Morocco volume,' he kindled ecstatically, 'he had already dedicated it to a very interesting new thought which had just occurred to him that evening, apropos of a little remark — a most significant little remark that had been dropped during the breakfast chat. . . . If any one was really interested —' he suggested hopefully.

Nobody was the slightest bit interested! Nobody paid the remotest attention to him! Everybody was still too much excited about the shipwreck, and planning how best to salvage such loot as remained.

"And maybe by to-morrow there'll be even more things washed up!" sparkled the May Girl. "A real India shawl perhaps! A set of chess-men carved from a whale's tooth! Only, of course — if it should rain as hard —" she drooped as suddenly as she had sparkled.

"It can't!" said young Kennilworth. Even with the fresh crash of wind and rain at the casement he made the assertion arrogantly. "It isn't in the mind of God," he said, "to make two days as rainy as this one." The little black Pomeranian believed him anyway, and came sniffing out of the shadows to see if the arrogantly gesticulative young hand held also the gift of lump sugar as well as of prophecy.

IT was immediately after supper that the May Girl decided to investigate the possibilities and probabilities of her "Toy Village."

Somewhat patronizingly at first but with a surprisingly rapid kindling of enthusiasm, young Kennilworth conceded his assistance.

The storm outside grew wilder and wilder. The scene inside grew snugger and snugger. The room was warm, — the lamps well shaded, — the tables piled with books, — the chairs themselves deep as waves. "Loaf and let loaf" was the motto of the evening.

By pulling the huge wolf-skin rug away from the hearth, the May Girl and young Kennilworth achieved for their village a plane of smoothness and light that gleamed as fair and sweet as a real village Common at high noon. Curled up in a fluff of white the May Girl sat cross-legged in the middle of it superintending operations through a maze of sunny hair. Stretched out at full-length on the floor beside her, looking for all the world like some beautiful exotic-faced little lad, young Kennilworth lay on his elbows, adjusting, between incongruous puffs of cigarette smoke, the faintly shattered outline of a miniature church and spire, or soothing a blister of salt sea tears from the paint-crackled visage of a tiny villa. Softly the firelight flickered and flamed across their absorbed young faces. Mysteriously the wisps of cigarette smoke merged realities with unrealities.

It was an entrancing picture. And one by one everybody in the room except Rollins and myself became drawn more or less into it.

"If you're going to do it at all," argued Paul Brenswick, "you might as well do it right! When you start in to lay out a village you know there are certain general scientific principles that must be observed. Now that list to the floor there! What about Drainage? Can't you see that you've started the whole thing entirely wrong?"

"But I wanted it to face toward the fire," drooped the May Girl, "like a village looking on the wonders of Vesuvius."

"Vesuvius nothing!" insisted Paul Brenswick. "It's got to have good drainage!"

Enchanted by his seriousness, the Bride rushed off up-stairs with her scissors to rip the foliage off her second-best hat to make a hedge for the church-yard. Even Allan John came sliding just a little bit out of his chair when he noted that there was a large, rather humpy papier-mâché mountain in the outfit that seemed likely to be discarded.

"I would like to have that mountain put — there!" he pointed. "Against that table shadow . . . And the Mountain's name is Blue Blurr!"

"OH, very well," acquiesced everybody. "The Mountain's name is Blue Blurr!"

It was George Keets who suggested taking the little brônze Psyche from the mantelpiece to make a monument for the public square. "Of course there'll be some in your village," he deprecated, "who'll object to its being a Nude. But as a classic it — "

"It's a — bear! It's a bear! It's a bear!" chanted Kennilworth in exultant falsetto. "Speaking of classics!"

"Hush!" said George Keets. . . . George Keets really wanted very much to play, I think, but he didn't know exactly how to, so he tried to talk highbrow instead. "This village of yours," he frowned, "I — I hope it's going to have good government?"

"Well, it isn't!" snapped young Kennilworth. "It's going to be a Terror! But at least it shall be pretty!"

Under young Kennilworth's crafty hand the little village certainly had bloomed from a child's pretty toy into the very real beauty of an Artist's ideal. The skill of laying out little streets one way instead of another, — the decision to place the tiny red schoolhouse here instead of there, — the choice of a Linden rather than a Pinetree to shade an infinitesimal green-thatched cottage, — had all combined in some curious twinge of charm to make your senses yearn, — not that all that cunning perfection should swell suddenly to normal real estate dimensions, — but that you, reduced by some lovely miracle to toy-size, might slip across that toy-sized green-sward into one of those toy-sized houses, and live with toy-sized passions and toy-sized ambitions and toy-sized joys and toy-sized sorrows, one single hour of a toy-sized life.

Everybody, I guess, experienced the same strange little flutter.

"*That* house shall be mine!" affirmed George Keets quite abruptly. "That gray stone one with the big bay-window and the Pink Rambler rose. The bay-window room I'm sure would make me a fine study. And —"

From an excessively delicate readjustment of a loose shutter on a rambling brown bungalow young Kennilworth looked up with a certain flicker of exasperation.

"Live anywhere you choose!" he snapped. "Miss Davies and I are going to live — here!"

"W — What?" stammered the May Girl. "What?"

"*Here!*" grinned young Kennilworth.

"Oh — no," said the May Girl. Without showing the slightest offense she seemed suddenly to be quite positive about it. "Oh, no! — If I live anywhere it's going to be in the gray stone house with Mr. Keets. It's so infinitely more convenient to the schools."

"To the what?" chuckled Kennilworth. Before the very evident astonishment and discomfiture in George Keets's face, his own was convulsed with joy.

"To the schools," dimpled the May Girl.

"You do me a — a very great honor," bowed George Keets. His face was scarlet.

"Thank you," said the May Girl.

In the second's somewhat panicky pause that ensued Rollins flopped forward with his note-book. Rollins evidently had been waiting a long and impatient time for such a pause.

"Now speaking of drinking to drown one's sorrows — " beamed Rollins.

"But we weren't!" observed George Keets somewhat coldly. [*Continued on page 75*]

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The Future of the Railroads

by Paul Tomlinson

THE Railroad Bill, or as it should be more properly called, the "Transportation Act, 1920," is said by experts to be the most constructive railroad legislation enacted in many years. The future of the railroads, however, rests largely with the Interstate Commerce Commission as it is left pretty much to this body as to what sort of treatment they are to receive.

First of all, the Bill provides for the extension of the Federal guarantees for a period of six months, thus assuring present financial safety to those roads which need it in these critical times. It was not compulsory, however, for the roads to accept this provision of the Bill and in some cases certain of the carriers elected to stand on their own feet, feeling that they could earn more than the Government's guarantee.

The most important feature of the bill is that having to do with earnings. The Interstate Commerce Commission has the power to prescribe rates and upon rates largely depend earnings. The bill provides that the Commission shall fix rates "so that carriers as a whole (or as a whole in each of such rate groups or territories as the Commission may from time to time designate) will earn . . . an aggregate annual net railway operating income equal, as nearly as may be, to a fair return upon the aggregate value of the railway property of such carriers held for and used in the service of transportation." The commission has power to modify or adjust rates which may need it, and may prescribe different rates for different sections of the country.

Further, "the commission shall from time to time determine and make public what percentage of property value constitutes a fair return thereon, and such percentage shall be uniform for all rate groups or territories which may be designated by the Commission." And, "during the two years beginning March 1, 1920, the Commission shall take as a fair return a sum equal to 5½ per centum of such aggregate value, but may, in its discretion, add thereto a sum not exceeding one-half of one per centum of such aggregate value to make provision . . . for improvements, betterments, or equipment."

From the foregoing an idea may be got of the enormous powers conferred upon the Interstate Commerce Commission. It must decide what is a fair return on the value of the property after the ending of the two year period on March 1, 1922. Also, whether the return will be 5½% or 6% up to that date. The Commission determines the value of the properties, now and in the future; to its discretion is left the decision as to whether there shall be one rate district for the entire country, or whether there shall be sub-divisions, and how many. It decides what constitutes "honest, efficient, and economical management," for it is on the basis of the carriers being run in this way that rates will be established; it also decides what expenditures may be made for "Maintenance of way, structures and equipment." The permission of the Commission must be obtained to issue or sell any securities except notes coming due within two years and not amounting to over 5% of the par value of the securities of the road then outstanding.

Considerable confusion and much misunderstanding apparently exists regarding the rule for making rates. The bill states that rates shall be fixed so that "carriers as a whole" or in "each of such rate groups" will earn a fair return upon the *aggregate value* of the railway property of such carriers. See what this means: suppose the Interstate Commerce Commission should decide that there shall be one rate district for the entire country. The aggregate value of all the railway properties would be determined and rates established so that for the next two years 5½% can be earned upon this *aggregate* value. Manifestly, however, all roads would not earn 5½%. Some would earn considerably more and many a great deal less. The average would be 5½%, but the extremes would vary widely, and if a road found it could earn only 1%, say, it would get no help from the Government. The same conditions would apply if the country were subdivided into rate districts. If the Middle Atlantic States were made one rate district, it is certain that all the various systems in that district would not fare alike. While the new Transportation Act, therefore, is a most constructive bit of legislation it is necessary for the investor to exercise considerable care and discretion in his selection of railway securities.

As regards the valuation of the properties a recent decision in the Supreme Court in the case of the Kansas City Railroad directs the Interstate Commerce Commission in its valuation proceedings to consider present day values and not original cost.

This decision is of far-reaching importance, for values to-day and orginal costs are two totally different propositions. Furthermore, the roads with comparatively small capitalization should reap the benefit. Suppose a road capitalized at $50,000,000 is valued at $100,000,000. If it is allowed to earn 5½% on the latter amount this means 11% on its capital. Similarly, a road should benefit which has always been conservative in the matter of dividends; if earnings, instead of being all distributed among the stockholders, have been put back into the property, into extensions, terminal facilities, and equipment, the road's value has been increased and when the valuation is made it should obtain beneficial results from its policy.

Another provision of the bill is that if a carrier receive in any one year a net railway operating income in excess of 6% of the value of the property employed in the service of transportation, one-half of this excess is to be put in a reserve fund to the carriers' credit and the other half paid over to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission is to create a fund with moneys received in this way out of which loans are to be made to the carriers; the Commission determines whether the loan is to be made or not by satisfying itself concerning the character of the security offered for the loan and the ability of the carrier to repay it.

The aggregate value of the railroads of this country is estimated to be in the neighborhood of twenty billion dollars. Last year their railway operating income amounted to only slightly over two and one-half per cent. on this amount, and in order that a return of 5½% be earned, if this value is accepted, net operating income must be more than doubled, or increased about $530,000,000. This means that the carriers must be allowed to charge rates to bring in this sum, and the first increase probably will be in freight rates. This raise in rates must be permitted if the roads are to rehabilitate their systems which were allowed to run down so dreadfully under Government ownership. The wages paid to railroad employees have doubled in the last five years; the carriers have been staggering under a back-breaking burden, and have had a terrific struggle for existence. Much of their credit is gone and they have been unable to sell securities in order to get money for much needed equipment and to improve their facilities. The railroads have fallen into ill favor with investors, and the main task of the Interstate Commerce Commission will be to prove to the public that under its direction and control the roads are to be helped back to their former position. When the public is convinced that this is the purpose of the Commission they will consent to invest their money in railroad securities once again. In other words, the credit of the roads will be restored, and after all, this is the important thing.

It will take time before it can be definitely known just what the future of the carriers is to be. The fact that they have been returned to private ownership is in itself of no great importance unless the Interstate Commerce Commission gives them the help and encouragement they need. For a number of months, too, considerable difficulty is apt to be experienced in effecting

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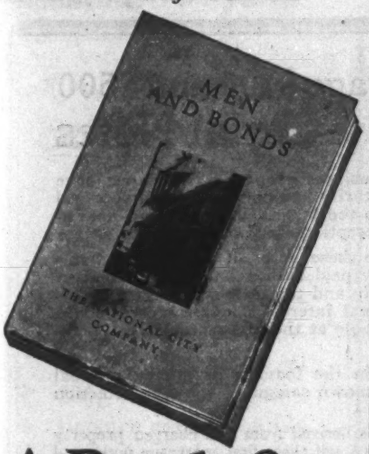

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the change from Government to private ownership; it is doubtful if marked improvement can be noted for a long time.

The labor question has been a vexing one of late, and another of the important provisions of the Bill is that providing for a permanent system of arbitration. The decisions of this board will undoubtedly tend to lessen the chance of hasty and ill-considered strikes, and should be very useful in helping to settle wage questions.

The new law promises to effect big changes in the value of railroad securities in the future. One brokerage house in New York sent out word to its customers shortly after the Bill was passed to "shut their eyes and buy any of the low-priced rails." But this is not sound advice; some of them undoubtedly will be benefited, but not all of them. Further, no valuation has been made in many cases and it is extremely difficult to form any worthwhile judgment regarding them until this is done. However, it does seem as if the railroads were coming into their own once again, and that by using discretion it is possible to buy certain railroad securities which fulfill satisfactorily the requirements of good investments.

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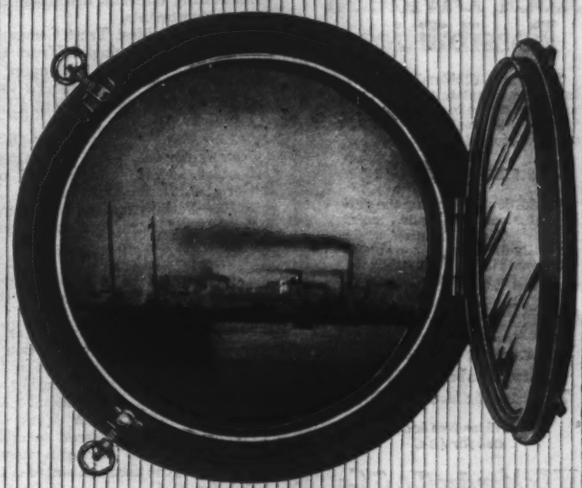

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1920.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
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Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared B. G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the McClure's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

Editor, Herbert Kaufman, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Managing Editor, Edgar G. Sisson, 25 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

Business Manager, B. G. Smith, 25 W. 44th St., New York City, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)

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B. G. SMITH, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this First day of April, 1920.

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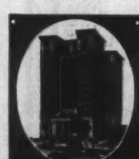

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

25 West 44th Street

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Rainy Week—*Continued from page 71*

"But you were this morning!" triumphed Rollins. From the flapping white pages of the little black note-book he displayed with pride the entries that he had already made, —a separate name heading each page, — Mrs. Delville, — Mr. Delville, — Mr. Keets, — Miss Davies, — the list began. "Now take the hypothesis," glowed Rollins, "that everybody has got just two bottles stowed away for all time, — the very last bottles I mean that he will ever own, — Rum, — Rye, Benedictine, — anything you choose, — and eliminating the first bottle as the less significant of the two, — what are you saving the last one for?" demanded Rollins.

From a furtive glance at Allan John's graying face and the May Girl's somewhat startled stare, young Kennilworth looked up with a rather peculiarly glinting smile.

"Oh, that's easy," said he, "I'm saving mine to break the head of some bally fool!"

"And my last bottle," interposed George Keets quickly. "My last bottle — ?" In his fine ascetic face the flush deepened suddenly again, but with the flush the faintest possible little smile showed also at the lip-line. "Oh, I suppose if I'm really going to have a wedding — in that little gray toy house, it's up to me to save mine for a 'Loving Cup' . . . Claret . . . Something very mild and rosy . . . Yes, mine shall be claret."

With her pretty nose crinkled in what seemed like a particularly abstruse reflection, the May Girl glanced up.

"Bene — Benedictine?" she questioned. "Is that the stuff that smells the way stars would taste if you ate them raw?"

"I really can't say," mused Kennilworth. "I don't think I ever ate a perfectly raw star. At the night-lunch carts I think they almost invariably fry them on both sides."

"Night-lunch carts?" scoffed Keets, with what seemed to me like rather unnecessary acerbity. "N — o, somehow I don't seem to picture you in a night-lunch cart when it comes time to share your last bottle of Champagne with — with — 'Miss Dancy-Prancy — of the Sillies,' — wasn't it?"

"My last bottle isn't Champagne!" flared young Kennilworth. "It's Scotch! . . . And there'll be no Miss Anybody in it, thank you!" His face was really angry, and one twitch of his foot had knocked half his village into chaos. "Oh, all right, I'll tell you what I'm going to do with my last bottle!" he frowned. "The next-to-the-last-one, as you say, is none of your business! But the last one is going to my Old Man! . . . I come from Kansas," he acknowledged a bit shamefacedly. "From a shack no bigger than this room . . . And my Old Man lives there yet . . . And he's always been used to having a taste of something when he wanted it and I guess he misses it some. . . . And he'll be eighty years old the 15th of next December. I'm going home for it. . . . I haven't been home for seven years. . . . But my Old Man is going to get his Scotch! . . . If they yank me off at every railroad station and shoot me at sunrise each new day, — my Old Man is going to get his Scotch!"

"Bully for you," said George Keets.

"All the same," argued the May Girl, "I think Benedictine smells better."

With a little gaspy breath somebody discovered what had happened to the Village.

"Who did that?" demanded Paul Brenswick.

"You did!" snapped young Kennilworth.

"I didn't, either," protested Brenswick.

"Why of all cheeky things!" cried the Bride.

"Now, see here," I admonished them, "you're all very tired and very irritable. And I suggest that you all pack off to bed."

Helping the May Girl up from her cramped position, George Keets bent low for a single exaggerated moment over her proffered hand.

"I certainly think you are making a mistake, Miss Davies," bantered young Kennilworth. "For a long run, of course, Mr. Keets might be better, but for a short run I am almost sure that you would have been jollier in the brown bungalow with me."

"Time will tell," dimpled the May Girl.

"Then I really may consider us — formally engaged?" smiled George Keets, still bending low over her hand. He was really rathe ramused, I think — and quite as much embarrassed as he was amused.

"No, not exactly formally," dimpled the May Girl. "But until breakfast time to-morrow morning."

"Until breakfast time to-morrow morning," hooted young Kennilworth. "That's the deuce of a funny time-limit to put on an engagement . . . It's like asking a person to go skating when there isn't any ice! . . ."

"Is it?" puzzled the May Girl.

"What the deuce do you expect Keets to get out of it?" quizzed young Kennilworth.

In an instant the May Girl was all smiles again. "He'll get mentioned in my prayers," she said. "'Please bless Mr. Keets, my fiancé-till-to-morrow-morning.'"

"That's certainly — something," conceded George Keets.

"It isn't enough," protested Kennilworth.

The May Girl stared round appealingly at her interlocutors.

"But the time is so awfully short," she said, "and I did want to get engaged to as many boys as possible in the week I was here."

"W — what!" I babbled.

"Yes, for very special reasons," said the May Girl, "I *would* like to get engaged to as many — "

WITH a strut like the strut of a young Bantam Rooster, Rollins pushed his way suddenly into the limelight.

"If it will be the slightest accommodation to you," he affirmed, "you may consider yourself engaged to me to-morrow!"

Disconcerted as she was, — the May Girl swallowed the bitter, unexpected dose with infinitely less grimace than one would have expected. She even smiled a little.

"Very well, Mr. Rollins," she said, "I will be engaged to you — to-morrow."

Young Kennilworth's dismay exploded in a single exclamation. "Well — you — certainly are an extraordinary young person!"

"Yes, I know," deprecated the May Girl. "It's because I'm so tall, I suppose —"

Before the unallayed breathlessness of my expression she wilted like a worried flower.

"Yes, of course, I know, Mrs. Delville," she acknowledged, "that mock marriages aren't considered very good taste . . . But a mock engagement?" she wheedled. "If it's conducted, oh, very — very — very properly?" Her eyes were wide with pleading.

"Oh, of course," I suggested, "if it's conducted very — *very* — *very* properly!"

Across the May Girl's lovely pink and white cheeks the dark lashes fringed down.

"There — will — be — no — kissing," affirmed the May Girl.

"Oh, Shucks!" protested young Kennilworth. "Now you've spoiled everything."

Out of the corner of one eye I saw Rollins nudge Paul Brenswick. It was not a facetious nudge but one quite markedly earnest. The whole expression indeed on Rollins's face was an expression of acute determination.

With laughter and song and a flicker of candlelight everybody filed up-stairs to bed.

Rollins carried his candle with the particularly unctuous pride of one who leads a torchlight procession. And as he turned on the upper landing and looked back, I noted that behind the almost ribald excitement on his face there lurked a look of poignant wistfulness.

"I've never been engaged before," he confided grinningly to Paul Brenswick. "I'd like to make the most of it . . ."

Passing into my own room I flung back the casement windows for a revivifying slash of wind and rain, before I should collapse utterly into the white scrumptiousness of my bed. Frankly, I was very tired.

It must have been almost midnight when I woke to see my Husband's dark figure silhouetted in the bright square of the door. Through the depths of my weariness a consuming curiosity struggled.

"Did Ann Woltor come back?" I asked.

"She did!" said my Husband succinctly.

"And how did you get on with Allan John?"

"Oh, I'm crazy about Allan John," I yawned amiably. And then with one of those perfectly inexplainable nerve-explosions that astonishes no one as much as it astonishes oneself I struggled up on my elbow.

"But he's still got my best silver salt-shaker in his pocket!" I cried.

It was then that the scream of a siren whistle tore like some fear-maddened voice through the whole house. Shriller than knives it ripped and screeched into the senses! Doors banged! Feet thudded!

"There's Allan John now!" I gasped. "It's the whistle the May Girl gave him!"

[*To be continued*]

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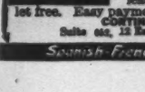

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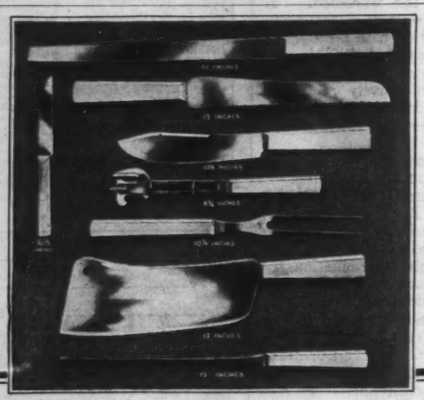

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Mrs. Murchison

[*Continued from page 28*]

invented — had soon no more news value than last week's stock quotations.

It never occurred to me that Littlejohn had deceived and outwitted us. And I am sure it never occurred to Orpen or McQuade.

It did not occur to me till more than ten years later, when I learned the truth about Mrs. Murchison from Littlejohn himself.

I had not seen him at all, in the meanwhile — having given up newspaper work — and all I knew of him, after the Murchison trial, I gathered from the newspapers. I read a special article about him in the Sunday *World*, written undoubtedly by McQuade. And Orpen had a beautiful blurb about him in *Success*. The editorial comment, after the acquittal of Mrs Deeming, admiringly accused him of being "almost a menace to the administration of justice," because it had become "practically impossible to convict any one whom he defends." But the administration of justice got over the difficulty by retaining him as special counsel wherever that was possible, and the social system was more or less saved.

I DID not doubt his ability, but I am afraid I believed that his reputation had been more than helped by McQuade and Orpen and the newspaper reporters. He seemed to know how to handle them. As far as I thought of him at all, I suspected him of having the sort of "bubble reputation" that is blown up by press puffery

And then I walked into the smoking room of the *Rotterdam* one wet morning in the summer of 1913 — two days out of New York — and saw Littlejohn sitting at a card-table, smoking an old green-cob pipe, and playing Canfield. He had aged. He was balder. He looked more of a personage than ever. But there was no mistaking him, and I must have stared at him, for he nodded when he looked up from his cards and caught my eye; and he said "Good morning" affably, and stretched out his hand as I approached.

I was flattered that he remembered me. Before the voyage was over, I understood that he had not remembered me at all. He spoke to anybody who looked at him twice. And he would talk to anybody — man, woman or child — who stayed beside him long enough to make a conversation possible. I never knew a man who stood less upon the formality of an introduction.

He began talking at once about solitaire — explaining, with a judicial twinkle, that he liked to play it "because the moral law doesn't run against cheating in solitaire." And he went on, abusing the moral law because of the trouble it gave him. "I'm as tired of it as a doctor must get of disease. I can cheat myself at solitaire and no one can quote the statutes against me."

I supposed he must be pretty well fed up with the statutes — or words to that effect.

"Hate them," he complained, into his pipe. "Hate prosecuting people. We punish them because we don't understand them."

He played his cards a moment in silence, but with a receptive expression of attention lingering in my direction. I offered something about not having seen him since I had interviewed him in his office with Orpen and McQuade.

"Thanks for telling me," he said. "I knew I'd met you somewhere. Haven't seen you about lately, have I?"

I explained what had become of me. He dropped his game and gave himself up wholly to me and his pipe. When the pipe went out, he lit a cigar. After the cigar, he produced cigarettes. And all the time, he asked questions, made philosophic comments, offered his own experiences to parallel mine, and appeared as interested as he was interesting. I could no more resist him than a bug could resist an entomologist — a genial Henri Fabre who knew more about my species than I knew myself — for, after his first few questions, I got the feeling that he had some sort of secret diagram of me which he was verifying to himself. He was interested in my opinions, but only in so far as he could trace them back to their temperamental origins. He was much less interested in my adult experiences than in my childish ones. He led me to talk about my parents — by talking about his. Our conversation descended to the most astonishing intimacies before we separated for luncheon.

By that time my curiosity was so piqued that he could not have avoided me if he had tried. He did not try. It appeared that he had some vague plan of one day writing a book, and he was eager to discuss the practise of letters. I supposed that he planned a volume on the law. By no means. He was not interested in the law. He wanted to do a book on psychology — practical psychology — about the origin of character and the derivation of motive.

In my excitement, I almost caught him by the collar. As a professing fictionist, a practical theory of human character and motive was as breath-catching to me as the promise of the long-sought "philosopher's stone" to an alchemist. Did he really know anything about that sort of psychology?

Most emphatically, he did. And, as he discussed it, I began to understand his success as a criminal lawyer. He had found out a secret of the human mind by virtue of which he understood people better than they understood themselves. That knowledge had made it possible for him to influence juries uncannily. It had made it practically impossible for a criminal to deceive or evade him. It had made him, as the newspapers said, "almost a menace to the administration of justice," until justice retained him on its side. And it certainly made him the most interesting human being I had ever met.

This is hardly the place to attempt an exposition of his theory. One would need to write a book about it in order to give it worthily — and I understand that Littlejohn left a mass of notes on the subject with his executor, although the MS. has not yet found a publisher. All I wish to do, here, is to explain Mrs. Murchison as he explained her, inasmuch as her death and the death of her son have made it possible to tell the truth about her.

"It was the Murchison case," Littlejohn said, "that crystallized the whole thing for me. You watched that case? Well, let me tell you what was behind it."

Mabel Andrews Bruce Murchison was the daughter of Jonathan Andrews and Euphemia Cory Andrews, devout up-state farmers of a Revolutionary stock that had gone poor both in blood and substance. Her early life had been narrow, Puritanic, repressed. Her mother was an overworked farmer's wife, doing her duty by her God, her husband and her house implacably If she felt tenderness or affection for her daughter, she never let it soften her stern Old Testament attitude of disapprobation of young female flesh and its frailties as these were incarnated in her offspring. Consequently, whatever love the girl had, was for her father "You could guess that from her voice," Littlejohn said.

"How from her voice?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Well, it may not be universal," he replied, "but I find that women with those deep contralto voices have usually imitated them from the father. What you love in your childhood, you imitate. That is the way character is formed in youth."

THE father, however, was little more demonstrative than his wife. The girl loved and worshiped him, but with a quite religious reverence. "Undoubtedly," Littlejohn said, "he was her first conception of God. I mean that literally. In the child mind, before the intelligence develops, the parent is God. I want you to remember that. It is one of the keys to Mrs. Murchison."

Her career as a murderess began when she fell in love with a schoolmate, Aleck Bruce, the son of the village atheist, who was a lawyer, a drunkard, and generally a "horrible example" to the Andrews household. "There was nothing against this boy, personally," Littlejohn explained, "except that he was the son of his father and shared in his father's religious heresies." The girl's parents were unaware of her infatuation for him until he left home to work as a stenographer in New York City, and letters from him began to arrive at the farmhouse. Then there was a terrific scene. The silent girl would not agree to give him up. She would not tell her parents how far her love affair had gone. She would answer no questions, offer no explanations, make no promises.

"For my purposes," said Littlejohn, "the important thing about that scene was this:

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her father, in an attempt to work on her affection for him, threatened repeatedly, 'If you marry that boy, it will kill me.' And when she ran away with Bruce, and her father subsequently died — although there was no connection whatever between the two events — her mother wrote to her: 'You have killed your father. God is not mocked.'"

This message, of course, had no effect of remorse on the girl. She knew she had not killed her father. And she had already escaped from her religious fears into the more liberal philosophy of life which her husband followed. They were happy together. Their child was born. She studied shorthand and typewriting to help Bruce in his work, and when he developed tuberculosis she sent him to a sanitarium in the Catskills, took her child back to her mother on the farm, and went to work in New York to support both husband and child.

"The significant thing here," said Littlejohn, "is the mother again. As soon as she heard that Bruce was consumptive, she accepted it as a punishment which God had visited upon her daughter. 'God is not mocked.' And when Bruce died, the moral was more pointed than ever. 'God is not mocked.' And when she realized that her daughter no longer believed in such interpositions of Providence, she still used the phrase as a warning of future calamities that were sure to befall the infidel. 'God is not mocked.'

"Mrs. Bruce was too sensible to pay much attention to these predictions. She went about her business as a typist and stenographer, and tried to save enough money to take her boy away from his grandmother. She knew that his youth would be ruined, as her own had been, if she left him on the farm. Naturally, out of her small salary, she was unable to save enough to give him the care and the food and the education and the outdoor exercise that he needed. He was sickly. So, when Murchison proposed to her, she accepted him. And all her problems seemed to be solved."

LITTLEJOHN turned to me suddenly. "Did you ever hypnotize any one?"

"No," I said. "Did you?"

He nodded. "I've been dabbling in it for years — privately — without really knowing what I was doing."

"Did you hypnotize Mrs. Murchison?"

"You don't really do it," he said. "They do it themselves. You merely make the suggestion. You tell them that they're sleepy, for instance, and they seem to fall asleep. They don't actually sleep. They can hear what you say and they can answer you. And they'll do what you tell them to — up to a certain point. But if you tell them to do something they particularly don't want to do, they'll wake up."

"Well?"

"Well," he said, "here's what I'm driving at. The human mind seems to be in layers. The top layer is this intelligent mind that you and I are talking to each other with. That's the mind that goes to sleep. The next layer is the mind that dreams when you sleep. That's the layer that you reach when you hypnotize a person."

"And Mrs. Murchison?"

"In my second interview with her, before she was arrested, I saw that she was on the verge of a nervous collapse. She had not slept for some time. She had had insomnia before the murder, and it had become worse since the murder. That meant two things to me. First, that she might be easily hypnotized, because her intelligent mind would be exhausted from lack of rest; and second, that there must be something seriously wrong in her second layer of mind to prevent her from sleeping. That's the usual cause of insomnia, I find."

"I see. So?"

"So I hypnotized her."

"How?"

"Why, I simply got her to make herself comfortable in an easy chair, and told her to relax and rest herself a moment, and assured her that there was no need to worry — that I would take care of her case — and talked in a soothing voice for a while, and when she began to look drowsy, I said, 'You're feeling sleepy. If you'll just close your eyes and rest' — and she said, 'I can't rest, doctor. I'm afraid I'm going insane.'"

"'Doctor?'"

"Yes. She was half asleep already."

"Why was she afraid she was going insane?"

"I found that out later. Some time before she had seen her husband shaving, and she'd had an almost ungovernable impulse

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to jog his elbow so as to make him cut his throat. And, of course, the impulse was so inexplicable to her that she thought she must be going mad."

"Of course. And then?"

"Why, as soon as she said 'Doctor,' I went to her and put my hand on her forehead, and over her eyes so as to close them, and I said, 'No. You're quite sane. You have no brain trouble at all. None at all. But you're sleepy.' And I began to stroke her forehead. She relaxed so suddenly it was as if I had cut the string that held her up. And then she began to tell me."

"About the murder?"

"Well, I thought she was talking about a dream — a dream in which she went to the bathroom to get some medicine, and when she lit the bathroom light she saw her husband's razor, lying open, on the bathroom shelf. The door of his bedroom was ajar. She stood in that doorway, with the razor in her hand, and pushed the door open till the bathroom light just showed his head and shoulders where he lay in bed. He was on his back, with his face turned from her, his throat exposed. She walked in, wrote something on an envelop, drew the razor blade across his throat, returned to the bathroom, took her medicine and went back to bed."

"She told you this as a dream?"

"That's what it sounded like."

"What did you *do*?"

"I said: 'Go to sleep — deeper. Go deeper.' She sank into a heavy hypnotized stupor, breathing stertorously. And I sat down at my desk and had a sort of chill."

"I should think you might!"

He leaned forward, pointing with a gesture to the vague blackness of the ocean heaving slowly in the twilight. "I felt as you might feel if that water suddenly opened and showed you the depths under it. And, believe me," he said, "the human mind's as deep as that — every bit — and as unexplored. On the surface, she didn't know she had killed Murchison. She hadn't a suspicion of it. She was innocent. But just below the surface, she knew that she had killed him as if in a dream — although she didn't remember that dream."

"How do you know she didn't?"

"I'd stake my life on it."

"Well?"

"Well, I took her down deeper. I wanted to know *why* she had killed him, and there I found that she hadn't killed Murchison at all. She had killed her father."

"Her *father*?"

"Yes. She had killed her father — in the person of Murchison — because she wanted to be rid of him so as to be alone with Aleck Bruce — in the person of his son, Wallace. She had merely repeated the tragedy of her girlhood. Murchison was serving as her father. The boy was substituting for her sweetheart. She had killed Murchison so as to be free to give all her love to the boy, just as she had killed her father to go to her lover."

"But she never killed her father!"

"Not to the intelligent mind, no. But this had gone on, deeper down. And down there, in her childish mind, her mother had told her she killed her father and she believed it. Moreover, she had killed her God. She had abandoned her church and all her early religious beliefs. And when she spoke from that depth in her mind, you couldn't tell whether she was talking of her father, or the God of her childhood, or Murchison. They were all the one person — just as her son Wallace and *his* father, Aleck Bruce, were one person."

"That's why she referred to Murchison as her father, at the trial!" I said.

"Exactly. And that's why she had the crazy impulse to jog Murchison's elbow when he was shaving — an impulse so without reasonable motive that it made her think she must be going crazy."

"And she didn't know anything of all this?"

"Not a thing. Murchison had been behaving unpleasantly to the boy, and that had depressed her out of all proportion, but she did not know why. She didn't know anything of what had happened — nor why it had happened."

"Then do you mean that she went temporarily insane and killed Murchison? Or do you mean that she did it in her sleep?"

He leaned back and spread his hands. "There you are! What is insanity? What is sleep? Under your upper mind-layer of intelligence is this layer of an earlier, childish mind — uncivilized, primitive. It is this mind that commits crimes, half the time. It commits the crimes, in my experience, even when the intelligent mind actually carries

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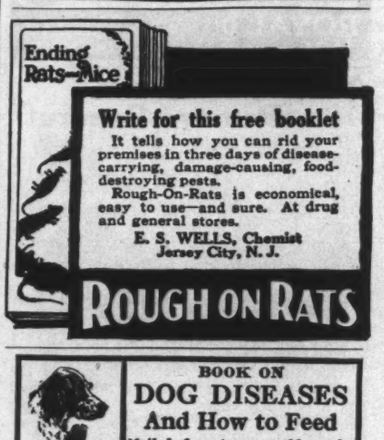
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them out. In Mrs. Murchison's case, there was no connection between the two minds. But I have seen other cases in which the two minds worked together, so that the intelligent mind watched the other one write the message and cut the throat — without being able to interfere. That is why our method of prosecuting criminals is as foolish as our ancestors' way of punishing the insane."

"But," I protested, "do you mean that we're all at the mercy of this sort of thing?"

He stopped me, with a hand on my arm. "Listen," he said slowly, in a low tone, "but don't repeat this. I don't want people to think I'm crazy. Underneath all these layers, deeper down, there's something else. Before I brought Mrs. Murchison out of her trance, I tapped it in her — something deeper down that seemed to know what she had done, and how she had done it, and to know that she was innocent, and to want her saved. It acted that way. It acted like some one else speaking to me through all that confused mass of disjointed stuff that came up to me." He whispered it finally: "A soul."

And before I could speak, he rose and walked away, quietly, in the darkness.

I did not see him again, that evening. We ran into rough weather that night and I did not see any one outside of my stateroom for three days. When I was well enough to crawl up-stairs to a deck-chair, my interest in psychology was not very robust, and Littlejohn was busy with some new acquaintances. He sat with me one afternoon and discussed the secondary mind-layer as the sole seat of character and the source of all motive. I felt as if all my mind-layers had been softly churned together into one faintly sickish instability, and I decided to postpone psychology until I got something solid under my brain-base. I was going to Boulogne-sur-Mer. He was leaving us at some English port of call. We agreed to look each other up in New York.

The War intervened, and I did not see him again till I ran into him in Washington, D. C., in December, 1917. He was doing war-work and he looked worn out.

"I've exhausted myself chewing gum," he replied to some alarmed comment of mine. "I'm trying to cut down on my smoking. What are you doing here?"

I told him.

"Oh, damn the Kaiser," he said. "You're worse off than I am. If there's any one in the country has a kick, he swings it into you people. Come up and chew with me some day — gum."

I promised to. He waved a genial good-bye and made off through the winter slush. I decided to look him up during the holiday season, if there was to be any holiday season that year. On December twenty-second, he died of the "flu."

The next story "From the Life" is the story of "Warden Jupp" which will appear in July.

George W. Lederer's Reminiscences

[*Continued from page 19*]

of the other 'City Girls' like Emma Lenox, Eleanor Burns, Geraldine Fair, Louise Lloyd and Ruby Reid. I sympathized with her. She was very pretty and I couldn't understand why the newspaper-men had not been willing to print her picture. I asked the press agent to let me see her photographs. I compared them with the other girls' photographs and saw at a glance where the trouble lay. It lay in the very careful artificial manner in which she had done up her hair. It made her look unappealing. The newspaper-men, although they didn't stop to figure it out — being men — didn't like the picture or the girl of the picture. I called Miss Selten, told her to muss up her hair, and to have her picture taken again. She did. During the next year, the records (preserved — in my scrap-books) show that the newspaper-men printed her picture exactly *one hundred and eighty times*.

"Then," he continued, "there's the important question — everything else being right about the girl — of setting her off properly. Take a very pretty girl and place her on the stage among twenty or thirty other moderately pretty girls, and she'll not stand out any more than a large diamond in a show-case full of medium-size diamonds. Like the diamond, the very pretty girl needs a setting. I cast about trying to hit on the manner of setting off my very pretty girls to their fullest advantage, and finally — after a lot of unsuccessful experimenting — I discovered it. If I got hold of an exceptionally pretty girl, I would get the audience to think she was twice as pretty as she actually was by placing on either side of her in the chorus a downright homely girl. The pretty girl stood out brilliantly and—since she thus fastened the eyes of the audience upon herself — no one noticed the contrasting homely girls after the first glance, and so they didn't matter.

"By way of illustrating this point, take the case of Lotta Faust. Lotta was a pretty girl, but she was, so to speak, not a true lallapaloosa. Yet I persuaded the public to regard her as a true lallapaloosa from the day of 'The Casino Girl,' (Monday, March 19th, 1900) to the day of her death. And in the manner I have just described. To the right of her, in the show alluded to, I placed a comparatively plain girl named Blanche Cramer, and to the left of her another comparatively plain one named Vina Snyder . . . and Lotta was thus made to seem doubly beautiful.

"Then, too," he went on, "I would gradually pull out of the chorus and 'plant' certain pretty girls through a show. This — in 'The Lady Slavey' — was the birth of the modern show-girl, as she is now called. In that show, twenty-six years ago, I introduced for the first time the promenade of haughty beauties across the stage. I had landed four unusually pretty girls and didn't want to load up the chorus with too many homely contrasts to them. So I decided to use the four, so to speak, in a chorus of their own. This 'chorus' became the show-girl scheme of the present day. The growth of this present-day show-girl scheme was an accident. At the outset, it had been my firm idea to keep the number in every show I put on, at four. But when I produced 'The Telephone Girl,' a few years later, I had found — in addition to my original quartette — two other girls who were too pretty to lose, so I raised the number to six. And then, when a few years later still I put on 'The Belle of New York,' I found another pair that I couldn't get out of my eyes, and I raised the six to eight. And at eight the number stands, with small change, to this day."

I asked by what name the modern show-girl was known in those early days.

"They first got a name at the time of 'The Telephone Girl,' related our friend. "They were always alluded to then as 'The Big Six,' which, incidentally, was the name of fire engines celebrated at that period."

"But, by Allah's beard!" I protested, "why name pretty girls after fire engines?"

"But, by Allah's cowlick!" he returned, "why name ugly Pullman cars after pretty girls?"

The stage hocus-pocus of making plain women pretty and pretty women prettier has, of course, been developed to a high point since Lederer began his felicitous experimenting, but it was Lederer who started the ball rolling. Until he appeared on the scene, a girl was merely shoved out on the stage, bathed in the searching glare of a hard white spotlight, and thus made to fight for every inch of her good looks. Lederer appreciated that there isn't one girl in fifty, however pretty she may be, who doesn't come out of such a battle a loser. So he proceeded to the paying business of capitalizing beauty as painstakingly as his rival producers were proceeding to the vastly less lucrative business of capitalizing jokes on Coxey's Army, Maude S., Lord Dunraven and Nellie Bly. The common practise today of softening the lines in an actress' face by the use of amber footlights; of lifting the lighting of the stage a couple of pegs when the star makes her appearance, that the in-

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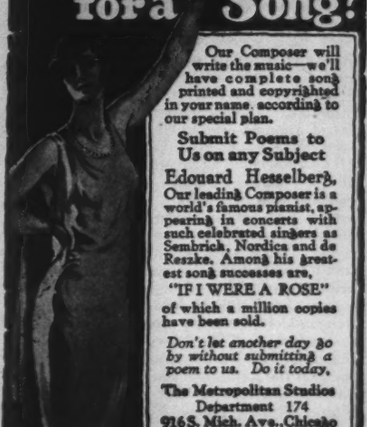

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creased illumination may be held by the audience to be due to the permeating effulgence of the lady's personality; of having her photographs touched up "impressionistically" so as to hide her perhaps too scant hair and too ample ears; of building down the chair in which she has to sit so that, if she is long-waisted and short-legged, her limbs may be made to seem long and graceful — many of these wiles date back to Lederer's time. It was he who first got such artists as Archie Gunn to work up idealized posters of the girl-shows he was producing: posters — who forgets "The Dangerous Maid" one? — that made the beholder pawn his very rubber-shoes in order to lay an eye on the unbelievable beauty. It was he who craftily introduced the spreading of press-agents' stories of this girl's convent upbringing, that her stage innocence might be made thoroughly beguiling, and of that girl's imminent engagement to the great-grandson of the second Baron Waterpark, that her glamour might gain a new iridescence.

Gradually, by such means, he built up the tradition of his girls that survives to this day. By way of sample of the Lederer craft, I quote from a leading article in a New York newspaper in the year 1900.

Letters an inch high, spreading across three columns richly pictured, read: "Casino Girls Say Au Revoir on the Eve of Sailing for London." Below the gallery of portraits of Geraldine Fair, Irene Bentley, Ethel Elverton, et al., the two following paragraphs lead the lengthy rhapsody:

> "Look out, Albion! She is coming — the American Beauty —about seventy-eight different varieties of herself. The Duke's son and the son of a cycle of Earls had better sit up and take notice. She sailed this morning on the American Liner *St Paul*. If you get down before 10 a. m. you will see her. You can know her by her beautiful, far-away expression that looks like heaven through the small end of a telescope. She will also be wearing a bunch of violets; likely a bunch as big as a young market basket. Take one and eat it pensively. It's the thing — the fashion. She does it herself. It's her manner.
>
> "Anyway, she is the most beautiful thing that breathes. George Lederer picked her out, one by one, from all the most beautiful women in America. There are no more beautiful girls on earth than these."

Imagine a New York newspaper leading with a story like that to-day! But the legend—a legend embellished with the silks and satins of truth—lives on, and Lederer's girls persist in memory as the greatest beauties that the American stage has known.

It was the sagacious Giorgio's rule never to let the public for a moment forget the prettiness of his girls. "A pretty girl," he says, "always seems prettier to a man if he thinks she is in danger — if she seems helpless." So he spread rumors that fair Virginia Earle was receiving poisoned candy from a jilted suitor and made out her briefly incapacitating cold to be "a serious case of aconite poisoning." Every paper in the eastern part of America printed the story and when, a few days later, Miss Earle's sniffles got well and she could again appear on the stage, she was sympathetically viewed as more beautiful than ever before. . . From London Lederer had cabled stories of young lords committing suicide because Edna May, Ella Snyder, Helen Lord and Ruby Reid had cruelly declined their names, their hands and their fortunes. Scarcely a day was permitted to go by that Goldie Mohr was not announced as the model selected by some French painter for his famous "The Glory of Love;" that Hélène Girard (accents and all) was not engaged to the handsome son of a rich United States Senator, and that Emmie Lennox, Winnie Echard, Louise Forester, Veronica Stafford, Eleanor Burns, Vincie Tohey (whose sister was married to Thomas Edison, Jr.), Daisy Lucas, Jessie Jordan and Lotta Faust had not turned down offers of thousands of dollars to let their pictures adorn the advertisements of bicycles, hams, Hire's Root Beer and "See That Hump" hooks and eyes.

But the fellow had good basic material to work with. "If a girl is half-way good-looking," he says, "all you have to do to make the public believe she is a howling beauty is to assure them often enough that she is. Lillian Russell was, to a considerable extent — despite her ample share of good looks — really made by this kind of propaganda. So was Maxine Elliott. Lillian's beauty thus gradually became something taken for granted; no one ever questioned it or put it to the test, and it has thus endured even to now."

Until Lederer came upon the scene, a music show chorus was something like the Metropolitan Opera House chorus of the present time: a collection of sticks given periodically to a wooden gesture in the direction of R. U. E., and to a coincident, "Ah, here come the soldiers!" Our friend changed all this. He individualized the girls, gave them life (it was he who coined the word "ginger" for theatrical use), and made them seem more like active, healthy, eager girls than like the clay figures in red and green gipsy bodices and pink tights of the years before. Thus, the chorus girl emerged and quickly began to be noticed for herself — and the male public was amazed to find that she was often as pretty as the principal: something it had never before even remotely suspected.

The Ziegfeld method of to-day is a development of this old Casino method. The music show dodge of to-day, with its chorus girls all-important, stems from the Lederer stratagem of the 1890's — from the days of the "Casino Annual Reviews" with — I quote the advertisements—their "Unprecedented Chorus — Wholly Feminine." Those were the days of "The Whirl of the Town," with its "Bicycle Beauty Chorus," its "Happy Broadway Chappies," its "Yum Yum and Geisha Girls,"

> ("As the Geisha girlie goes,
> On her tippie-tippie toes,
> Every other girl is commonplace and humdrum;
> And you think you'd like to stay,
> For a lifetime and a day,
> In the company of dainty little Yum Yum"),

its "Silver Clog Dance Girls," and — lest we forget — its "Fitzsimmons, the Lobster." Those were the days of "In Gay New York," "The Passing Show," "The Merry World," and "Yankee Doodle Dandy," with its "College Chappies," its "Incubator Battalion," its "Gay Studio Belles." Small wonder that such stellar beauties as Paula Edwardes, Catherine Linyard, Theresa Vaughn, Camille D'Arville and Gladys Wallis had to give the chorus battle in the Peach Sweepstakes; that such illustrious comiques as Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Jimmie Powers, Walter Jones, Richard Carle, Jeff De Angelis, the eminent Dan Daly, and Dave Warfield had to struggle doubly hard to get the bald-head pew to listen to their repartees; and that such warblers as Harry Davenport and George K. Fortescue had to strain their vocal chords to draw even the momentary attention of the ushers.

At this juncture, it began to dawn upon me that my interview with our friend Lederer was consisting largely in permitting myself to be interrupted. Did I detect a lugubrious criticism in his features, or was that look merely the rememoration of my luscious ten-cent cigarro which erst he had cozened out of me and which his bourgeois tongue had failed to appreciate. Ah well, thought I, let bygones be bygones; I am no elephant; I harbor no lingering grudge; I would let the fellow have his way; I would ask him a question and let him, too, have his day in court. And how his features lit up when he saw my intent. It pleases me, I confess it freely, to give one such happiness. I recall, indeed, that once — in a similar situation — but that, perhaps, is another story. . . .

To return to our Lederer, his beaming visage, now that his opportunity was to be magnanimously vouchsafed him, was akin to that of a small boy licking a raspberry all-day sucker. I was won completely by it. I determined to let him talk on, on, on — and nary an interruption, nary a word, should I interpose. Recalling that the subject closest to his heart was his introduction, in "The Man in the Moon," at the old Olympia Theatre, of the world's first pony ballet (he had himself coined the word "pony" in its relation to the small flapper, a word that has since given birth to "broiler," "squab," "chicken," etc.) — recalling, as I say, that this was the subject perhaps closest to his pride, I determined to ask him blissfully and contentfully to expatiate thereon.

I asked him.

He began.

(This extremely interesting series — "George W. Lederer's Reminiscences," by George Jean Nathan, will be continued in the July McClure's)

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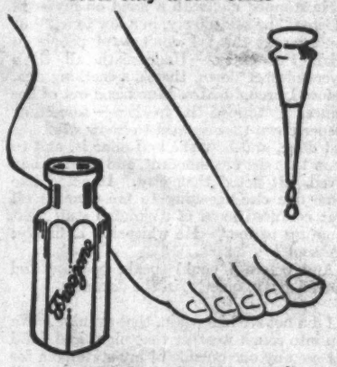

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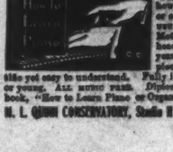

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